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Pacific Adventure



A Yap coin may be cumbersome but it has advantages; it is not easily mislaid or stolen.

Pacific Adventure

WITH FORTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

a JOHN DAY book

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK: NEW YORK

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Introduction



LD PATTERNS of thought persist.

We are accustomed to think of Japan as a small group of islands in the northwestern Pacific.

It is hard to realize that the Japan of today extends in one unbroken sweep from the snows of Siberia to the equator.

One can hardly appreciate the extent of this empire (or these two empires in "indivisible relationship," to quote the very apt expression of the Emperor of Manchukuo) without traveling the length of it.

In the latitude of Alaska's Aleutians, stand on the Manchu-Siberian border among heavy-booted horse-odorous Mongols and bearded Russian lumberjacks and look down a well where the July heat has not yet dissolved the ice of last winter when the temperature was forty degrees below zero. Then move southward, ever southward, through White Russian Harbin, through construction-crazy Hsinking, through Manchu and Chinese Mukden, through Korea, land of galvanized hermits, then through the feverishly overflowing ant hills of Japan proper, on south through the brawny Bonins, through Formosa where Chinese have forgotten China but savages have not quite forgotten head-hunting, through the Marianas where half-Spanish Chamorros go to early mass, wear mantillas, and play guitars, through Polynesian-Melanesian Yap of the crimson loin cloth and grass skirt. Tie up at last to the

equator and watch canoes of bronze gods coming across the blue blaze of the lagoon in search of a bit of ice from the ship's refrigerator to temper the heat of eternal summer.

And try to realize that you have been in Japanese domains all the time!

Japan has presumably reached her farthest north for the present—although the foreign minister has recently mentioned the willingness of his government to consider the purchase of North Saghalien from Russia. With this minor exception, the course of empire is now definitely southward. There is a strong tide of influence from Manchukuo's Mongolian province southwest into both Outer Mongolia and Chahar. North China is acutely self-conscious under the calculating gaze of her northern neighbor. Nanking, driven by America into the arms of Japan, is open to a proposal that will alleviate her financial difficulties occasioned by America's silver policy. Siam is sending naval officers to Japan for training, asking for Japanese school teachers, engineers, and architects, and otherwise getting into direct circuit with the nerve-center of Asia. Japanese trade is swiftly overhauling British trade in India and has outstripped it in that most important item, textiles. Japan frankly rejoiced when Uncle Sam made up his mind to abandon the Philippines to "independence"; and some Filipinos, overcome by afterthoughts, are now anxiously looking up that word in the dictionaries. And the Dutch are painfully aware that the second largest Philippine island, Mindanao, already industrially dominated by Japanese, is only some four hundred miles from the Dutch East Indies.

The truth is that the East is in a state of high tension. Let a Japanese general so much as tweak his mustache and a

tremor runs down the spine of Asia from Vladivostok to Melbourne.

And the tension within Japan is no less than that without. Statesmen have their wills drawn and their affairs arranged against the day of reckoning. The government is submitted to a periodic purge administered by young officers of the army. The bloody incident of February 26, 1936, in which three leading statesmen were assassinated, was but one in a chain. Such incidents occur whenever the crusading zeal of Japanese politicians and public must be quickened, whenever there seems need for renewed vision of the immortal destiny of Nippon. Then every man raises his eyes from his own petty task and looks far across Asia and down the ages.

The farseeing Count Okuma said to me once in an interview: "I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And I believe that it is the mission of Japan to bring this about."

Japan is performing her mission. Not the least of the stakes she has driven to hold her claim on the Orient of the future are the more than fifteen hundred islands that peg the ocean at close intervals all the way from Japan proper to the equator. Most important of these are the fourteen hundred South Sea islands which Japan retains under mandate from the League of Nations.

Removed from general view, this equatorial Japan presents remarkable contrasts. Within the mandate is probably the most primitive island in the entire Pacific. Yap furnishes an opportunity to study the stone age in this age—the last chance in the Pacific. Other islands reveal the Pacific of tomorrow, the scene of great industrialization and of profound strategic significance to the future of Asia.

For help in studying the islands my grateful acknowledgment is due to Japanese officials, native kings and chiefs, missionaries, and a lone American planter. *Harper's Magazine*, *National Geographic*, *Asia Magazine*, *Country Home*, *New Republic*, *Nation*, *Outdoor Life*, *Baltimore Sun*, *Tokyo Asahi*, *London Daily Herald*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Spectator*, *Strand*, *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary Review*, *Life and Letters*, *Christian Science Monitor*, permit the inclusion of material contributed to their pages. The National Geographic Society allows the partial use that has been made of data and photographs secured for the Society, and the American Museum of Natural History accords similar permission. More than grateful acknowledgment is due to that doughty buccancer, my wife, for help of every sort.

WILLARD PRICE.

Hayama, Japan,
June, 1936.

Unfamiliar South Seas



OUR SAVAGE VISITOR sat on his heels and stared at us.

"I don't want to go home," he said to our native host. "I want to stay and look at them. I never saw the like!"

"Tell him to stay," I said. "We never saw the like either."

His expression became puzzled. Why should we think *him* strange? Comb a foot long projecting from his bushy hair. Coal-black teeth. Vermilion lips dripping with betel juice. Naked body, liberally tattooed. Scarlet loin cloth. He laughed.

"Why, everybody looks like me!"

If the natives of this South Sea isle of Rumung were astonished to see us—the first Americans to visit their island in more than a generation—we were just as surprised to find ourselves there. It had seemed for a while impossible to get Tokyo's permission to visit the South Sea islands which Japan holds under mandate from the League of Nations.

Other gems of the Pacific have been placed on tourist routes. Tahiti and Samoa are becoming as well known to the diligent traveler as Hawaii. But Japan's Micronesia remains a world apart. No ships ply through these waters except those of Japan. Japanese officials rarely forbid the would-be visitor; but they offer him scant encouragement.

He can get passage easily enough. But stopovers come

hard. He is advised to stay on the ship and go straight through from Yokohama to the Philippines, pausing to look at each island only so long as the ship is in port . . . then write a book.

But to live on the islands for four months!

"That is not done," explained the Nippon Yusen Kaisha agent. "You would not be comfortable. There are no hotels."

"We can live in Japanese inns."

"On most islands there are none."

"We have an 'Explorer's Tent.' It can be set up under any palm tree."

"But each piece of land belongs to some native."

"Perhaps he will rent it. Or take us into his house. He may be glad to have paying guests."

Hands up in horror. "Live with the natives! But if you will not think of yourself, consider the discomfort for Mrs. Price!"

An unchivalrous appeal to chivalry.

"You don't know Mrs. Price," I replied.

In the Foreign Office, polite consternation. But it was recalled that an Englishman had stopped in the islands two years before. He had stopped by accident, being shipwrecked there. Shipwrecks were fairly frequent. . . .

"Have you a shipwreck for about December 27th?"

No, it appeared that the shipwrecks had not yet been reduced to a regular schedule. The Japanese, world's greatest systematizers, still at loose ends on their shipwrecks!

The Foreign Office appealed to the Overseas Department, the South Seas Bureau, the Navy Department.

An officer from the naval base at Yokosuka came over to our house in Hayama. What were our names? Our fathers'



Kanaka with comb in his hair, shaking out lime on to a leaf preparatory to betel-chewing.



In Yap's port-town, the Kanaka youth wears a necklace and a bicycle. In the jungle, no bicycle.

names? What did we wish to see in the islands? Obviously "Fortifications" would be the wrong answer. I told him, "Fauna and Flora." Were they friends of ours? He took down their names. How old were they? How old were we? Did we have any children? What rent did we pay? Various and assorted police from Hayama and Yokohama also called. They were all courteous, in their own way—in fact we have yet to meet the brusque Japanese policeman one reads about. We liked them all and they all liked doughnuts.

It happened that at this time the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations were also asking questions. Why, they inquired of Japan's representative at Geneva, had an American ship of scientists bent on viewing an eclipse of the sun been refused entry to mandate waters? Why were foreign ships not allowed in the harbors? Why were the island airports not accessible to all nations? Why were foreigners severely restricted? And the chairman of the Commission suggested that Japan could remove suspicions in regard to fortifications by allowing foreigners free entry to the islands. The suggestion was widely echoed in the press the next morning, along with Japanese assertions that foreigners were not restricted.

And when, soon after, I interviewed the Governor-General of the islands who was in Tokyo to attend the Diet, he was prepared to back up these assertions.

"Nearly every year," he said, "one or two Americans visit the islands. Of course they do not ordinarily care to stop because there are no comforts. You are welcome . . . but can you not use the ship as your hotel?"

I explained the difficulty of making ethnological observations from the deck of a ship.

"Will you also write some political articles?"

"Probably."

Governor-General Hayashi was thoughtful. One of two imminent perils, I saw, as a result of my confession. It might bar the way to the islands. Or it might invite a free conducted tour as "guests of the government" with its implication of a cavalierly return for such hospitality in the way of favorable publicity.

Neither possibility materialized.

"We shall be glad to have you write of whatever you find in the islands," said the Governor-General, and telephoned the steamship office to sell us tickets with stopovers. He imposed no restrictions, no heavy favors. Often favors, although appreciated, are more embarrassing to the writer than restrictions. If he writes glowingly he feels guilty of fawning; if he writes critically he feels guilty of ingratitude. Always the reader has a right to know under what burden of favors a thing was written. To clear the decks in this regard, it is only fair that there should be listed here the "grafts" we received during our four months' sojourn in the mandated islands:

A journalistic twenty per cent discount on steamer fare.

The frequent use of government motorboats.

A house for six days on Ponape.

Several *sukiyaki* dinners.

Ten oranges from the governor of Yap.

Consideration everywhere.

On the other hand, of course, there were a few rare irritations, as always in travel, which partially restored the ship of enthusiasm to an even keel. If there was still a list to courtesy, it was perhaps not sufficient to imply any obligation except that of fairness.

Off, at last, for Micronesia! True to its name, it is the sea of small islands—yet it is no small sea. The Mediterranean could be fitted into it with plenty of room to spare. Its area is almost equal to that of the United States. It is bounded on the south by the equator, and snugly fills the great sea-stretch from the Philippines to the 180th meridian. Its chief groups of islands are the Marianas, Carolines and Marshalls. The total number of its islands, islets and reefs is 2,550—and of these, 1,400 are islands of some importance.

This vast and beautiful island world belonged to Spain in the days of her glory. But Spain lost interest in her Pacific empire when the United States deprived her of the Philippines. To relieve her financial difficulties following the Spanish-American War, she sold the Micronesian islands to Germany in 1899 for \$4,500,000.

The first guns of the World War had hardly been fired in Europe when Japanese warships sailed south and occupied Micronesia. At the Peace Conference in 1919 the islands were entrusted to Japan as a mandate from the League of Nations.

So it is from Yokohama today, not from Barcelona or Hamburg, that you take off for the Pacific adventure. I do not know the sensation of stepping off the edge of the world but believe it must be something like that of embarking for little-known Micronesia. As soon as the ship has pulled away from the dock you are a month from Japan. That is, if you should change your mind as to the lure of potluck with the natives, it would take you one month to get back to that wharf—by the first return steamer at the nearest port of call.

“Why are there so few ships on this run?” you ask a companion at the rail as you watch the last paper streamer connecting the ship with the shore break and fall into the bay.

"Wrecks! Two ships have been lost in a year. Reefs, you know—coral reefs—those waters are full of them. Get between two of them—then along comes a sudden squall, or a typhoon—and the ship just naturally goes on the coral. One of the most dangerous steamship routes in the world. Yes," he adds, looking over our venerable craft appraisingly, "it's fortunate they put only their oldest ships on this run—so it doesn't matter much if they do smash up."

Southward. Past the suicide island, Oshima, in whose volcano every year more than eight hundred of the disillusioned seek sulphurous oblivion. Past Lot's Wife. Into translucent waters. The overcoat is still comforting.

Two days out and the ship's officers all appear in white. It happens to be a raw day. That makes no difference. It's a rule of the company. White two days out. But heavy red flannel underwear may be seen peeping from under the captain's white cuff!

Through the "blue-eyed Bonins" where may be found Japanese-speaking descendants of British and American sailors who settled here with their South Sea wives. The Bonin or Ogasawara Islands are named Chichishima (Father Island), Hahashima (Mother Island) and so on for uncle and aunt, older brother, older sister, younger brother, younger sister, cousins and all the rest. A family of proportions. A hearty, brawny family—for the Bonins are all elbows, great, rounded, bone-like protuberances thrust out of the ocean. The despair, one would think, of farmers. But there are sugar plantations on nearly all of the islands.

The temperature on board, as we pass the chain, is seventy-five degrees. Surely these islands, only three days or less from Yokohama, should provide a Bermuda-like winter resort for

Japan dwellers. In fact they are even more southerly than Bermuda, being in the latitude of the Bahamas. A chance for a winter resort promoter here!

Over a sea where volcanic islands come and go. On the captain's chart we see the legend: "An island [Lindsay] reported hereabouts unsuccessfully searched for by U. S. S. *Alert* 1881." Only last year a new small island was reported in these waters. Names on the chart suggest the ominous forces at work beneath: "Disappointment Island," "Submarine Volcano," "Sulphur Island," "Volcano Island."

Then we enter mysterious Micronesia through a portal guarded by a fire-breathing Cerberus. The flaming island-volcano, Uracas, is the counterpart of Stromboli off the Italian coast. It erupts frequently and violently, its white-hot coat of flowing lava illuminating the night, its reverberations shaking the passing ship, and its ashes strewing the decks.

"We pass it at two in the morning," said the captain. "Do you wish to be awakened?"

"If it erupts," was the cautious answer.

It was Uracas's night off. We were not awakened. But on the return voyage we were to see and photograph it by daylight—a truly imposing cinder-black cone 1,046 feet high with perfect toboggan-slopes kept smooth and straight by the frequent flows of lava and ashes. It is crowned with white sulphur, deceptively like snow. Dense clouds of yellowish smoke belch from its crater. Forever it grumbles under its sulphurous breath. Of course not a sprig of green has the temerity to grow on this savage island.

We sail by the necklace-like string of the Marianas, pausing briefly at Saipan and Tinian—of which, more later.

Then we see to starboard the shores of America. For here

is a commonly forgotten bit of America completely surrounded by Japan: Guam. It is astonishing to find that the two greatest Powers of the Pacific are only forty miles apart. From Japanese Rota you may paddle a canoe to American Guam. Under the Washington Treaty, the United States gave up its right to fortify Guam. The fortifications which once existed on this island have been demolished.

Doubtless that makes the situation more comfortable for the neighbors. And yet it is rather as if one of our central states, say Indiana, were controlled by an alien power. If Japan is irritated by this bit of foreign matter under the skin, she does not show it. Relations between Guam and the surrounding Japanese islands are friendly and cooperative.

Guam is the finest and largest of all these islands. In fact that is why the United States has it. At the close of the Spanish-American War she had her choice of all the Spanish islands. She took the Philippines and Guam. She returned all the other islands to Spain. If she had not done so, Japan would not today be in the South Seas. Spain in 1899 sold the islands to Germany, and Germany lost them to Japan in the World War.

Thus Guam, which had felt safe enough when surrounded by the islands of defeated Spain, now unexpectedly found herself ringed around by representatives of the strongest power in the East.

All are good friends. And yet, since Guam is the best of the islands, it would not be human nature, and certainly not Japanese nature, not to cast an interested eye in its direction now and then.

To say that Guam is in a vulnerable position is to put it mildly. It is America's finger in the fire. If it gets burned, or

when it gets burned, the American body politic may roar with pain and pride—and proceed to do something foolish. Statesmen who urged that the Philippines be disposed of before they became a bone of contention should not overlook Guam which is in an even more critical position. It is commercially valueless to the United States. There would, however, be some reluctance to part with it since it has just become of use as an airport on the trans-Pacific airline. These mixed considerations make the future of Guam by no means clear. Certainly the matter deserves a thought—before, not after, the event.

Except for its aerial visitations, Guam is even more exclusive than its neighbors. Japanese ships do not call there, and it is visited only at long intervals by a tramp schooner or an American transport on the way to the Philippines. The American population of three thousand during the days of the naval base has now dwindled to one hundred.

"A pity!" says a Japanese sugar man at the ship's rail as we pass the blue mountains of hermit Guan. "The largest and most fertile of all these islands. And not used."

Christmas on board! The steward comes to us with an air of the greatest importance. He tells us in a hushed voice that, since we are the only ones on board celebrating this day, the cook has prepared, especially for us, a Christmas Cake! It will be on our table at dinner.

We slaver. Ship's fare, at the best, leaves one susceptible to the allurements of a great, old-fashioned Christmas cake buried in its own frosting. When we see it, it quite surpasses expectations. It is a gorgeous white-and-pink affair of many storeys, each storey supported on the backs of swans made of sugar, every rampart adorned with sugar roses, peonies and

chrysanthemums, the whole terminating in a sort of sugar cupola three feet above the table. It is a trifle Louis Fifteenth, but there must be some real, edible cake concealed within that brilliant exterior. The captain glows as we praise it, him, the ship, everything. The raw fish and seaweed are dispatched, not too fast . . . we must not seem to be in a hurry. We go light on the rice. Save room! The table is cleared of all except the cake. Now the captain will rise, perhaps make a little speech, and demand a knife. But he is picking his teeth behind his hand. A procedure that would imply that the meal is finished. Heaven forbid. Despairingly, we make further remarks about the cake, lest it may have slipped his attention. That reminds him somehow of the last time he was in Paris and he tells us many amusing stories. The other passengers rise and depart. The captain goes. We sit looking at the cake. Two boys come and bear it away.

We go to our cabin and open a box of raisins.

Could it have been a plaster-of-Paris cake after all? Probably it is filed away for future reference, to be brought out whenever a foreign passenger and Christmas happen to synchronize, dusted off, used to stimulate his gastric juices, then stored against the next occasion.

"But you don't understand," someone told us later. "The Japanese put cakes before the shrines on festive occasions. They are not to be eaten—they are for the spirits. So your cake was in honor of the spirit of Christmas, Santa Claus if you like. You were gross to want to eat it!"

However that may be, it is true that the West often fails to understand the East, not because the latter has more delicacies of feeling, but different ones. And to explain delicacies is felt to be indelicate.

Days passed pleasantly on board the *Yokohama Maru*. The ship, although old, was a solid, seaworthy, six-thousand-ton vessel with cabins that were comfortable if not modernistic and decks that were entirely adequate for deck golf. On this and all the ships of these waters, the officers speak English, most of them having been on the European run. They are good companions. The chefs are competent. It is possible to arrange to get all foreign food, although the custom is to serve Japanese food morning and night and a foreign lunch at noon.

One morning we look out to see a painted ship upon a painted ocean. It seems to be earnestly bound for somewhere but it does not move. For the *Shizuoka Maru* is grounded high on the coral reef that skirts the lovely, palm-fringed shore of Rumung, northernmost of the Yap group. Canoes may be seen about the abandoned ship, for the natives, as we shall find when we get to shore, are embellishing their thatch houses with stateroom doors, portholes, bunks, deck floors, ship's rails and even wash-cabinets, the latter however being installed for ornament rather than for use.

And now, after nine days as the only foreign passengers on the *Yokohama Maru*, we are graduated from the mysteries of Japanese food to the even greater mysteries of native domestic economy on the islands of Yap.

He who wishes to see the South Sea islands of a hundred years ago, before the tide of modernity washed a litter of alien customs up onto their beaches, should visit Yap. Here time has stood still. Perhaps it has even gone backward a little. Some of the old arts are lost and the population has dwindled to half its former size. Today some of the natives know even less of the outside world than in the days when their warrior-sailors ranged far and wide through Micronesia. "Yap"

means "*The Land*." To the Yap native it is the only land, the center of the world.

He rejects with high scorn the tomfooleries of civilization. Exception must be made for some of the young people; one may occasionally see a brown lad (amply clothed in a string of red beads) riding a bicycle or playing tennis. Today there is a school, and it insists that its students must come clothed. The only way it can enforce this requirement is to furnish the clothes. But as soon as the children are out of the school-room they whip off their garments, roll them into tight wads, and run home with them under their arms. I have seen little girls, even before leaving the classroom, strip off their little Osaka-made cotton print dresses, tuck them into their desks, and fly out like brown streaks into the tropic sunlight. The elders of the villages severely reprimand young people who wear clothes in the village; it is considered indecent, boastful, an aping of European ways and an offense to the tribal gods.

For it is firmly believed that any copying of alien customs will anger the deities of Yap and bring disease or death to the culprit. Perhaps this is in part a heritage from early times when too close association with malady-bringing foreign sailors did mean just that—disease and death. So the Yap native has, as firmly as his overlords will let him, withdrawn from all contact with the outside world.

So this is the best spot, not only in Micronesia but in the entire Pacific, to study the traditional and unchanged customs of the Kanaka; thus providing a background against which to view the swift changes taking place on other islands.

Painlessly Going Native

IN A CANOE like those of a century ago, hewn out of a single log, stabilized by an outrigger and fitted with a sail made of pandanus leaves, we skimmed over the lagoon toward the island of Rumung. With us was a Kanaka lad we had luckily met on the ship. His home was on Rumung, and learning of our desperate determination to stop over, he had volunteered to look after us.

Tol had worn clothes on shipboard. Now they were neatly stowed away in his palm-leaf basket. His bare feet clutched the gunwales. Pole in hand, he poised aloft, bronze against the blue sky. A crimson loin cloth, a red coral necklace, some blue tattooing, a hunting knife, and a long comb projecting from his thick mop comprised his make-up.

He was a cheerful soul. His smile would have been flashing if his teeth had been white. But being a young man of fashion, his teeth were a gleaming ebony. This effect had been achieved not merely by the stains of betel-chewing but by a special blackening process, using a paste of groundsel and other herbs applied to the teeth every day for five days.

"Too bad," said Tol. "Makes very sick. But it gives good black, yes?" And he displayed his teeth from ear to ear.

He spoke a little English, for he had lived in Guam. He had successfully avoided any other contamination of civilization.

"Your things good for you," he philosophized. "Our things good for us. Mix—no good!"

Truly the Kanaka seems so different a man from the white Westerner that he can perhaps justly lay claim to a different mode of life. "Kanaka" is an indefinite word to describe this reddish-brown, black-haired, deep-eyed, wide-nosed and large-mouthed race, but we have no better word. According to the dictionary, "Kanaka" means "loosely, any South Sea islander." Therefore the significance of the word differs in different parts of the Pacific. In Micronesia "Kanaka" is a convenient nickname for one who would be more accurately but too burdensomely called "a man of Polynesian-Melanesian-Papuan-Mongol blood coming in the main from a Malay race which probably had Dravidian antecedents."

Although the Kanaka is a kaleidoscope of all racial colors, black, brown, red, yellow and even white, he blends into a brown and has the characteristics of the brown race. That is, he is a sea-rover, a bold navigator, a fisherman, not given to grubbing in the soil nor to the ways of trade and business. In school, arithmetic is his hardest subject. But he can always tell you where the fish are biting. And Tol was so much at home in a boat that he seemed a part of it. The Micronesians have always been fearless sailors. Those who had large trees on their islands made dugouts. Others tied strips of coconut wood together with coconut fiber to form canoes. In them they ventured sometimes five hundred miles away from home. A sea captain, coming upon a canoc of natives three hundred miles from their island, beating their way home against a head wind, invited them on board his ship for a rest. He presented them with a compass and taught them how to use

it. But one of them pointed to an old chief and said, "His head all same compass."

Most curious charts were used by the Marshall islanders. They were not of paper—since paper there was none—but of sticks criss-crossed in a sort of lattice and tied in place. Shells, fastened to the framework here and there, represented islands. The proportionate distance between shells was nicely worked out to correspond to the actual distance between islands. Peculiar shells represented atolls and reefs. Shoals were indicated. Curved sticks showed the direction of swells. These charts were often three feet square. A little awkward to handle, perhaps, in a small canoe, but remarkably efficient. A canoe setting out on a long voyage might carry a dozen or more of them. A few would be small-scale maps covering great distances. Most would be large-scale maps of particular island-groups. But today steamers make unnecessary the long voyages by canoe and the old skills are being lost.

Yap consists of a main island with the islands of Map and Rumung and a fling of islets. All are gemmed in a lovely lagoon thirty-five miles long and five miles wide, girdled by a coral reef. One must pass Map to get to Rumung, but since Map is too attractive to be skipped, it seemed a better idea to land and walk the length of the island while a Kanaka boy took the canoe around.

No sooner had we gotten ashore than Tol had his eye on some betel nuts. They hung in a cluster, thirty feet up, just under the leaves of a betel or areca palm, which has a trunk too large to climb hand over hand and too small to grip with the legs. How was he to reach those nuts? Tol knew. He would use the Kanaka elevator. Beside the path was a large shrub, the Indian mallow. Its bark is the native's substitute

for cord. Tol stripped off about five feet of bark and tied it in a loop big enough to fit over his ankles. Thus hobbled, he could tightly grip the trunk of the areca between his insteps. A series of quick jumps and grips and he was up among the nuts. He cut loose a cluster—then slid down almost as fast as it fell.

He cut one of the nuts in halves, laid one half on a leaf of piper methysticum of which there was an abundance at hand, dusted in a little lime from a bamboo tube which is part of the equipment of every Kanaka, folded up the quid and popped it into his mouth. His jaws began to revolve. Presently a vivid carmine juice stained his lips and a look of perfect contentment covered his features.

What was this magic? We tried the ingredients, not in combination, fearing the effect might be too much like a bolt from the blue, but seriatim. The nut caused an astringent, persimmon-like pucker. The leaf was as hot and spicy as cinnamon. And the lime lifted the roof of the mouth clear off and removed it to another county. Our first lesson ended in complete failure. There was never a second.

The coconuts were more to our liking. Tol sped up a coconut palm, scorning the hobble, for the trunk was large enough to be gripped by arms and legs. My wife, not to be outdone, went up another. And I up a third; but somehow lost enthusiasm for the ascent when an enormous vampire, or fruit-bat, three feet from tip to tip swooped from the fronds and circled within a few inches of my head. At such a moment one does not take time to analyze coolly the stories one has heard about the blood-sucking propensities of these evil-looking winged beasts. Although there are many suspicions and superstitions, the Yap vampire seems to be in

the main vegetarian and has a special fondness for the young coconut.

He has two rivals. The huge red-and-blue *birgus latro*, or robber crab, has claws a foot long. He tears off the husks and shells of ripe coconuts and devours the kernel. The natives fear him for he can tear open a skull as easily as a coconut. But he will not attack unless cornered. One caught and confined in a stout box made of three-quarter-inch boards broke his way out and escaped.

The other rival is the rat. Some islands are overrun with these voracious rodents. They do great damage to the coconut crop by eating the buds and flowering stems. This diet appears to agree with them for they attain the size of hedgehogs. A full-grown rat in the middle of a moonlit path is enough to turn one against the tropics for life.

On one of the small islands of the Uleai group, dominated by huge rats, someone had the brilliant idea of landing a ship-load of three hundred cats. It was some months before the ship paid a return visit to the island. The king paddled out in his canoe and came on board.

"Well," said the captain, "how about it?"

"All dead," replied the king.

"Wonderful! Now you'll be at peace. No more rats."

"No more cats," corrected the king. "The rats killed them all."

On our way up the beautiful, palm-shaded shore-path of Map we came upon another example of the contest between man and the animals for possession of the fruits of the forest. We saw a small boy chewing gum as if his life depended upon it. Now and then he would draw it out in a long white

ribbon, then flip it back into his mouth and chew more vigorously.

"Where does he get the gum?" I asked, scenting the trail of the trader. But I was mistaken.

"From the breadfruit tree," said Tol.

He drew his knife and slashed the trunk of a nearby breadfruit. Out trickled a white juice. This juice, he explained, is allowed to ooze for a day and solidify. Then it must be chewed to make it soft and adhesive. While we waited, the boy completed this important operation—then he clambered up onto his father's shoulders, fixed a stick horizontally like a perch just below some luscious papaya, and wrapped the gum around the stick.

"Birds come for fruit," said Tol. "Light on stick. Can't quite reach papaya. Can't get away from stick. Boy come—kill. Or take for pet."

And we entered for a moment the boy's house where eighteen birds in bamboo cages shrieked their testimony to the efficacy of that gum. Having added an iguana and a vampire to his collection, the boy had made a very respectable start on a Yap zoo. Incidentally the family had moved out under the trees.

Map, loveliest of the Yap group, is the tropic isle of one's dreams. The path winds through a grove of stately coconut trees, heavily loaded—and it is best to dream with eyes uplifted lest the fifty-foot fall of a two-pound nut take one unaware. Nearby is a shadow-patterned sand beach. It slopes gently into a lagoon where a master artist has tried to make a rainbow with green alone, and has succeeded. Dazzled by colors, you begin to count them, and find there is only one. But that one, green, expresses itself in so many tints, shades,



Yap canoe, with outrigger. The sail is not cloth, but is made of interlaced leaves of the pandanus.



Gum, wound on the stick, snares birds attracted by the ripe papaya.

hues and moods that you wonder why nature should ever have considered any other colors necessary. Green is a versatile actor—when supported by the stagecraft of a tropic sun, a battery of Kliegs in the form of white breakers on the reef, a black backdrop, a limitless proscenium, and the million footlights of reflecting coral studding the lagoon floor.

The calm lagoon seems curiously lower than the rolling ocean outside—an effect accomplished, I suppose, by the fact that the level of the crests of the swells is actually many feet higher than the level of the lagoon. The sinister, dead-green deep seems always about to invade the place of peace but appears to be dammed back by nothing more substantial than a wall of white surf. In typhoon days the white wall is demolished, black swells march across the reef as if it were not there, blot out with octopus-inkiness the iridescent lagoon, pick up canoes from the beach and toss them through thatch roofs, and, where the island is low, rip their ruinous way straight across to the opposite shore. Plantations are wiped out, by wind if not by waves. The natives tighten their lava-lavas and live on taro-potato until the breadfruit, banana, orange and coconut trees begin to bear once more.

On our chart of Map, villages are indicated by large circles such as a map of Europe might use to mark Paris, Berlin and Rome. But in the coconut forest it is difficult to know when one is in a village. The houses are scattered and well concealed in the woods, apart from the trunk-line path. Very rarely does a village have a Main street. The Kanaka makes full use of the privacy which the jungle affords. The man particularly wants privacy—for his wife. She should be too busy, he thinks, to spend her time in idle chatter with other women. Chatter is man's prerogative. The only conspicuous

building of each village is the All Men House, a clubhouse for male gossip of an evening while the women stay at home dry-cleaning the dinner dishes with leaves and putting the babies to bed on the bamboo slats. The All Men House is generally perched on a promontory or platform projecting into the lagoon.

At one place we came upon a large aggregation of Kanaka men sitting on the stones before an All Men House, chewing betel nuts. They were there to put on a new thatch, the old roof having been destroyed by last year's typhoon. There were no signs of imminent toil. The work had not gotten beyond the stage of discussion, mastication and expectoration. Stones all about were blood red with evidences of deep thought. If betel is a stimulant, surely they must have been stimulated to build to heaven.

Apparent bloodstains mark all the frequented trails of Yap. Most of these trails are not dirt paths, but stone causeways upon which any such mark is clearly revealed and easily studied. By the freshness of the stain, the good betel-juice reader can tell you how recently within a few minutes someone has passed that way. He can also tell you many other things about the spitter, basing his conclusions upon such considerations as volume, chemical strength, frequency of discharge, relative location, angle of deflection and so on. Knowing the particular betel habits of individuals he can often tell exactly who has passed, as well as whether he was in a hurry, tired or brisk, calm or excited, traveling light or under a load, in company or alone, talking or silent, where he stopped to rest, where to chat, where he interrupted his betel-chewing to eat, what he ate as betrayed by the juice of the new quid, and many other considerations more recondite.

What the American redskin could tell from a footprint the redmouth can deduce from a betel stain. There are, of course, certain men who are experts in this lore. They are sometimes the *machamach*, or medicine men, who find it advantageous to bolster up their reputation for wizardry by some of the arts of the detective. A writer of detective novels, weary of fingerprints, might well get new material for a deduction plot from a study of the jungle-dweller's methods of analyzing the story of the betel stain.

This art of detection is not a local phenomenon. The traveler will come upon it among the Battaks of Sumatra and the Bagobos of Mindanao. Nor is it confined to southern Asia. The Aymara Indians, descendants of the Incas of Peru, practice it; and I recall seeing an irate Indian on the shore of Titicaca, after someone had secretly been using his balsa, solving the guilty man's identity by the betel print on the logs.

At the end of Map we found the canoe and paddled across a rough stretch toward palm-plumed Rumung. A break in the reef let old ocean come roaring in. A sudden squall made matters worse. Sea and sky darkened. The translucent greens were gone. There was another green now—a savage, lurid one. The coconut-shell bailer was kept more than busy. Waves, tangled in the outrigger, flew into a rage and showered into the boat. On the reef lay the great hulk of the *Shizuoka Maru*.

"I did that," said Ocean. "Now what can I do for you?"

We were soon soaked to the skin, but too busy to notice. The sail could not be used since we were going into the teeth of the trade wind, but even had we been going with it the gale was too violent for a sail of pandanus leaves. Our narrow,

sharp-pointed paddles had to be used with quick, flashing stabs—not with the slow, powerful stroke of the American Indian's broad blade. Sometimes they went deep into a crest. Sometimes their points only scratched the surface of a trough.

The canoe pirouetted on its nose.

"Hang on!" advised Tol, grinning his great black grin. "Plenty sharks here."

A last great puff, and the wind dropped. The sun burst forth. Of such spasms is Yap weather made. There may be a dozen squalls in a day, no one of them more than five minutes long.

We landed, dripping, at the village of Fal. A hot sun dried the tropic-thin clothing as we walked.

"My home!" announced Tol. Before us stood a high-gabled thatch house among swaying coconut palms. Out came Tol's father and mother to welcome him.

"My father is king," said Tol. He had modestly refrained from telling us this before. Perhaps he thought we should know now in order to make proper obeisance. There are twelve native kings in the Yap Islands. Some of their old glory is departed, but they are still respected and obeyed by their people and are recognized by the government (provided they recognize it!).

Our king looked like his fellow Kanakas except more so. His comb was longer, his earrings finer, his tattooing represented a greater variety of fish and birds, and his teeth were a more successful black. His royal robes were summed up in a lava-lava, not of the simple domestic make, but imported from Mokomok where the most skilful gee-string artists of Micronesia are purveyors to Yap royalty. Do not get the impression that he was any caricature of a king. Tall, straight

and fine, he possessed dignity in his own right, and inspired instant respect and liking. A sojourn of some years in Guam, before he took over authority upon the death of his father, had provided him with acceptable English.

The queen was a sweet little lady who wore a flower in her hair and dripped spiders and centipedes from the jungle fastnesses of her grass skirt. Although not warned of our coming, she accepted us immediately as if the entertainment of American guests were a common occurrence in her household. But she told us later that she had never before even seen an American.

Tol's sister came out with a pink pig in her arms, the favorite pet of Kanaka maidens. So long as she kept her mouth closed so that her betel-black teeth and scarlet tongue were not visible, she was pretty. She wore the neck-cord which indicates that the bearer is of marriageable age and ready to listen. Her name was Rtep, and she had much of the charm of her namesake, the *rtep*, loveliest of Yap's orchids.

The king's home—and ours for the time being—had breadfruit pillars, pandanus-thatch roof, reed walls, and floor of round bamboo poles. It consisted of but one room. There was nothing that resembled a door; it was necessary to climb in through the windows, the sills of which were about three feet above the ground and level with the floor of the house. That is, from the outside these apertures looked like windows, and from the inside they passed as doors. Each was provided with a thatch shutter, hinged at the top, and propped open with a paddle. This shutter, projecting like an awning over the door-window, prevented even a moderate storm from entering the house. In a real storm the shutters

were closed. Then the interior was as dark as a pocket. Of course there was no glass.

Nor was there a nail in the structure. The house was tied together. Even the heavy framework of typhoon-resisting pillars and beams was lashed in place with cords made of fiber obtained from the outside husk of the coconut.

There was no ceiling. One looked up through a maze of beams into the gloom of the high peak where lizards rustled in the thatch.

The interior was innocent of furniture—except that, because his wife favored it, the king had put in a wash-cabinet, retrieved from the *Shizuoka Maru*. No one used it. He had taken nothing else from the wreck, deeming such articles inappropriate in a pure Kanaka house. Mats, now rolled against the wall, could be laid out at bedtime. At one end of the room the flooring was omitted and the stone-and-dirt foundation served as a fireplace. Upon it a few large stones were arranged to hold pots. The fire was an open fire of dry coconut leaves or coconut shells. This fireplace was used only in bad weather, cooking ordinarily being done in the large stone-paved court.

Well displayed outside the house was the king's wealth in the form of large discs of stone money. The house stood under coconut palms on the shore of the kaleidoscopic lagoon. A half mile away the Pacific roared on the reef and sent up towers of spray around the hull of the wrecked liner.

Three more girls appeared and busied themselves about the yard. We were not introduced to them.

"Your sisters too?" I asked Tol.

My mistake. He looked shocked.

"They are slaves," he said.

They set up two new fireplaces in the yard. There were already three. Evidently out of matches, they skilfully made fire by friction in one fireplace, then carried it to the others. A pot was placed on each. Soon five dinners were boiling. The girls were running frantically back and forth across the yard from pot to pot.

I asked Tol, Why five fires instead of one? Why five big pots when one would contain all the stew of taro, yam and pork that was being cooked?

"Taboo," he said. "Each person, one pot. Girl no matter, she can eat from mother's pot. Man cannot eat from woman's pot."

"What would happen if he did?"

"No longer be head of house. Be slave of woman."

So by this odd superstition, the work of the woman is multiplied many times. It is all very well at the king's home where there are slaves. But in the ordinary home there are none. We were later to see in the grounds of one dwelling as many as seven fireplaces, each covered by a thatch roof—seven kitchens to one house—and all tended by one woman!

Dinner was extraordinarily curious. Instead of all gathering at one board, each went off in a corner by himself with his pot, scooping out the food with his fingers. Every man crouched protectively over his pot, guarding it against the baleful influence of the women. Only the mother and daughter dipped their fingers into the same pot.

The stew was good. Vaguely we expected a dessert of tropical fruits. Instead, the meal was topped off with sardines, one tin for each person.

Sunset colors were beginning to play across the lagoon.

Perhaps Tol sensed the apprehensive question that was asking itself in our minds.

"Sleep my house no good," he said. "Too small. Too much woman. Sleep in All Men House."

Night in the All Men House

WHY A HOUSE full of men is a more appropriate place for a married couple to spend the night than a house of "too much woman" was not clear. But one does not cross-examine a host.

We went to the All Men House. It was a large building, nine-tenths roof. Its steep, lofty thatch, descending so low over the door-windows that they were mere holes, gave the effect of an enormous fur hat over a small, squat face. Apart from the village, set out into the lagoon on a stone platform and bathed in the trade wind, it was an ideal place to get away from mosquitoes and women.

The All Men House is for all men and men only. Exception was made in the case of a foreign woman. Evidently the honored status of guest superseded the despised status of woman. It was a mark of special courtesy and respect—this permitting a woman to sleep with the men. Perhaps it was a gasp of appreciation that escaped Mary as we peered into the tomb-dark interior. There was a mingled odor of dried fish, fermented coconut, and Kanaka—together with what seemed like a dash of morgue, although we did not know then a dead chief lay in state at one end of the great room.

"You like?" asked Tol. "Very clean, this house!"

In that case there was nothing to do but be thankful that we were not to sleep in a dirty one.

The All Men House is always the chief pride of a village. Every village has one. The descriptive English name, "All Men House," was applied by white traders in the days when English and American buccaneers sailed these waters. It stuck. The Kanakas themselves use it, but have also their native name, *Febai*, often corrupted to *Pebai*. *Fe* means "money," and *bai*, "house." The "Money House" is so called because any stone money that belongs to the village rather than to individuals is stacked up about this town hall.

Distinction should be made between the *Febai* and the *Falu*. A rich village will have both. They look alike. Foreigners, including the Japanese, apply the name, All Men House, to both. Their functions, however, are different. The *Febai* is a solemn place, for village councils. No levity is allowed. Strangers are excluded. The *Falu* is a gayer rendezvous, a clubhouse for the men of the village, a hotel where passing strangers are entertained, a place of dancing and feasting. The *Febai* commonly stands in the heart of the village, the *Falu* on the shore.

Confusion may be due to the fact that a poor village, unable to erect both, will make one building serve as *Febai* and *Falu*. It was so in this case. But the Kanaka thinks of the house differently according to the use that is made of it. On council nights it is invested with all the dignity of a royal council chamber and the wayfarer must cool his heels outside until the deliberations are over. On other nights it is a *Falu*, a place of gossip, rest and revelry. Tonight it played that rôle.

An old chief welcomed us on the stone platform with the usual potation of cool, sweet coconut juice served in the original container. There is no drink more refreshing. Nor

is there any you will remember longer, for to drink without dripping is impossible and the stains are permanent souvenirs.

Then he drew an ugly fifteen-inch knife with which, according to later reminiscence, he had split open seven heads in the old war days; and he split the nuts. He chipped from each husk a piece to serve as a spoon. We scooped out the soft, white meat.

Sunset, with a fanfare of colors. The shadows of the forest come out and take the lagoon. Tol, having heard that there is a lantern somewhere in the village, goes to search for it.

May he take his time. Until he returns there will be no necessity of going inside. It is pleasant, sitting on the stone platform with discs of stone money as back-rests. Above the trees rides the faint old moon in a silver caravel of new moon. The palms brandish their silhouetted arms in the persistent trade wind. The forest rustles like thousands of Kanaka grass skirts. Lagoon wavelets slap the shore. Beneath all, always, is the boom of the surf on the reef a half mile away.

No, there is something more persistent than the trade wind or the surf—the molar movement of the brown shadows that crouch beside us.

Tol comes back with a lantern, a ship's lantern from the wreck, that fount of all good things. An old man makes fire with flint. But it soon appears that there is no oil in the lantern. Oh, well!

"What do you usually do?" I ask.

"We burn fires." But they had thought that the effete foreigners would need a lantern.

We crawl inside and presently brisk fires of coconut leaves and shells are burning on two square spots left unfloored for this purpose. The interior flickers on and off like a pre-

Hollywood cinema. Brown bodies, crimson or blue lava-lavas, black curly hair, cream-colored combs, red coral necklaces, flash on and off. Giant pillars and beams grotesquely leap forward and retire into the gloom, all without moving a muscle. No pillar has been shaped by a tool. It twists and bulges here with the same individuality it possessed in the forest.

In this hall twenty feet wide by sixty feet long there are no less than thirty-four pillars. Many of them are three feet in diameter. Naturally they somewhat obstruct the view. But the supports must be strong, for typhoons are frequent in Yap. These columns are matured coconut trees; young ones are weak. Above us are six slightly arched transverse beams, also four great beams running the length of the house. Above these again are the rafters climbing steeply into a singing blackness where the high peak cuts into the trade wind.

The dark space above the beams is greater than the space allotted to humans below them. In this lofty cavern a few fishing nets have been hung to dry. The rafters are of a wood the Spaniards called *palomaria* and the natives call *dauk*. Upon the rafters is a lattice of bamboo, and to this lattice is sewed a thatch of coconut leaves. To judge by the uproar aloft, every leaflet has a loose outside rag whirring in the breeze.

One unique feature of this building is that it always leans forward into the wind, just as a man should when walking against a heavy gale. Each end is pointed like a ship's bow, and each gable projects far beyond the base. The rafters within slant, half of them toward one end of the building, half toward the other end. Thus the structure is buttressed

against possible trouble coming from either of two directions.

Why only two directions? Because the trade wind of winter bears down from the northeast and the summer trade from the southwest. Storms and typhoons come with most force in the path of the trades. Therefore a building which, Janus-like, turns two defiant faces toward the opposite dangers, is likely to stand.

The betel nut floor is partitioned off by logs into sleeping compartments six by eight feet in size. The wall, formed by the log, is only six inches high, yet the sleeper will be as safe against intrusion between his logs as in a locked room in a metropolitan hotel. One half the floor is thus divided into sleeping compartments. The other half is left open for dancing, except that it is punctuated by three fireplaces.

The clans are gathering. Men slip in through the low windows, crouching like animals or gliding like snakes. Some have already had too much toddy. Each carries a long knife in his lava-lava. Each also carries a disarming vermilion-and-black smile.

It is surprising to see a *yukata*, or summer kimono, come in through the window. It is worn by a Japanese—the only one hereabouts. He is a trader in copra. He buys nuts from the natives, dries the copra and sells it in Colonia, the Japanese settlement on the main island, for shipment to Japan. He lives here alone in a little, dark, native house. He has no Japanese wife. Several Kanaka women console him. We are to see one of them tomorrow smoking a Japanese pipe at his front door.

He sits in blue-and-white *yukata* among the brown bodies, smokes a cigaret, says nothing, lights a piece of coconut husk at the fire to serve as a torch, and goes home.

A punk made of a piece of glowing coconut husk serves as the Kanaka candle. It is sufficient to light the path. Since it smolders only, without flaming, it is of no use for any close work.

A people without light enough to read by during the leisure of the evening is bound to be backward. Edison was the foremost educator in history. But Edison would be baffled in Yap. For even if every house were ablaze with electric encouragement there would be no reading done. Because there is nothing printed in the Yap language. Life without books, magazines, newspapers, seems incredible. Yet here it is. There is no library in the All Men House. No newsstand in the lobby where the world may be bought. In Yap the world is a distant unreality, like Mars.

In fact Martians have visited this All Men House as often as Americans. That is, it has never before accommodated either. Yet there is surprisingly little staring. We are accustomed to the open-mouthed wonder of the back-country Japanese village where the entire population slowly revolves on its heels from the moment the strangers appear at one end of town until they go out at the other. But the Kanaka does not gape. For one thing, constant chewing precludes gaping. But the great reason is that the world means nothing to him. The Japanese is inquisitive because he is acquisitive. He is interested in the world and intends to make it his own. The Kanaka is content to let the world go by. He will not bother it if it will not bother him.

True, callers at the king's house would sit on their heels for hours and smile at us. But they were shy of trying on any of our outlandish garments. Anything foreign is to the

Kanaka an object of amusement—not of imitation. The Japanese looks to learn. The Kanaka looks to laugh.

A rather debonair old man dressed in a trim Vandyke beard comes to speak to us.

“He great artist,” says Tol. “You wish to see something?”

An opportunity to examine native art! We accept with alacrity.

Vandyke kindles a dry stem at the fire and leads us into the mysterious blackness at the far end of the room. We come upon a long bundle wrapped in nipa mats. Sculpture in wood, perhaps, of the sort sometimes used to adorn a boat-house—for it seems about the size of a human figure. The nipa mats are laid aside. It is a human figure, but not in wood.

“He was one of my father’s best chiefs,” says Tol.

But Vandyke’s interest is not so much in the greatness of the dead as in the work of art which he, Vandyke, has produced with the corpse as a canvas. Intricate convolutions in yellow paint cover the body. The saffron has been mixed with coconut oil to give it gloss and the effect is luminous and ghostly in the flickering light. There is a yellow bar across the forehead, a yellow circle on each cheek and another on the chin. Three great circles adorn the chest and abdomen. Bars seem to elongate the arms and legs. There is an abundance of minor decoration . . . fish, crabs, canoes, and other blobs rather too futuristic to be interpreted. Evidently the artist gave his fancy free play. What a pity that his canvas was so perishable! Already the brown skin is beginning to shrink back from the bony frame.

“When did he die?”

“Seven days ago.”

"When will he be buried?"

"Perhaps two weeks. Perhaps three weeks. Long time, because he great man. Many villages come to honor with dance. Every night another village. Tonight one village come. You see dance."

A cough in the dark. We can now make out two slaves standing on guard at the head of the dead, two more at the feet. The vigil lasts day and night, Tol explains. When one man tires, another takes his place.

The artist shows us his brush made of fine, soft fibers of coconut husk, and brings out a coconut shell containing the remains of his paint, which had been made from the saffron-plant. Then he explains some of his designs, tracing them out over the leathery skin with his finger, tickling the ribs of the dead.

We leave the art lecture flat and return to the fire. Vandyke follows, voluble.

"He wishes to know," says Tol, "did you like?"

How could we be so remiss! "It was beautiful. Tell him we enjoyed it very much."

"He wishes to know," pursued Tol, "do artists in your country do anything like that?"

"Nothing like that!" we assure him. Vandyke glows.

The village that is to have the honor of honoring the dead tonight has arrived—that is, the male contingent of it. Now there is only the king to wait for. He comes presently. Those who are standing hastily sit down. In Kanaka lands that is the position of respect. For example, men who stand poling a canoe must be seated when the canoe passes a *Febai* or *Fahu*. The story runs that in German times a canoe containing a German and several Kanaka chiefs, all drunk because it was

the Kaiser's birthday, passed the All Men House at Balabat. The tipsy revelers made much noise and did not sit down. This was lese majesty to the Balabatese, who paddled out, pulled the offenders out of their canoe and threw them into the sea. The German sputtered vows of vengeance. He complained to the German governor, who summoned the king of Balabat.

The king, upon entering the governor's office, hastily sat down in the nearest chair which happened to be the governor's, leaving the official standing. The governor roared with laughter. He had intended to punish Balabat, but he felt more amusement now than annoyance.

"Well, that just shows how different our customs are," he said. "We rise to show respect and you sit down for the same purpose. Can't you see that our people can never remember which to do when they pass your Houses—get up or get down? So you'll have to allow that, either way, we mean respect."

It was so ordered. And since that time allowance has been made for the remiss manners of officials, doctors and missionaries. But the natives are especially friendly to those who remember to sit and make their pole-men sit.

However, when another petty kingdom sends an official message to the village, the royal messenger is expected to stand.

A pedestrian carrying something that belongs to the village may keep it on his shoulder as he passes the All Men House. Any private burden must come down, unless it is stone money which, although privately held, is regarded as belonging to the realm; or unless it is a handful of bananas, since the lowly

banana has been exalted to semi-sacred status by its use in all ceremonies.

These nuances are explained to us later. But, at the moment, I fear it is only through a lucky impoliteness that we remain politely seated when the king enters.

He greets the old men of the visiting village while the young men prepare for the dance. They have oiled their bodies until they gleam like living waves. Vandyke is doing a little impromptu but inspired art work on the stomach of the leader. Some have twisted palm-leaflets into hornlike shapes and stuck them into their fuzzy *chevelure* along with their *roai*, or mangrove combs. They wear flowers behind their ears, chaplets around their heads, chains of flowers over one shoulder and under the other arm. The tame masculine gee-string is covered by a shimmering grass skirt more spectacular than the woman's—the garb of the ancient Yap warrior.

Now they line up before the king. They first give an ear-splitting yell; its purpose is to silence all inane chatter. For the dancers must be heard as well as seen. What they say is more important than their movements. And the literary genius who writes—not on paper but in his mind and theirs—the script for such an occasion is no less an artist in his field than Vandyke in his. The dance itself consists of little more than a shuffling of feet, clapping of hands, and slapping of thighs and chests with reports like pistol-shots. But all this is merely punctuation. In between claps and slaps unfolds the story . . . in this case, an account of the dead chief's exploits and a lament for his death.

It runs on for half an hour.



The Kanaka king wears no crown but the comb indicates his noble birth.



The All Men House is set out into the lagoon on a rough stone platform.

The Good Ghost

SUDDEN SILENCE. Then a writhing twisting motion. The fitfully lighted hall is full of serpents.

"*Galuf!*" says Tol.

For the dancers are simulating the *galuf*, or iguana, a huge green-and-yellow lizard, most hated and despised of Yap's animals. It represents death, sneaking, serpentine, creeping upon its victims. The chant breaks out again. And judging by the fixation of the audience, which stops chewing, the poetic comparison between the iguana and stealthy death must be colorful and convincing.

In Yap more than in almost any other islands of the South Seas the symbolism of the old dancing still lives. Elsewhere the dance, where not forgotten entirely as it is in many islands, has degenerated into mere entertainment, an excuse for license, or a spectacle for tourists.

Old legends unfold in some of the dances of Yap. Other dances concern matters of the present day. It is very common for one village to make a request of another through the medium of the dance. To say bluntly to another village, "You are very slow in finishing your section of the coast road . . . hurry up about it," would be rude. But the same message can be conveyed in a dance without giving offense.

A great game is made of reciprocation dances. One village will send its representatives to dance a request for a canoe.

The village before which the dance is staged must deliver. But it very soon returns the compliment—and dances, perhaps, a request for a certain piece of stone money. It may, knowing precisely what money is in the possession of the other village, ask for all of it. And all must be given. There must never be any holding back. That would not be sporting. Even if a woman is asked for she must be duly delivered. But there is always a comeback. So the merry war wages; and some of the demands, as well as the poetic and terpsichorean methods of presenting them, are ingenious in the extreme. The interpretive dance is the chief substitute for drama, art and literature in bookless Yap.

A mighty shout, and the dance is finished. Then all sit down and join in a mournful, hushed death chant, in which the phrases are separated by long silences. It is simple and impressive. When it is over, the visitors silently light torches at the fire and slip out. A spell seems to be over everyone.

Tol came to us, whispering, "I have mosquito net for you."

The mosquito net, when unfolded, betrayed its lack of strings with which to tie it to the pillars. The lack was easily supplied. Over a beam hung strands similar to those Tol had used to hobble his feet when he scaled the areca palm. This material is the inner bark of the abutilon, or Indian mallow, known to the Japanese as *ichibi* and to the native as *puksi*. The withes were as thin as paper and only a quarter-inch wide, yet I could not break one with my hands. They were amply strong to hold up a heavy canopy.

Because of their durable character these strips are also used as clothing. They make up the supposedly decorative rag-tag that loosely covers the close-fitting gee-string. Sometimes this shaggy festoon is dyed a brilliant color. The for-

eigner is hard put to see anything beautiful about it, but the Kanaka is inordinately proud of it. Sometimes it spells his undoing. The police cannot very well clutch and hold an oiled body, but can easily get a firm grip upon the tough *puksi*. And if handcuffs are needed, a strand from the prisoner's garment can be knifed off and used to bind his wrists.

Our mosquito net was a relic of native handicraft. It was made of loosely woven threads of bark obtained from the Ponapean nim tree.

Within this wooden tent, a wooden bed was laid and wooden pillows. The bed consisted of two rough mats made from the leaves of the pandanus tree. They hardly mitigated the rigor of the floor of betel palm trunks laid side by side. These trunks were about three inches in diameter. Of course they left a well-defined pattern of creases and ridges on the form of the sleeper. Nor did they lie evenly on the stone foundation. Some bulged higher than others. So the night was to be one of semi-conscious search to find cracks into which the bones would fit. Oh, for the plasticity of a sea-pudding that can ooze itself into conformity with any bed!

The pillow was better. It too was of wood, but soft, spongy driftwood like cork. Compared with the uncompromising block of pine provided to the wayfarer in a Korean monastery, it was softest down. The coast is watched for logs that have been lightened and softened by long immersion in the sea, drifting to these shores perhaps from the Philippines. When these are not available, pillows are made from the trunk of the tree-fern or the pandanus. The effete use a rolled-up mat. Today Japanese pillows are being offered. But the natives prefer their logs and mats to the Nipponese head-rest for men which has all the sleep-wooning qualities of a

sack of oats, and the thinly upholstered wooden neck-rest for women which has both the design and effect of a guillotine. The softest pillow I saw on Yap was a feather-filled affair left behind by a German. But even it seemed hardly practical for any ordinary human being who has not been cross-bred with a giraffe; for, since the pillow is three feet square, one must have a neck at least two feet long to be comfortable on it. Thinking back across a career of pillows, the best I remember was an Italian cemetery grave-mound made soft by a hundred-mile stint on a bicycle. Which would indicate that pillow-comfort is relative after all and depends upon the contents, not of the pillow but of the day.

Certainly we sank endlessly into the bed of tree-trunks and driftwood after so full a day. We could hardly spare attention to Tol who was giving us an inopportune lesson in Yap language.

"*Quefel a nep-mol*. That is what we say. It means, 'Good is the night-sleep!'"

"Good night," I murmured. "I suppose you are going home now?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I stay here. All these young men stay!"

Curious . . . perhaps worth while waking up to understand this.

"But they all have homes?"

"Oh, yes. But many people home . . . parents, sisters, much woman. Only one room. Very bad, young man stay home. Perhaps do wrong with sister. Very bad. So live here."

"At what age do they come here?"

"Age fifteen."

"And how long do they stay?"

"Until get married."

Thus the *Falu* is a bachelors' hall for the segregation of budding manhood. A necessity in a land of tropic passions and one-room houses. I was to find many other such native safeguards on morality which are now, unhappily, being rather broken down by the invading world without much in the way of replacement.

The hall seemed full of men moving stealthily about in the dying firelight.

"Are all these bachelors?"

"What?"

"Bachelors. A man, not married, is a bachelor."

Tol absorbed the word as best he could. "Betsula, betsula. Very good. So I am betsula. No," he explained, "many men here to go fishing, early morning, when tide comes. At home, never know. Here, someone wakes them when tide in, all go together."

So the *Falu* was also a fishing lodge.

And a hotel. "Are there many strangers here tonight?"

"Five, six . . . from far places. Two of them second class men. But we allow. Too far for them go to second class village."

Class divisions are sharp in Yap. Each village is confined to one class—that is, there will not be first, second and third class people mixed together in one village. This was a first class village. Inferiors might come to work in it in the daytime, but, unless assigned to night duty, they would go back to their own village at night. A low class man may not stop in the *Falu* of a high class village, except by special permission if a village of his own class is too remote. But a high class man may stop in a *Falu* of any class.

"Do the guests pay anything?"

"Pay? You mean money? To stay here? Certainly not!" Tol was evidently shocked by the idea. A hotel that would charge its guests! Ridiculous!

Men with their hair down looked like hags silhouetted against the embers. Many of the oldsters still effect a top-knot, and since it can be a most uncomfortable lump between the head and a pillow, the hair is released at night. The windows were full for a moment as the men voided their cherished quids into the outer darkness. Then, with sighs, coughs and grunts, they sought repose on the slats. Only the four guards remained erect and chewing. The berel would solace them during the long hours as they stood at the head and feet of death.

One more visit from Tol. He passed me a small root.

"If anything bite, rub this on."

"Bite? What will bite?"

"Tick perhaps. Flea. Spider. Not much, because this very clean house. What you call, scorpion, sometimes. Centipede maybe. That's all."

Various sleepy protests from my wife.

"But no worry," was Tol's assurance. "No bite much this week."

"Why not this week?" Mary wanted to know. "Is it their vacation?"

"Dead chief," said Tol, pointing not to the end of the room but up into the beams as if his spirit floated aloft.

"What has the dead chief to do with the bugs?" I inquired.

"Ghost. Take care of everybody. Not let any harm come. Good man . . . good ghost."

A sensible theory, that. The Kanaka, although he has many more superstitions than the civilized man, is more placid

about them. We have so few ghosts that we find one terrifying. The savage feels himself continually surrounded by spirits and gets used to them. And why, indeed, should all ghosts be malicious? Naturally, the ghost of a good chief would be a good ghost and would let no evil betide his friends or guests.

Logically convinced if not emotionally reassured, we slept.

It seemed but a few minutes, but it was really hours later, when a grip on my arm wakened me.

It was Mary.

"Listen! What unearthly sounds!"

Shrieks, wails, roars of anguish filled the great, black peak of the All Men House. A thousand disembodied spirits were on the loose.

"Strong wind," I remarked. But Mary was not content to let it go at that.

"Do you think everything is all right?"

"Don't tell me you suddenly believe in ghosts!"

"Well . . . I think this would be a good night to begin."

Silence for a while, on our part. Pandemonium above. We lay, staring upward. There *was* something queer up there. A white something . . . moving. Imagination! I would say nothing about it. I closed my eyes and breathed heavily.

"Look!" like a pistol shot from Mary.

So she saw it too. Now was the time to remember that the ghost of a good man is a good ghost. Something white. Waving. Fluttering. Billowing. A vampire perhaps—but were there any albino vampires? And now it was coming down, in a spectral dance, to infernal music. A *good* ghost, remember. Many times bigger than the dead chief. How great a soul he must have had to make so large a ghost. Foolish of people

to think that anything so immaterial as spirit could be seen. If you could see it, it wasn't spirit. Amusing, this, yet the experience was clinically interesting. Because that creepy feeling in the shoulder blades, at the base of the cerebellum and down the spine, that contraction of the stomach with the probable inhibition of the gastric juices, that tension of chest muscles . . . were all doubtless similar in character though of course not in degree to the reactions of a person who really did believe in ghosts.

"It's nothing," I said as it wavered lower.

"Well, then, what is it?"

"It's just . . . just something."

The nothing, or something, descended nearby and collapsed upon the floor. The fisherman, who had taken down his net from where it had been suspended to dry above the beams, leaped down nimbly beside it.

A hint of dawn crept in through the door-windows. The tide was right. Time to go fishing. We rose to watch the preparations. Nets, tackle, spars, poles and paddles were brought out upon the stone platform. The canoes were fitted out. Then came a lull during which the betel-chewing process was tuned up for the day. Still they did not go. Why did they wait?

Across the lagoon came a canoe with a single occupant. He had been sent out a half hour early and came back with his mission fulfilled, for he brought with him one fish. The fish was promptly cut into eighteen pieces—for eighteen men were to go fishing—and each man took a piece. Then the eighteen fishermen stood in a row on the end of the platform. At a word, they solemnly threw their bits of fish far out into the water. That done, they took to the boats and were off.

The idea? An offering to the god of the sea. If the first fish caught is eaten, the deity will say that men are selfish and do not deserve a plentiful yield. If they give back to the god what is his, he will give them more.

The analogy to the doctrine of bread cast upon the waters is obvious. Also the analogy to the miracle of the division and multiplication of fishes. Some students have seen a connection between the custom and missionary influence. But inquiries among the oldest grandfathers who remember the beliefs of their grandfathers reveal that the custom antedates Spanish missions in the islands.

One is frequently brought up short before a supposedly Christian, or sometimes Buddhist, doctrine found among savages who never heard of Christ or Buddha. Thus reminding us that the larger part, although not necessarily the better part, of the great religious systems was derived from man's common heritage of belief. Christianity and Buddhism owe much to paganism.

We watched the canoes cross the lagoon, pass out through a break in the reef, and climb up upon the rollers.

Beside me, Vandyke was whispering to Tol. Tol relayed his message.

"He going to paint another one this morning. You like go watch?"

I looked at Mary.

"Tell him we have a previous engagement to attend a murder," she said.

Tin-can Tropics



TO BREAKFAST at the king's house.

Now, anyone who has read romances of tropic isles knows that all the trees bend with fruit, ready to drop, upon the least provocation, into receptive laps.

So what was our surprise to be served tinned sardines, tinned salmon and tinned bologna.

I made bold to ask about fruit.

"Ah, fruit!" exclaimed the king. "Do you like mangoes?"

"Yes!" with the greatest enthusiasm.

Tol was sent off. After fifteen minutes he returned from the trader's with a tin of mangoes.

But surely even a king could not afford to live on imported tinned goods.

"What are *you* having for breakfast?" I asked.

"Oh, we do not eat."

An easy way to avoid the high cost of living.

It was gradually being borne in that we had come to a fruitless Eden. We were to have an occasional banana or papaya. And Governor Mizuno very graciously sent us by the hand of his first official ten Yap oranges—the messenger regretting that these were all that could be found upon the islands. The recent typhoon had demolished the crop. Yap soil and climate are well suited to fruit-raising and the government intends to pursue this line of development. Pineapple, papaya, orange,

mango, lemon, should grow well. The green orange of Yap—for when mature it is green, not yellow—is famous. It ripens twice a year, in December and June. The mangoes also may be picked from the trees in December and June. Pineapple ripens all the year through. Yap's future is fruit, says Governor Mizuno. But typhoons and native indigence make progress slow.

Of course, there is always the coconut. Just as we had found the date palm to be almost the sole provider in the Sahara Desert, so is the coconut palm in the "deserts of the Pacific." Without the versatile and ubiquitous coconut, human life would have been impossible on many islands. You can eat the meat, drink the water from the nut, drink the milk from the flowering stem, prepare syrup or candy from the kernel, get drunk on toddy made from the fermented juice.

So, on this first morning, we begged for some of the coconuts that swayed in the trade wind fifty feet above us.

The request very evidently seemed odd to the king. Coconuts, indeed, when we could have tins! Tins, brought eighteen hundred miles overseas at great expense—a royal gift—and we asked for the food that even the poorest native could eat and feed to his pigs!

It is not thought unseemly to give a visitor a coconut to drink. But to ask him to make a meal of it is an insult.

However, our desires were clear, if peculiar. So Prince Tol scurried up a tree and cut down a cluster of half a dozen greenish-brown nuts. We drank, then scooped out the delicate, moist kernel. These were young nuts. Then Tol went down to the drying shed and got a ripe nut. When opened it revealed no moisture. The water had solidified into a flaky,

white mass. It resembled a very light angel cake, mild, slightly sweet.

This puff-ball occupied the interior of the nut. Just outside of it was the real kernel or meat in a layer one-quarter inch thick adhering to the inside of the shell. This kernel, which could so easily be scooped from the young nut, was hard and nearly dry in the ripe nut. With a strong knife, sections of it could be broken off. It is this kernel that is further dried for a few days on the shelves of the drying sheds and then shipped as "copra." Copra is not an end in itself but when pressed or boiled it yields coconut oil, the palm's most important article of commerce. One thousand large nuts should yield five hundred pounds of copra from which should come twenty-five gallons of oil. At ordinary temperatures this oil is a solid, not a liquid. When put under pressure it separates into a liquid and a solid. The solid is coco-stearin, used to make candles. The oil has many uses, one of the chief being the manufacture of a marine soap which lathers easily in sea water.

Just the thing, one would imagine, for these sea-dwellers. But they export the soap-making copra to those unfortunates who do not have sand and round stones to scrub the body clean. The only soap in the king's house was a cake we had ordered at the trader's and which he had taken a week to get in from the port-town. Although the makings of soap were all about us, this cake was from Japan.

The meat of the ripe nut takes a deal of chewing. Doubtless it would furnish admirable exercise for the development of powerful jaws and sound teeth. But we were soon ready to cut class and go on to the next lesson.

Then we were served the same ripe kernel but in a more



The All Men House serves as council chamber, dance hall, clubhouse, fishing lodge and bedroom.



Not so bad as it looks. The Kanaka pillow is a piece of light, spongy driftwood.

palatable form. It had been ground or grated, brown sugar and water had been added, and the mixture boiled down to a granular but adhesive mass. This had been molded by dainty Kanaka fingers into a ball, then sliced. The result . . . a delicious coconut candy.

We wanted coconut. Well, we should get it! A slave planted a sharp stake in the ground, point upward. A semi-ripe nut was broken open. The kernel was grated or peeled into strips by bringing the nut down repeatedly on the stake so that the point scraped the meat. Then this mass of milky, oily shavings was placed in a cloth and the king was requisitioned to apply his powerful muscles to wringing out from the cloth the milk of the kernel. This milk was added to boiling breadfruit. And presently we were served with a thick, golden-colored soup that would make a Parisian chef blink with envy. It was like a potato soup, deified, raised to the dessert class. I do not know what ambrosia really was, but if it was not a coconut-and-breadfruit soup, the gods missed something.

We sat back content. But our hosts were not content. We had asked for coconut.

Tol brought down from aloft a young bud cut out of the top of the tree.

"Palm cabbage," he said.

It did resemble a cabbage, or a head of lettuce. So the aerial farm even boasted a vegetable garden! A sweet syrup, boiled down from the sap of the tree, was poured over the palm cabbage. The net result was certainly appealing, even to sated appetites.

Still we were not done. We were dismayed to note that Tol was ascending another tree.

The king was deaf to our protests.

"You have not had our best yet," he said.

For the best food of the coconut comes not from the nut but from the flower stalk. The young stem which bears the flower and will later, if not interfered with, bear the nuts, is interfered with. It is bound a few inches below the top, then cut at the top. In ten days the section above the binding becomes limp and bends over, a natural faucet. Out through this faucet oozes milk when the binding is released. A coconut-shell cup receives the milk. Morning and evening someone must climb the tree, in which steps are cut to make the ascent easy, take the filled cups and replace them with empty ones. Each time a little more is cut from each stem. And so, until the udders become too short, perhaps for two months, the aerial cows may be milked twice a day.

This sweet, slightly tart, watery milk (called by Kanakas *atchif*, by Chamorros *tuba*, by Japanese *yashizato*, or coconut-sugar) is most wholesome and nourishing.

We drank.

The king's family and the few neighbors who had gathered to view the spectacle were highly entertained.

"They just think funny," explained the king, "because that babies' milk."

"Don't the babies have mothers?"

"Yes, but the mothers have no milk."

Wet nurse to Yap infants is the coconut tree. Without it they must perish. Yap women, perhaps because theirs is a dying race, cannot nurse their children.

Fortunately the milk of the coconut flower is an excellent substitute, if it is drunk while fresh. So the trees suckle the human young . . . or did until the officials intervened. To



Young Kanaka girl.



The queen pays the trader one string of shell money for two bottles of petroleum. Stone money in the background.

listen to the Kanaka one would think the officials brutes indeed to withdraw the arboreal nipple from the infant mouths of Yap. To listen to a Japanese doctor, as we did later, one realizes that there are, as usual, two sides to the question.

The two sides are these:

Kanaka side: "The *atchif* is the best food for our babies. If they cannot have it, they must live on the water from the coconut. That is not so good. The babies get stomach trouble and some die."

Official side: "We would have no objection to your feeding *yashizato* to your babies, if you would stop at that. But you set some of it aside and in a few days it ferments into *yashizake* [coconut *saké*, a strong alcoholic toddy] and then you proceed to get drunk on it."

The mandate to Japan from the League of Nations specifies: "The supply of intoxicating spirits and beverages to the natives shall be prohibited." Even if there were no such stipulation in the mandate, Japan would presumably benefit by the experience of other colonial administrators who have found that a liquorous population is hard to govern.

So the tapping of the flower stem is forbidden. And the babies must go without the fresh milk because their elders cannot be trusted to go without the fermented.

Of course the law, like liquor laws in more civilized countries, is circumvented. Also there are certain prominent and trusted Kanakas who are authorized to draw milk and turn it over to the hospital where it is supplied to sick babies.

The doctors say that dyspepsia among infants has become a problem due to the lack of the perfect food which the coconut tree stands ready to give. They regret that it is necessary to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children in this fashion.

Perhaps some better form of regulation will be found in time.

Judging by experience in other islands, some restrictions are necessary. The unstinted use of toddy and the importation of rum and whiskey by old-time traders and whalers had serious effects. "The drinking of coconut toddy," reported the ethnographer F. W. Christian in 1899, "has produced frightful consequences in the Gilberts and the Marquesas. Indeed the total extinction of the latter islanders is now only a question of a decade. The opium of China, the rum and absinthe of the French, also work their havoc there. To these four grim foes add the Chinese leprosy and the measles and phthisis of Europe, which are pressing these hapless natives faster and faster to extinction. The Gilbert islanders will possibly just scrape clear and make a new start. But the Marquesan race is doomed." And this was written by a man who, by his own word, liked his toddy, and anything stronger. His prophecies have been rather justified by the event. The Marquesan race has dwindled from 100,000 to 1,000 in the last fifty years. The Gilbert islanders, under British control, did "just scrape clear and make a new start."

Thus the coconut may mean life or death to the brown races of the Pacific. But its good far outweighs its possible harm. One tree may carry ten or fifteen bunches of nuts, each bunch containing from ten to twenty nuts. So every tree is a vertical farm of no mean proportions. It will grow in sand. It requires no fertilizer and no cultivation. It is the idle man's ideal. Moreover it does not, like most farms, produce only once or twice a year. It produces continuously. Any day of the year one may take from it a ripe nut ready for copra, a green nut for drinking and eating, and flower stalks that have not yet materialized into nuts. Nor does it

get tired like many farms and require a year's rest. It never needs to lie fallow. Typhoons do it little harm. A month before our visit to Yap a typhoon had demolished everything that put up a resistance. The elastic palm trunk, bending before the gale, had conquered by yielding.

The ordinary farm produces only food. But this sky-farm poised on its pedestal fifty to ninety feet above the ground will send down almost anything man needs.

Its mighty eighteen-foot leaves made up of leaflets three feet long will provide roof and walls for his house and mats for his floor. Also a lava-lava for him and a skirt for his wife. And hats, which, if he does not deign to wear, he may carry to town for sale to sun-fearing foreigners. And a basket to carry them in. And a fan to temper the heat of the trip. And a walking stick; or a bundle of them to sell to strangers who prize them for their lightness and strength. The midrib of the leaflets supplies thread. The fiber of the husk makes good rope. (The husk is soaked in water until the fibers separate. They are then dried and woven.) This rope ties together the beams and pillars of his house, which are probably built of coconut trunks. His fishing nets are made of this fiber. It can also be used to weave a soft fabric, more diaphanous and durable than silk. A slice of the fibrous husk is his torch, unless he has a lamp, in which case the nut supplies the oil.

The same oil generously applied to his body safeguards him from colds and pneumonia in case of long exposure to sea water. In certain islands where clothing has become *de rigueur* and oil is no longer applied because it stains clothing, pulmonary troubles are a matter of grave concern.

His canoe, if not hollowed from a single tree, can be pieced together with boards of coconut. Fallen trunks can be reduced

to charcoal as fuel. The leaves and the dried shells also make excellent fuel.

Empty shells are his dishes. He can, but seldom does, make soap from the oil. Various medicines and medicants are obtained from the roots.

In fact, whenever a Pacific islander needs anything, his mind seems to turn first to the coconut tree. This list of its uses could probably be doubled in length.

Besides coconuts, the natives raise taro-potato, yams, bread-fruit and bananas. Such a diet, three times a day, forever, would become monotonous. But the natives have found a way to avoid that monotony. They do not eat three times a day.

While we breakfasted so sumptuously, the king and his family ate nothing. It was none of my business, but I could not help feeling solicitous.

"How about your own breakfast?" I ventured again.

"We do not eat in the morning."

"You get up so early . . . I don't see how you can wait until noon."

"We do not eat at noon."

Worse and worse! "In the afternoon?"

"Not until evening," said the king, then hastened to allay our possible anxiety. "But of course we wish you to follow your own custom."

"No, no! In Rome we shall do as the Romans do. If you, our hosts, eat only once we too shall eat but once!" That doubtless would have been the gallant reply. I did not make it.

Instead I lamely remarked that most people are too much anyhow, but it was a bad habit hard to break.

"We eat too little," acknowledged the king. "Our race is

dying. But what else can we do? It is taboo to eat before going to the field."

And he went on to explain a curious agricultural superstition—to him, no superstition. Man must not eat before going to work in the field; because the god of growing things, seeing his full stomach, will realize that he is not tending these plants out of kindness, but with evil intentions. He means to devour them! Thus learning man's cannibalistic purpose, the god of growing things will not permit them to grow.

Therefore the native does not eat until he comes home from his day's work at perhaps five o'clock. Then he has his one meal of the day. Just how strenuously the naturally languid Kanaka works all day on an empty stomach can be imagined.

There are other taboos and superstitions that handicap the native farmer.

The gods will laugh at the man who farms. Farming is woman's work. Men should fight. Or, if there is no fighting to do, they should sit in the cool shade of the All Men House and talk endlessly about fighting. They may even get into a fight among themselves over the question of fighting someone else. They may vary the monotony by going fishing.

Farming—they do not give it a thought. But it is necessary to give farming a thought, and many a thought, if it is to be successful. In Kanaka land farming is in disgrace. Even the women regard it as something unworthy of brainwork and to be gotten through with as thoughtlessly as possible.

Moreover, legend says that the gods showed mankind how to farm at the beginning of creation. If any different methods are adopted, the gods will be insulted. This applies not only to farming, but to all Kanaka customs. The way of the

Kanaka is the way of the gods; and he who apes the white man or the yellow shall sicken and die.

Agriculture is a matter of magic, the Kanaka believes, not of natural law. You employ the *machamach* to wave in the air his wand made of the barbs of the sting ray and put a blessing on your taro patch and a curse on your enemy's. You wrap a fruit tree in a magic palm leaf to protect it from birds or thieves. (Incidentally, the same leaf can be put around your wife to make her taboo to other men.) In many parts of the world there is magic to bring rain. But in these tropic isles where rain is too plentiful, there are ceremonies to *stop* rain. It is taboo to take a blue starfish out of the sea. That will surely bring rain, for it is symbolic of the disappearance of the blue sky overhead.

Little livestock is raised and meat is rarely eaten, because he who eats meat is eating his own flesh.

After recovering somewhat from our breakfast, we walked the length of the island with the king. That produced a new appetite. Noon found us resting in the cobble-paved yard of a fine thatch home.

The king was talking with the woman of the house. Her ears were clipped as a token that she was in mourning for her husband who had died a week before. Her new husband—the merry widows of Yap see no incongruity in telescoping mourning and matrimony—was having a treatment. Afflicted by a slight cold, he sat on the stone platform before the house while a *machamach* conjured the devils from his chest by waving his sting-ray wand.

Then I saw it. It was in a small garden patch, a few feet away. A pineapple . . . a large, fresh, beautiful, growing pineapple that had never known the humiliation of a tin can.

That morning I had particularly inquired of the king concerning pineapple, and he had promised to try to find one for me. Perhaps that quest had brought him here.

"Is this the pineapple you were looking for?" I called.

He came and regarded it sorrowfully.

"Oh, no," he said, "that pineapple cannot be eaten."

He looked about at the profusion of coconuts—being sated with coconut, I had not even noticed them—that had fallen from the trees and lay rotting upon the ground.

"None of this can be eaten. It must not even be touched. It must rot where it lies. Taboo!"

How often the exasperated foreigner feels like brushing aside with one sweep of his hand the whole cobweb of "taboo." It seems incredible that such inhibitions should be a basic part of anyone's life. We who take our little superstitions about ladders, broken mirrors, black cats and thirteens so lightly, as if they were the mere bric-a-brac of belief, cannot imagine taboo as the actual foundation-stone of all of a man's character and conduct. Yet it is so for the Kanaka of primitive Yap.

"What's wrong now?" I wanted to know, trying to conceal annoyance as the pineapple faded out of my luncheon menu.

The king patiently explained.

"This woman's husband has just died. All this belonged to him. It still belongs to him. He will need it for a year until he gets his new plantation growing up there." He gestured skyward. "For one year, nothing of his may be touched. At the end of that time all his kinsmen will gather. Any fruit there is then on his trees or in his gardens, or any taro in his fields, will be divided among them."

The rule does not apply only to a man's property. The property of anyone who dies, of either sex or any age, is abandoned for a year. And mortality is high in Yap. Therefore in these small islands where there is none too much cultivable land at best, a substantial fraction of it must always be idle.

Behind the house this woman had a few trees of her own. Somewhere in the jungle she had her own taro field. These must supply her food.

Each man, woman or child has his own land. When a child is born, a certain taro patch and a certain two or three coconut trees are assigned to him. His food must come from his own property. If there is too much for him, the rest must rot—no one else may eat it.

Each person keeps a hawk-eye upon the nuts on his trees. He knows the size and color of every nut. If one of the husband's nuts falls and is furtively placed by the wife under her tree, he knows and punishes. She has her own trees and must take nothing from his.

Moreover, each tree is forever a masculine or feminine tree according to the sex of its owner. If the woman dies, her trees go to her daughter or sister. They are women's trees. If there are no women left in the family, still the man may not touch the fruit of women's trees. The same law applies to the trees of men—they can never endure a change of sex in their ownership.

Now, all this comes down especially hard upon the shoulders of the woman. She gathers the food for dinner. Imagine her at the task. Suppose there are seven in her family. She must dig enough taro-potatoes for dinner, not from one field

but from seven different fields, sometimes far apart. She must keep the supplies separate, remember which belongs to whom, bring them home and boil each in a separate pot. Even the same fire cannot be used—there must be seven fires. Surely “woman’s work is never done” in Yap.

All sorts of inequalities and absurdities result from this sharp division of property. Suppose, because of fickle fertility, that your land bears more than you need and mine not enough. I go hungry and you throw food away. The land that produces too much for one person is neglected, allowed to run down.

Systematic, progressive agriculture is impossible under such a tangle of taboos.

Yap, because of its primitive life, offers one of the best examples in the world of aboriginal, superstition-controlled agriculture. In most islands of the South Seas the influence of traders, missionaries and officials is more evident. Even in the Yap group, as we were to see later, the small Japanese colony on the main island is spreading new ways slowly but irresistibly back into the jungle. Before this invasion or pervasion is accomplished, anyone who wishes to see a living illustration of an early stage of human existence still left upon this earth would do well to look in upon Yap. Before it is too late. For the tinned and uniform ideas of a systematized world are coming in.

“I didn’t forget that you wanted pineapple,” said the king after he had explained the way of the gods as to food and death.

He reached into his palm-leaf basket and drew out—I might

have known it—a tin of pineapples. And a paper bag of ship's biscuits.

From a side niche in the wooden scabbard that held his long knife he produced a can-opener. It bore the imprint of an Osaka manufacturer.

Luncheon was served.

The Slave and the Princess

THE PINK PIG which the king's daughter habitually carried under her arm seemed for a while to be the only object of her affection.

There were many other aspirants to her favor. The house seemed to be on every young man's way to anywhere. And whatever his carelessness of costume elsewhere, the Kanaka youth always looked, when he neared the king's house, as if he had just been turned out by Yap's Bond Street.

His gee-string would be faultlessly draped and tied. His body, oiled and perfumed. His face, high-lighted here and there with yellow turmeric, the Yap dandy's favorite cosmetic which comes in cones made from the roots of the wild ginger. His tattooing, varnished to bring out sharply its blue tracery of fish and flower. His lips, not blotched, but evenly and alluringly covered with scarlet betel juice—the only lipstick required by Yap fashion. His black teeth, where the edges had been worn white by chewing, freshly blackened. His head, crowned with a chaplet of fresh flowers.

The hole in the lobe of his ear usually accommodated a package of cigarets; for Yap's modern Miss, when encountered, must immediately be offered a smoke.

But the most important item of his costume was always the comb. Combless men need not apply at the king's house. Not while the king was around. For the comb marks the free-

man. The length of it is the measure of his nobility. There are four free classes in Yap and a slave class. The slaves may not wear the comb. For the free classes, strict custom varies the length of the comb from six inches to two feet according to the lineage of the wearer. In effect, he wears his family tree in his hair. He is not content, like some Western ancestor-worshippers, to leave his family crest locked away in a treasure-corner of his house. He flaunts it. Class distinctions are kept well to the fore in Yap.

Class struggle on a desert isle! We might have supposed it to be a product of modern society. How can there be class struggle among people who are all alike naked and illiterate? To us, they are all of one class, and that the most primitive. They all do the same things at the same times in the same ways. One would think them bound together by their community of interests.

Civilization is complex. It sends men off into different channels. It makes sharp divisions between groups. One would think that it would multiply class distinctions.

It is not so. Civilization tends to level classes. It indistinguishably mixes red blood and blue. It robs lord and laborer of their distinctive costumes by which they could be told apart a mile away, and puts them both in coat and pants. The only distinction left is a negative one: the lord's trousers may be baggy and the laborer's are apt to be natively neat. The only class distinction we have left, that between capital and labor, is a dubious one. There may be as little difference as between the upper half and the lower half of a potful of boiling water. Currents ascend and descend. The laborer may be a capitalist tomorrow and the capitalist a laborer. And, in any

case, such a distinction has nothing to do with blood or heritage.

No, for class distinctions, look back. Back to medieval days with their kings, nobles, commoners and serfs. Back to India with its carefully graded degrees of touchability. Still farther back to barbarian society of which a surviving example remains in Yap.

The lower man is in the scale the more highly he values his distinctions from other men. The less reason he has for pride, the more pride he musters.

To see pride rampant, walk among the combed cocks of Yap.

I have been amused to observe the wearer of a petty six-inch comb try to lodge it lightly in his thatch so that it would project as far as possible and cast an imposing shadow down over his haughty face. The comb is toothed at both ends. It is usually about three inches wide—nobility is gauged by the length, not the width. It is of the root of the white mangrove and is often beautifully made and not too badly ornamented with crude carving. It is worn on dress occasions by all freemen, except immigrants from the island of Mokomok where the fashion does not hold.

And except by recent jailbirds whose hair is too short to hold a comb. He who breaks the strict rules against drinking does not mind spending a few days in jail—for a Japanese jail is fully as comfortable as a Kanaka home. His real punishment consists in the close prison haircut which means that he must go about for a month or more after his release in a state of complete and contemptible comblessness.

"Look! He is a slave!" his fellow townsmen shout derisively. "The girls won't look at him . . . he wears no *roai*.

Don't let him come into the council. No slaves allowed in the *Febai*!" Thus his life is made miserable until his hair is long enough to be coiled, or at least knotted, around the prongs of his comb.

This is the chief reason for the unpopularity of the convivial cup on Yap. The authorities take shrewd advantage of the natives' passion for class distinction.

Each village is sharply graded as a first class, second, third, fourth, or slave village. A tramp could pitch his tent on the White House lawn more easily than a fourth class Kanaka family could move into a first class village. And, as noted before, the lodger for a night does well to pick out an All Men House of his own class or lower. But many a long-comb would rather take a chance on a night's lodging in the jungle than sleep in the house of his inferiors.

The courtyard of the king's house was naturally the royal court of local nobility. Especially now that the race for the hand of the orchid princess had begun. She had spent her required six months in the *dopal*, the retreat in which every Kanaka maiden is confined during puberty. There she had been graduated from girlhood to womanhood and had come out a year ago with the cord of marriageability around her neck. Now she was fifteen. She had already had one inadvertent child, which was welcomed as indisputable proof of her fertility. The baby, whose fatherhood was stoutly claimed by five young nobles, was cared for by the queen.

Forty per cent of Yap women cannot bear. This grim fact profoundly influences Yap morality. The young man seeks a woman whose ability to bear children has been proved. Thus promiscuity before marriage is encouraged. The usual fear of society that such promiscuity will result in a large and

uncared-for illegitimate population does not apply in Yap. Few unions result in offspring. The supply of babies falls far short of the demand. A dying race frantically uses any methods or means which may increase the crop of babies. Sages in the council-chambers instruct young men that their chief duty is to bring into existence a new generation.

Both the Japanese and their German predecessors have tried to teach continence. But they have been suspected of ulterior motives.

"They want to see us disappear," said an old chief. "They want the islands for themselves. And so they get righteous and talk 'morality' to us. Morality is a knife to cut our throats."

Japanese doctors are inclined to believe that the loose morals, resulting from the desperate effort to avoid extinction, are hastening the extinction. And they point to other islands where missionaries and officials have succeeded in checking immorality: there, native population is on the increase.

But this, to the Yap native, is a non sequitur.

"They breed because they are pigs," he says contemptuously. "Do not speak to us of the men of other islands. We were once their masters. They paid us tribute. Of course they are many. They are as common as coconuts. The Yap man is a mango," referring to one of the proudest, largest, rarest and most prized trees on Yap. "You don't need to multiply coconuts. You must check them. They need your 'morality.' But the mango must be planted, encouraged."

Young men with long combs and credentials in order were welcomed by the king and queen. Princess Rtep bestowed her favors impartially. But it was clear that anything she did was done only in the way of ordinary hospitality. Such divertisse-

ments had nothing to do with love. Through it all she quite obviously preferred the pink pig.

Our first hint that she was not as hard-boiled a maiden as she seemed came one day when the king and queen were away in the fields.

A young man without a comb entered the courtyard. He was a magnificent fellow. Tall and straight as a spear. His shock of black hair was unusually curly which confirmed the suspicion that he was of the slave race. But the princess did not treat him as a slave. She had evidently had former meetings with him. She was warm, human. The glaze came off her demeanor. She was not just a politician's daughter trying to do the right thing to keep the constituency happy. She was vitally interested in this fellow. They sat in the triangular, five-pillared veranda at the land end of the house where they could keep watch far down the trail. As for us, we were furniture. They paid no attention to us, sitting reading under a breadfruit tree. I am afraid we did not return their polite indifference. There is something thrilling about it when a human heart drops its mask. There were no "intimacies" . . . those were too common. But any young noble would have traded all his "intimacies" for the intimacy that existed between these two. For the first time the girl was electric, alive. She was not a jaded Cleopatra of fifteen summers who had already run through a gamut of loves. She was just a sentimental little fool about this man. It was refreshing to watch. They did most of it with their eyes. They chattered, and it did not seem to matter that they could not understand each other very well.

For the slave dialect is quite different from that of the nobility. The nobles strive to keep up this difference in order



Our betel-chewing princess, of marriageable age as indicated by the cord around her neck, prefers her pink pig to visiting nobles.



All the material near by to build the house come from the coconut tree near at hand

to buttress their own dignity. In some islands, even more so than in Yap, there is a distinct chiefs' language. It is so in Ponape. There, for example, you dare not call the hand of a chief and the hand of a commoner by the same name. The former is *lima*, the latter *pa*. *Kumikum* is a chief's beard, *alich* a subject's beard. A chief's eye, tooth, mustache, all have names so distinct that one might suppose Nature had devised for him something completely different from the eye, tooth and mustache of the commoner.

Stevenson has given a diverting description of the manner of speech jealously reserved for the elect in Samoa:

"For the real noble a whole private dialect is set apart. The common names for an axe, for blood, for bamboo, a bamboo knife, a pig, food, entrails, and an oven are taboo in his presence, as the common names for a bug and for many officers and members of the body are taboo in the drawing-rooms of English ladies. Special words are set aside for his leg, his hair, his face, his belly, his eyelids, his son, his daughter, his wife, his wife's pregnancy, his wife's adultery, his dwelling, his spear, his comb, his sleep, his anger, his dreams, his pleasure in eating, his cough, his sickness, his recovery, his death, his being carried on a bier, the exhumation of his bones and his skull after death. To address these demigods is quite a branch of knowledge, and he who goes to visit a high chief does well to make sure of the competence of his interpreter."

In Yap there is less difference between the high language and the low. Therefore the noble lady and her visitor got along without great difficulty, falling back upon that third language which is the same for lovers anywhere.

So engrossed were they in each other, and we in them, that the king and queen were in the house before anyone was the

wiser. They had not come back by trail as expected, but by canoe, and had entered the house through the identical veranda at the shore end. If they had found their daughter in the dark interior locked in the arms of some young noble they would simply have tiptoed discreetly into the courtyard. But to see through the open windows their pride in tête-à-tête with a slave was quite a different kettle of fish.

The king's head suddenly bobbed out through the window. His gruff voice sent the two into a panic. Rtep leaped up . . . told the slave to escape. He seemed about to do so, then stood his ground. Claspings his hands behind him he made the usual low obeisance due the king, then respectfully sat down. The irate monarch raged over him, evidently demanding that he immediately remove himself from the premises. When the slave could get in a word, he pled quietly, with frequent glances at the girl. He was pressing his suit, what a hopeless suit! The king became only more infuriated. Such impertinence was beyond all endurance. He could not lay hands upon this vermin. To the *pilungs*, or nobles, the *pimlingai*, or slaves, are untouchables. He took down a heavy sharp-pointed paddle. The young man saw that nothing would be gained by inciting the king to violence. He rose, bowed again, and went, still straight as a spear.

The king poured out his indignation upon the girl. She was in tears. It's odd how mistaken one can be about a person. Until today, we had thought her stony. "Fifteen-minute egg" we had called her. And now she was weeping like the child she really was.

Slavery with a Difference

THE QUEEN mixed harsh reproofs with tenderness, and brought her daughter a fresh quid of betel nut. But the girl showed no inclination to chew her troubles away. Her mother furtively brought the little pig and dropped it nearby. It came grunting to Rtep where she sat on the bamboo poles and nuzzled into her grass skirt. She pushed it aside. She had found something better than pink pigs and nobles.

"Very bad," the king said to us, evidently considering that his guests deserved some explanation of such a family scene. "He is *pimlingai*!" As if that explained everything.

"He seems like a fine fellow," I ventured.

The king snorted.

"Slave. Not man, like us. Only like—animal!"

The muscles rippled under his naked brown skin. He still clutched the paddle. His face was wrinkling and warping like an angry monkey's. The distinction he drew between himself and the slave seemed a bit fine.

Should I preach equal rights to this firm old snob? It would do no good. Yet I could not forbear saying:

"Why don't you free your slaves? In most countries intelligent men like you have set their slaves free."

He pondered, then laughed indulgently. Evidently I did not understand. He would set me right.

"Can you free me?" he asked enigmatically.

I did not understand. Out of his stumbling, staccato sentences I gradually got his meaning.

He was what he was and nothing I could do would change him. I might say to him, "Be the king of England!" but he would still remain one of the twelve petty kings of Yap. No sudden command could alter the color of his skin or the way of his heart. "You can't free a fish of water. A black pearl can't become a white one." And so with the slaves. You might shout, "Go free!" until you were hoarse. But would not their blood remain the same? They would still belong to their own people and no other people would have them.

"But," I protested, "how about America? Black pearls became white there."

I told him about American slavery. He had never heard of it before. I told him how the blacks had been freed. And that they were no longer a slave race, but American citizens, and the equals of any other American citizens. And I said it without my tongue in my cheek.

Democracy has been so dinned into us of the West that we can believe such things, at least until they come too close home to ourselves and our families. But to this aristocrat, in a land where aristocracy has the force of a natural law, such a state of affairs was simply inconceivable. He shook his head.

"Kan [god, or the gods] made them so. They can never change."

"But how did they become slaves in the first place?"

"They come over sea in canoes. Dark people. Curly hair. They live here long time. Then white man bring bad disease. Most people die. Those people say, 'We go back home, this place no good.' My people say, 'No, you stay, Yap too few

people, need more.' They try escape. We kill most men, put rest of men and women and children in bush villages. Away from coast. So could not get canoes and escape. Then, some day, great judge, Magaragoi. Kan tell him these people our slaves. Tell him make comb. Every free man, comb. Slave man, no comb."

Slavery is a most curious institution in Yap. It is not at all like former slavery in the West.

There, every slave belonged to somebody. He had a master. The master had bought him, and had the exclusive use of him, and could sell him—could even free him. But here the slave belongs to no one. There is no slave market. No slave can be bought or sold. No slave can become the exclusive property of one individual. The slaves are owned by all freemen in common. And authority to command them is vested in the king alone.

Any king may call upon the slave villages within his territory to turn to and perform any public work, the construction of a road, the building of an All Men House. Or he may use them for personal purposes (as our king had two slave girls daily in attendance at his house) because he, as king, represents the whole public. His kinsmen may also use them. If someone not of the royal family wishes to secure the help of the slaves on his plantation he may perhaps get the permission of the king by presenting that worthy with a quid of tobacco or something equally persuasive. But the slaves are only loaned to him for the particular job in hand. They remain the property of the community.

They must work without payment. Their living comes from their own plantations about the slave villages. They are taxed as freemen are. But they enjoy a certain paternalism. If

they cannot pay their taxes, or have not enough food, the king helps them.

Slaves may not eat the food of freemen. The flesh of the hated shark and the despised eel, the greater and lesser squid, also the great banana that is too tough to eat without a thorough boiling, are reserved for them.

If one of them does wrong the king does not punish him directly. He complains to the chief of the slave village who metes out the required punishment.

The freeman who fancies a slave girl may, through the king, obtain her temporary services as a concubine. A free woman, usually a widow or a divorcee, may attach to herself a male slave as a sort of gigolo. Any children of these unions are slaves. And the free parent has no right in them. They belong to the community.

The Japanese declare the slaves "free" and treat *pilings* and *pimlingai* with impartiality. But even the slaves are slow in taking their "freedom" seriously. What do these foreigners know about the will of the gods?

Gradually the Japanese insistence that all are equal is beginning to crack the system around the edges. I saw one of the cracks.

I had wanted to take a photograph of the king surrounded by his slaves. But, in view of the present dissension, it seemed unlikely that either the slaves or the king would be in the mood for such a picture. Perhaps some other potentate could accommodate me. So Tol and I journeyed one day up to the realm of Ri and inquired for the king thereof. Affairs of state not weighing heavily upon him, he had gone fishing. We waited in the shade of the All Men House and he was pres-

ently brought to us, a rod in his hand, and a string of fish like a girdle around his waist.

Yes, he would pose with the slaves. But they were in their village, Farra, two miles away. Would we go down there?

We go to the slaves? Why could not they come here? I think I had rather imagined a fleet messenger posting down to Farra, summoning the slaves in His Majesty's name, and bringing them hot-foot up the trail to crouch at their master's feet.

But the king feared the slaves might be busy! Perhaps they could not conveniently come. So he, the king, having nothing to do, would go to them.

We set off to Farra.

Tol was apologetic. "Not this way in old time," he said. "Germans, Japanese come, tell slaves they plenty good, slaves get big head."

We came up at last before a council house in the heart of the village of Farra. But so scattered and concealed are the houses of a Yap village that not one was to be seen from this point. An old man lingering near bent double before the king, then went off at a dog-trot in obedience to the king's curt order to assemble the slaves. I got the camera ready. It would be only a matter of moments now.

Instead it was a matter of three hours. No one got impatient. The natives had never learned to and the foreigner had learned not to. We sat on a stone platform with upright stones as back-rests. This sort of place is euphemistically called by the natives a rest-house. It is provided not only in front of every All Men House but at easy stages along the trail. Sometimes it is roofed over, generally not. The upright stones are graded by rank, and a low-class back dare not repose against

a high-class back-rest. But they are all equally uncomfortable.

"Where is your comb?" I asked the king, noticing for the first time that he wore none.

He clapped his hand to his head. Ah, yes, he had been fishing, so he had left it in the house. He dispatched a boy to get it. The boy was told to hurry, because the slaves would come at any moment and the comb must be had for the picture. The boy made the round trip of four miles in two hours and a half flat. And came in under the wire, as cool as a cucumber.

In plenty of time, for the slaves had not yet arrived.

The boy was sent for the old man who had been sent for the slaves. The old man came, bowing low, profusely apologetic, explaining that he had dropped in at his house for a little rest and had unfortunately gone to sleep.

The slaves? . . . oh, yes . . . they could not come today.

"But they must come!" stormed the king. "At once. Did you tell them I wanted them?"

"Yes. But they went back to their plantations."

The king was beside himself. "Went back!" He raged, spat and vituperated.

The old man mumbled on. Some time back a Japanese trader had sold the village some goods. Now he had come in his motorboat to get his pay—in coconuts. The slaves had gone to their plantations to gather the coconuts.

A miraculous change came over the king. Ah, that was different. Why hadn't he been told that in the first place? Outwardly he was still proud. But there was fear just under the surface. He, a mere king, had threatened to interfere with the affairs of a Japanese trader!

So there was no picture of a haughty king surrounded by his humble slaves.



With a good breeze the native's hollowed log outsails a motor boat. Note the comb of nobility projecting from the skipper's topknot.



The extended ear lobe is useful for carrying packages. But it is in the way when there is work to be done and is then knotted neatly about the ear.

And thus the presence of the Japanese, who do not tolerate native class distinctions, is gradually undermining the system.

Other foreigners have had occasional influence. There is the romantic story of Sims, the Englishman, who freed an island. This was in the old days before Micronesia passed under Spanish rule. Certain islands were slave islands. This meant that their inhabitants had been conquered in war and must pay tribute to the conquering island and perform any labor required. Indignities were heaped upon them. The favorite male binge of those days seems to have been to paddle over to the slave island, oust the men from their houses, spend the night with their wives, and paddle away the next morning with everything removable.

On the slave island of Angaur there was hot resentment which never found effective outlet until Sims came. Sims was no missionary. He meant only to use the islands and not let them use him. He thought to sell a few trinkets, have an amorous adventure, and pass on. But he fell in love with a prostitute and married her. She was evidently a patriot. She fired him with a determination to rescue her people from slavery. He sent for and obtained guns and ammunition. When the playboys next descended upon the island they were killed to a man. Those who came inquiring after them the next day met the same fate. Then the warriors of the master island together with those of many other free islands assembled a great fleet of canoes and came to put the slaves in their place. General Sims had drilled his troops for just such an emergency. Few of the canoes escaped and those encountered a terrific storm which made the will of Kan clear to them. Thenceforth the Angauran paid no tribute and was master in his own house. Sims, after his death, became a household god.

The Spaniards, when they came, did nothing to promote freedom. The Germans, a little. The Japanese are doubtless no more zealous in the cause of freedom than the Germans but because of their far greater numbers they have more influence.

Native nobles protested volubly when the Japanese organized sports open alike to freemen and slaves. In Korrör, central island of the Palau group, an Olympic contest is held every year. Each district of Palau has its local *Seinen-dan* (Young Men's Association) which raises up local champions, garbs them in a special uniform to identify their district, and sends them to the annual meet on Korrör island. There are twelve districts and they represent all grades of nobility and the lack of it. The games include javelin-throwing, broad jump, hop, step and jump, running high jump, pole vault, shot-put, relay races.

Side by side, princes and serfs vie for the honors. It's wholesome medicine. They learn sportsmanship. The blue-blood learns to shake the hand of the one-time untouchable who has squarely defeated him. And the chastening of the nobility is made especially severe by the fact that it is usually the former serfs who win.

As you watch, the team from the southernmost island, Peliliu, carries off the honors.

"Fu-re! Fu-re! Odesangal!" they shout.

"What is that 'Fu-re'?" you ask.

Your Japanese companion looks at you in surprise.

"Why, it's your own word," he says. "You use it in America!"

Light breaks. "Fu-re!" is the closest approach the Japanese syllabary can make to the sound of "Hooray!"

"And why are they shouting for Odesangal? I thought they came from Peliliu."

"Yes. But the real name of the island is Odesangal. It was always defeated in battle by the other islands. They reduced it to serfdom. They contemptuously called it 'Peliliu' which means 'Under House.' When these sports were begun the 'Under House' saw its chance to show its real merit. Its boys went into hard training. When they come here they fight with all their might. The result is that every year they take off first honors. They have changed the attitude of the other tribes toward their island. So they have a right to discard the name of 'Under House' and shout for Odesangal."

Not so much progress has been made in Yap. There, the Japanese are only a handful. Official pressure is slight. There are none of the English, American, German or Japanese missionaries who have such a salutary influence upon social customs in many other South Sea isles. There is a Spanish mission, sole survival of Spain's rule. But it follows the policy of least resistance. In the jungles remote from Colonia harbor it is only the isolated Japanese school teacher or policeman or trader who is gradually breaking down the walls of class.

Our host lodged his formal complaint with the chief of the slave village. And the slave who had dared to woo a princess was sent to Angaur island, three hundred miles away, to work in the phosphate mines.

But the princess had no more to do with young nobles. And she gave fair warning that, at the first opportunity, she meant to join her lover.

Since this was more easily said than done, the king took the threat lightly. He had never heard of Lord Ellen's daughter.

Grass-skirt Ethics

YAP MORALS are contradictory.

Prostitutes there are none . . . in the Kanaka villages. At the port the Japanese have *oiran* and geisha for their own pleasure. This shocks the Kanakas. But the Japanese and other foreigners are, in turn, shocked by the lack of even elementary morality in the Kanaka family.

The decline in population seems not only reasonable but inevitable in the light of such social practice.

Even before puberty Yap boys and girls imitate their elders. During puberty strict measures are required to keep them apart so that the girl may reach maturity without interference. Therefore she is confined in the *dopal*.

The *dopal* is the Women's House. But it bears no resemblance to the All Men House. It is a place neither of council nor of revelry. It is a retreat, a place of refuge. It is also a prison. The men cannot get in and the women cannot get out.

Every girl at the beginning of puberty, occurring at the age of twelve or thirteen, must repair to the *dopal*. There she must remain for six or eight months until she has reached full womanhood. During this time she must not stir from the vicinity of the *dopal*. She is a prisoner and an exile. A nun, without the solaces of the convent.

The *dopal* is merely a dark, damp, poorly constructed thatch hut in some forlorn spot. Since men are not allowed

near, it depends for repairs upon the women and suffers in consequence, for the women are not house-builders. That is man's work, as woman's is taro-digging.

One *dopal* I saw was on a boggy islet in the midst of a mangrove swamp. I looked at it across a hundred feet of shallow water in which, at intervals, upright pegs were placed. These were to support planks to serve as a bridge. But these planks, like the drawbridge of an ancient castle, were to be laid down only when someone desired to enter who had a right to do so. Otherwise they were kept on the island beside the *dopal*. Beneath the shallow water lay deep soft mud which made wading impracticable. Thus the *dopal* was comparatively safe against male invasion. Men might, and did, stand on the path a hundred feet away and look across. The women were supposed to stay in the house. If one came out, perhaps to shout an entreaty that some food be sent, she would hide her face behind a screen made of woven palm leaves. Of course food could be brought in only by women.

This dreary retreat in which young girls must be shut away has all the attractions of a leper colony. At that, I wrong the leper colony. For the half dozen such institutions I have visited in India, Korea and elsewhere, with their games, athletics, lectures and concerts, were veritable amusement centers compared with the *dopal*.

When the girl has become a woman the *mara-fau* (necklace of lemon hibiscus) is placed on her neck. It is a black, knotted cord which hangs down both in front and behind. This marks her as marriageable. She may now return to mixed society. And men are not slow in testing her maturity.

But she is not done with the *dopal*. Every month she must flee the male and confine herself for five days or so in the

dopal. Of course the monthly departure of a married woman disrupts the household. During that period, and then only, custom permits the man to cook his own food. But he may not cook for his children. If they are too young to do for themselves, they must go to the *dopal* where their mother will prepare their food. The man must never, even during his wife's absence, dig taro-potato. Such woman's work would forever disgrace him. He must have some other woman obtain it for him, or go without potatoes until his wife returns. He can climb trees for coconuts; that is within man's province.

Engagement rarely takes place until relations have been carried on long enough to prove mutually satisfactory. Even after engagement the girl takes it for granted that her husband-to-be will continue to play with her girl-friends, and she sees no cause for jealousy in this fact. She exercises equal freedom. Even after marriage, Yap ideas of courtesy require that she should give herself to other men when they request it.

In other words, there is little connection between sex and marriage. Marriage is not consummated in order to pave the way to sexual relationships and the raising of a family. A man marries a woman so that she will have someone to care for her and he will have someone to dig taro and cook for him. Congeniality has little to do with it. There is perhaps a modicum of romance before marriage but it fades out early. Sex irregularities of either the husband or wife are taken as a matter of course and rarely cause a rift in the family lute. As one investigator has said, "Conjugal fidelity is not regarded as a virtue."

Doubtless this attitude is partly due to the fact that these are primitive and undisciplined savages. But they do not seem

oversensual. On the contrary, they give an impression of modesty and restraint. One is led to the conclusion that their looseness is due, not to overemphasis upon sex, but to underemphasis. They regard sex as a mere incident. Why? Because it is an affair of the moment and rarely has an aftermath. Yap women seldom bear. A husband would very soon regard conjugal fidelity as a virtue if his wife's irregularities brought a procession of infants, not his own, into his family for him to support. But he finds it possible in Yap to tolerate her sideplay since a whole lifetime of it will probably result in no offspring. And if one child should come he can perhaps accept it with equanimity, if not with delight, since without it he might be childless.

The failure of sex to serve these people has reduced their respect for it. Unhappily, the result is an evil circle. Not respecting it, they abuse it, whereupon it fails them more.

Marriage is simple. In former days there was a marriage ceremony, but not now. Now marriage consists of taking a girl home. That is all. Except that, after this *fait accompli*, the boy's family makes a gift of food to the girl's family, and a piece of stone money passes from the girl's family to the boy's. The marriage age is usually fourteen or fifteen.

Divorces are easy and frequent. Also there is the occasional exchange of wives between relatives or friends in the hope that offspring will result from the new combination. The same practice may be found in the Marquesas; also in Ponape, where it is called *peichipal*.

Polygamy is rare. But a man whose brothers die inherits their wives.

Union between parent and child is forbidden. Also between brother and sister; and it is to prevent such union that the

young man is expected to live in the All Men House until marriage. However, there are chiefs who favor consanguineous marriage as an aid in repopulating the island, and point to its success on Eauripik, a small, isolated island east of Yap. There, they say, it worked.

So alien is this to most human experience, even among wild tribes, that I reserved a doubt on it until I could consult a recognized authority on these islands, an old and respected Japanese trader, Miyashita, of Palau. During Spanish and German as well as Japanese times he has lived in the islands and is the only foreigner to have made his home for a year on Eauripik.

"I don't attempt to explain it," he said, "but it's true. The people of Eauripik are unusually big, strong, healthy people. They almost never become sick. Yet the entire population of 190 people is one family descended from one couple. All marriages are within the family. There is no mixture from the outside. Foreigners do not visit the island. It is off the usual trade routes. All the people look alike. Closest relatives marry. And yet the population is increasing slightly."

This appears to be the exception that proves the rule. Of course there are many other factors besides consanguinity to be considered. The hardihood of the original stock, the climate, the food supply, possible social restraints, and especially the absence of the white man whose liquors and diseases have brought an unhappy ending to the idyl of many South Sea peoples . . . all these things may have offset the effects of blood-relationship. Nevertheless it is an interesting bit of case history; and one can understand the disquiet of some chiefs who wonder whether dying Yap is wise in keeping this apparently successful method of increase under taboo.

There is also taboo upon color-crossing. Marriage with a white man may be considered an honor by a Tahitian maiden. The Yap maiden would consider it a disgrace. Although inferior to the Tahitian, she has a quite superior pride.

"Black to black, white to white, red to red," so runs the Yap proverb. *Roro fan roro, wetsewets fan wetsewets, rongadu fan rongadu.*

The white traders who formerly lived in Yap were compelled to import wives four hundred and fifty miles from the Marianas. The present Japanese traders and officials depend exclusively upon Japan.

Although sex taboos are lacking where they are most needed, they appear in odd places. (The man who is about to go fishing must have nothing to do with his wife for at least twenty-four hours previous. The man who is going to another island (that is, outside the reef which encloses the Yap group) must not cohabit with his wife or anyone else for a month before he leaves, during his absence, or for a month after his return. Violation of this custom is supposed to bring disease and death.)

Recently three kings of Yap were taken on a visit to Japan. It was assumed that, in common with other tired businessmen, they might unbend their taboos a bit when away from home. But the gay districts of Tokyo and Osaka were viewed by the three kings much as they might have been examined by a deputation of professors of sociology. They were of academic interest only.

Not that the stay-at-home queens could get any satisfaction out of the abstention of their spouses, for it was due, not to love of home and family, but to fear of Kan. Fear is the dominating force in the conduct of the Kanaka native.

Similar fortitude was displayed by ten of the loveliest Yap girls who were taken to Tokyo to dance at a Tropical Countries Exhibition. They attracted many admirers who were astonished to be rebuffed by what seemed to them a most flimsy excuse.

"Taboo!"

Eight of the girls were married. Although they doubtless would not have been true to their husbands at home they were true to them in Tokyo. Such is the erratic force of taboo.

From these examples it will be seen that the Yap native is not totally dissolute and unbridled. He is capable of self-control. He has his morality . . . but it goes off at queer tangents, some good, some decidedly harmful to the race.

Pregnancy is the particular object of anxious superstition, because the pregnant woman is the potential savior of the race. Not only is she hedged about with rules and rites, but her husband also.

A neighboring chief refused our offer of some choice bananas.

"I cannot eat them," he said. "My wife is going to have a child."

"Will what you eat affect your wife?"

"Of course. That is old wisdom among the Kanakas."

I asked what foods were forbidden to an expectant father.

"He must eat little of anything. Nothing to make unhappy stomach. And no bananas. No tortoise. No coconuts that have fallen from the tree. And if he, or wife, eats fish of many colors, very bad! Baby will be spotted, many colors."

If the child is stillborn, it is the man's fault. He has somehow broken the routine prescribed for him. He is severely

censured, perhaps before the council, for Yap cannot afford to lose babies.

If the mother dies, her ghost is expected to continue caring for the child.

One evening in a Kanaka home I saw a woman take up a crying child, whose mother had died at its birth, and place it in the window. Everyone stopped talking and gazed intently at the baby. Presently its sobs died down, then ceased.

"She has come!" said one.

"Listen!" said another. "You hear?"

I listened and heard nothing but the sounds any infant achieves between its wet lips.

"Its mother is feeding it," they said.

But, fortunately, this firm belief does not prevent supplementing the ghostly diet with coconut milk.

There is no prostitution among the Kanakas of Yap. They are scandalized by the practice in the Japanese community. They say, rightly, that such things should be matters of free will, not compulsion. Of gift, not purchase.

But one suspects that the real reason why there is no compulsion in the Kanaka community is because there is too much free will. No purchase is necessary where gifts are so liberal.

Amateur competition has wiped out the professional.

Another reason for the disappearance of prostitutes—for they did have them in old times—is that there is more food per person than formerly. Therefore women need not sell themselves in order to live. The advantage of being a shrinking race on an island that does not shrink is that each generation has more land per capita than the generation that preceded it. When the population was double its present size

it taxed the resources of Yap, and there was considerable poverty and distress.

Then the *mogol* system flourished. The local elders did not regard their All Men House of the *Falu* type as complete until it was graced by three or four *mogol* or *mespil*. These were unmarried girls, who could not be drawn from the local village since, in that case, they would be the sisters or daughters of the men whom they entertained. A deputation of the elders made a tour of distant villages, and any chief was expected to feel highly honored if the visitors said, "We should be pleased to have your daughter in our *Falu*."

The Kanakas contend that it was nothing like prostitution, but the outsider may be pardoned for not perceiving much difference.

The girl chosen had no choice. She was expected to go for the sake of her village. She was bought, or rather leased, for from one to four years. Stone money and shell money were paid to her village. She was presented with jewels, perfume and yellow powder for the adornment of her body. She was fêted by her village, transported in state by war canoc, and fêted again when she arrived at her destination. Some girl, longer in the profession, taught her to sing and dance.

She was expected to be the life of every party, to act as a sort of cheer-leader when the villagers were engaged in any public work, to take the lead in festivals. In this sense she resembled the geisha rather than the prostitute. However, she was owned by the village as a whole, not privately controlled as is the geisha.

There was another difference from either the geisha or prostitute. The *mogol* was supposed to have a certain measure of magic power, a glint of divinity. Thus there was something

in the custom reminiscent of the worship of Mylitta at Babylon. She and her sister-*mogol* were priestesses of the All Men House. They could not supersede the *machamach*, or high priest, but they were his chief assistants.

They must not dig in the taro fields or do any other manual labor. Their food was provided by the men, who vied with each other in bringing the choicest of tidbits.

Except for the nightly ordeal, the position of the *mogol* was one of honor and ease. It was the teaching of the village elders that experience in the All Men House was the best possible discipline in preparation for marriage. The *mogol* who completed her service without losing her health was much in demand as a wife. The fact that she had been popular with many men was held to her credit rather than otherwise.

However, many survived only as diseased, broken-down old hags. It was this fact that gave pause to a family when the honor was offered to their daughter. And when population pressure decreased and the food supply increased, when the more strict family morality of the old days decayed, due partly to the disintegrating influence of white whalers and traders, and a select class of women was no longer necessary, the institution of the *mogol* fell into disuse.

The future of Yap morality is in doubt. Will contact with foreign ways bring in "civilized" prostitution, a thing far more sordid than the old *mogol* system? Or will the school and the hospital succeed in tightening up the principles of family morality? The chances are in favor of the latter possibility.

Also, contact with other islanders may pull up Yap standards. Yap is the black sheep in the Micronesian family. But

every year more steamers ply among the islands, deck passage is cheap, and the natives of Yap are lured to jobs in the expanding industries of Palau, Angaur, Ponape and Saipan.

They come back with modified ideas which may gradually leaven the lump of social practice in Yap.

The Wizard Double-crosses

THE WIZARD has largely disappeared from South Sea islands that lie along the ocean highways. He still holds his own in unvisited Yap.

Lovelorn little Rtep would not forget her slave.

"My daughter eat nothing," the king lamented a few days after the princess's low-caste sweetheart had been exiled to Angaur. "She has make herself sick. Tol, go get the *machamach*."

I went with Tol. We struck off into the jungle. Tol was not well pleased. The natives have a peculiar aversion to penetrating the interior. They feel safe and comfortable in the park-like palm groves along the shore. But the dark mysterious tangle in the depths of the island fills them with uneasiness.

It is not animals they fear. Those are few, and they can cope with them. But how can a man fend against invisible spirits? The shades are full of them. On quiet nights you can hear them speaking from the forest . . . although the more scientifically inclined might interpret the sounds as the woodland echoes of voices along the shore.

Dread is the chief stock in trade of the *machamach*. He combines the functions of wizard, medicine man and high priest. He finds it professionally advantageous not to be on

too familiar terms with his public. They believe in him and his powers more easily if he holds himself aloof. Therefore he takes up his residence in the place of dread—the dense jungle, away from all frequented places.

No path leads to his hermitage. No guests are welcome there. Any man who comes near his dwelling will sicken and die. Any man who actually sees his house will fall dead on the spot.

"Then how do you reach him?" I asked Tol, doubting the business judgment of a physician who would hang up his shingle in so inaccessible a spot.

"We do not go his house," said Tol. "We go house of his priest. It on this path. Then no path to *machamach* house. Priest take horn, blow, call *machamach*, he come."

Around a turn, we came upon the house of the subordinate priest, gatekeeper, as it were, to the wizard's lair. But behind the low thatch house there was no gate and no driveway, only a seemingly impenetrable maze of giant fern and banyan trees with their trunks like masses of coiled serpents and their branches drooping with pendent roots and covered with ferns and *rtep*, the orchid after which our princess was named. Hibiscus, pandanus and the narcotic *raual* tree made the shade more dense. Binding everything together were the cables of heavy creeping vines, their trunks crossing and criss-crossing until they resembled the iron grating over a jail-window.

Tol called. No answer. He put his head into the house and called again. No one at home.

Tol turned to me with a radiant smile. He was much relieved.

"Now we go home," he said. "Nobody here."

"But the *machamach* may be in his house," I said. "Don't

you think we might take a chance and go look for him?"

Tol gazed at me solemnly with round eyes.

"I have never see his house," he replied. "None of my people ever see. Only one man see, long time ago. He had made murder. Our people must punish him. They bring him here, and make him go in there alone . . . He never come out again."

We started homeward. We had hardly done so when a boy met us, panting, with the king's message that Rtep was worse. We must bring the *machamach* at once.

We stood and looked at each other. What to do?

The boy began to chatter to Tol. Tol reproved him violently. But the boy chattered on, glancing at me.

"What does he say?" I asked.

Tol was reluctant to tell me.

"This boy very fool. He say your gods not same like ours. We die if go in . . . you, perhaps go in, no die. Only get sick a little. But he fool. Very bad in there."

I gave the boy a dirty look. But, after all, it was a rather inviting adventure and probably harmless.

"Certainly I'll go," I said. "No white man has ever been hurt by going in, has he?"

"Never," said Tol. That seemed reassuring. But he spoiled it by adding, "No white man has ever go in."

"What direction, do you think?"

"Must be . . . so," pointing.

Having no compass, I drew out my watch, turned it so that the hour hand pointed to the sun, and noted the point on the dial in the direction Tol had indicated. By referring to the watch frequently and keeping the angle constant I ought to be able to steer a straight course. Incidentally the

watch, of course, also gave me the points of the compass—halfway between the sunward hour hand and twelve being south.

Tol made more protests, but evidently hoped I would override them. So I did. He was getting vicariously excited.

"Take my bolo," he said, drawing the ugly eighteen-inch knife from its wooden scabbard.

"All right," I replied. "For cutting creepers."

Tol grinned and nodded. He knew as well as I did that the real reason for taking the bolo was not for cutting creepers but for the sheer comfort of having a weapon in hand. Even a spirit would look twice at that villainous blade.

"Wait for me here," I suggested, and plunged into the tangle.

Within two minutes I was lost to the world. After slashing a way through the outside curtain of foliage I found myself in twisting aisles among bamboos that rose like organ pipes in a gloom as thick as that of a cathedral. A huge robber crab scuttled away with his dangerous, foot-long pincers poised in the air. Beyond the bamboo grove was an almost impenetrable mass of ferns, some of them twenty feet high. For anyone fern-minded, this was the spot. There were king ferns, parasol ferns, hart's-tongue ferns, polypody ferns, parsley ferns and giant ferns . . . the latter suggesting that mud was at hand. And, sure enough, I presently sank into a swamp up to my knees. I should never have made the trip if I had known that this unpleasantness was in the itinerary. But there was nothing to do but to wade through a quarter mile of this mess.

Then the ground rose slightly and the jungle made a determined effort to tie itself into knots. An ideal place for snakes

. . . but the traveler must keep reminding himself that there is not a snake on Yap.

I had exchanged shouts with Tol occasionally. Now I could no longer raise him. But one of my lusty efforts brought a querulous response from the opposite direction, and near at hand. That would be the *machamach*. I went on with renewed ambition.

Now there were glints of a clearing through the bush. But the open space was walled from me by an almost solid phalanx of trees. I was about to put my hand on one of them and squeeze through between them when I noticed that the bark was sweating with a white juice.

A tingle went up my spine, and I kept my hands to myself. This was the real serpent of Yap. The king had shown me such a tree. It is the *chongot* or poison tree. Tall, with light bark and long leaves, it looks most respectable. But it is a villain at heart. Its acrid white juice causes terrible swellings and sores, often resulting in death. Arrows and spears are tipped with the poison.

Glancing through, I could see that these trees completely surrounded the clearing. The circle of them was too perfect to be natural. It was evident that they had been especially planted as a barrier against the world. A poison wall for the wizard's castle.

The castle itself was a tumble-down thatch hut in the center of the clearing. Before it stood my prospective host. He did not look particularly hospitable. He stood with feet braced and head jutting, staring straight toward me. He had heard me but evidently could not yet see me in the gloom of my shelter. There was a can-I-believe-my-ears? expression on his face. Tall, gaunt, he was dressed only in a loin-string

of bark and an ample breast-plate of gray-yellow whiskers. His long gray-yellow hair was done into a huge topknot on the crown of his head.

Dangling from his left hand was a dead octopus, its eight tentacles drooping disconsolately. Evidently it was intended for the black pot on the fire in which some sort of magic brew was steaming. In his right hand—and this I really noticed first rather than last—was a spear.

It would be wise for me to address him pleasantly to quiet his apprehensions.

“Good morning!” I called cheerfully. “How do I come in?”

The reply was a blast of vituperation which, although I could not understand a word of it, plainly boiled down to “You don’t come in.”

I began a circuit of the palisade. There were many places where a person might wriggle through, but not without dangerous intimacy with the bark. Somewhere there must be a main entrance. A naked body, even more than my own thinly clothed one, would need safe passage. Soon I found it, a three-foot break in the trees blocked with bamboo poles. Making sure that there was no poison on the poles, I climbed over.

The *machamach*, still talking with a volubility that one would think impossible in a language containing only a thousand words, dropped the octopus and raised the spear. He was staring at my knife. I had forgotten that it was in my hand. I threw it on the ground between us and gave him what was intended to be a disarming smile.

But he did not disarm. He did stop jabbering. His jaw hung as he looked me over from head to foot. So it was the



In an island without streams, the only safe drinking water is the rain that trickles down the trunks of trees and is diverted into a jar.



The machamach or wizard wielding the magic rut which can be used alike to cure or curse.

foreigner! He had seen me in the villages and knew all about me . . . it is the business of the *machamach* to know all. But he had not known that it was the foreigner who was invading his retreat.

That made a difference. His angry squint relaxed. Foreigners didn't know anything. Allowance must be made for their stupidity.

"Rtep!" I said. "Rtep! Very sick!" I wished that I had asked Tol for the Yap word for ill. "*Byoki!*" I tried the Japanese word. It did not work.

I laid my head on my hand, moaned, gaped, rolled my eyes. From the expression on the wizard's face I judge that I was giving a better representation of an expiring calf than of an indisposed princess.

A green stone upon which I inadvertently placed a foot during my histrionic efforts suddenly slithered away, giving me a rude shock. An iguana five feet long. Two more of the sinuous giant lizards basked in the sun. What grotesque pets! Perhaps they also served as watch dogs, for they can inflict a vicious bite. They are of the *varanus* species which in some tropical countries reaches a length of seven feet. The Yap natives call them *galuf* and endow them with supernatural powers, which was probably the chief reason for their presence in the *machamach's* shrine.

I pointed in the general direction of Rtep's house. "Rtep! Rtep!" I said mournfully, placing my hand on my chest and trying to look in need of a doctor. "Come!" I beckoned the wizard toward the entrance, and snatched up the pot from the fire to indicate that some medicine should be taken along.

But after glancing inside I hastily set it down again. It was the wrong pot. The *machamach* will essay to make a sick

man well or a well man sick, upon order. He deals alike in curses and cures. This was evidently the curse pot. It was full of sea spiders, sea centipedes and cross-sections of the black-and-white-barred sea snake (for although there are no snakes on Yap there are plenty in the waters around it) all stewing in their own juice.

The *machamach*'s wits were beginning to gather momentum. "Rtep?" he said. He took up the palm-leaf basket that served him as a doctor's satchel and put into it what corresponded to stethoscope, pills and potions. From the low thatch roof he selected some articles which were drying there—herbs, bones, the skins of small lizards, and hair from the body of a vampire, or fruit-bat. I got a glimpse of another vampire, alive, sulking in the shadow of the gable with a coconut cord tied to his foot. The backbone of an eel went into the basket. Also some pieces of coral tied together. And, most important, the *rut*, or magic wand, which can bring weal or woe merely by being waved in the air to the accompaniment of the right abracadabra.

Doubtless there were other interesting mysteries inside the hut. An attempt to look in brought on such a vocal explosion and spear-brandishing that it seemed best to let well enough alone.

The wizard led the way back through the forest to the trail, avoiding the swamp. Tol and the boy were waiting. We returned to the king's house. The *machamach* complained to the king of my invasion and the king gave Tol a dressing-down for permitting it. No word was said to me for I was assumed to be innocent and ignorant of native customs. Ignorance is frequently bliss for the traveler. A little dumbness goes a long way in promoting good will. Patronize a native

and he will become sullen, aloof and even dangerous. Let him patronize you and he will become protective and do everything in his power for you.

Nor need the ignorance be a pose. There is no "civilized" man, with all his tinned knowledge, who cannot learn from a barbarian.

The medicine man went in to Rtep. She lay listless on the pole floor. He examined her briefly, then dropped some herbs, bones, skin and hair into a pot on the fire in the corner and made a brew, which he administered, much to the girl's distaste. She spat out bat's hairs.

The potion was a preliminary; the main treatment followed. The magic wand was wielded like a baton over the inert form of the girl to the measures of a slow chant.

The princess let this go on for fifteen minutes . . . then she suddenly sat up. She glanced about as if to see whether they were alone. There was only the foreigner sitting in the window and he did not understand Yap language. She could hardly know that not two feet from her sat her father just outside the thin reed wall of the house.

She spoke to the *machamach* in low, intense tones. He shook his head. She pled. It seemed to do no good until she drew out of a box a fine string of shell money. That changed the wizard's manner. He answered her questions. Then he stowed the shell money under the other contents of his basket.

The king who had previously been dozing in the shadow of the eaves was uncommonly wide awake while all this was going on.

But when the *machamach* came out, the king appeared to be asleep.

Animism, Rule of Dread

TOL CAME with some green coconuts for the wizard's refreshment. Through Tol as interpreter I asked to see the magic *rut*.

It lies before me as I write, for the *machamach* forgivingly made me a present of it. Having it does not make me a *machamach*, unfortunately, since the *rut* is quite harmless if one does not know the incantation that must be used with it. That incantation is in the ancient Yap language and is passed down from master to disciple as the chief secret of the profession.

An evil-looking thing is this *rut*. I observe that no one who comes to my house cares to touch it. There is something strongly repelling about it, even to one who has no idea of its supposedly supernatural powers. And yet it is nothing but bones, bamboo and coconut cord.

It really consists of two wands connected by brown, shaggy cord made from the husk of the coconut. The wand to be held in the left hand is a six-inch stick of bamboo terminating in two points. The right-hand wand is the more important. It is about a foot long. It consists of two of the dreaded spines of the sting ray, bound together at the base.

There is no living thing, not even the shark, that the native fears more than the sting ray. It is a flat, pancake fish with a long tail like a riding whip. In fact the tail was commonly

used by Spanish officers in the Philippines to quicken the movements of their native recruits.

Somehow the error has gotten into many valuable works that the sting ray carries its spine or barb on the end of its tail, and that, when stepped upon in the muddy shallows, it flips up its tail in scorpion fashion, drives the barb deep into the flesh and leaves it there. Some even assert that the ray can fling its barb through space, just as a porcupine is supposed, also erroneously, to be able to shoot its quills.

Specimens brought ashore by our native friends carried their barbs, three to five in number, projecting upward from the body near the base of the tail. The fish is called "queen of the sea bottom" because it loves to bask on the bottom in shallow water. The fisherman or bather who steps on one of the barbs is due for a painful death. The barb is sharply toothed along both edges. When an effort is made to pull it from the flesh, the teeth spread, making extraction without skilled surgical assistance impossible. Infection does the rest.

The barbs were formerly used for tipping spears, arrows and javelins. Assassins found them ideal for their purpose. Thrust into the chest or back, the sawlike bone was more deadly than a knife, for a knife can be drawn out.

"A favorite way of getting rid of your enemy," says an observer of conditions in Samoa, "was to set upright in the dried grass of the victim's sleeping mat a splintered spine of the sting ray. This, piercing the body during sleep, would do its deadly work. When embedded in the body there is no hope of life, for it is impossible to pull it out, and with each movement of the body the spine works its way into the vitals."

Of course anything so hated and feared was ideal for the

witch doctor's use. He need not build up a psychology of dread around it . . . that was already done. He need only attach to it a few supernatural attributes and the occult power to cure or kill. He has done this so effectively that the native, even the one who has been supposedly converted to Christianity at the Spanish mission, will run at sight of a *rut* unless he has reason to be sure that the man behind it is in a curing, not a killing, mood.

He who wishes to be rid of an uncongenial neighbor engages the *machamach* and his *rut*. But the neighbor may retain the same counsel. Thus the curses fly in both directions until one man dies or until the funds of both are exhausted.

If a man is robbed he finds the footprint of the thief in the sand and pays the *machamach* to stab it with the *rut*. The thief, wherever he is, gets a sore foot, limps, and is detected.

If something is lost the wizard will perform his magic and tell you where to find it. The cynical say that he occasionally hides things himself so that he can lead the search to the right spot. Also the more serious charge is made that when a death curse is levied and fails to work, the wizard will save his professional honor by using less occult means to make it work.

When a new house is being built, every pillar or beam that goes up must promptly have a good-luck token consisting of two cylinders of white coral tied to it. More fees for the *machamach*.

A canoe will be dashed to bits by the god of the sea unless it has been christened. The high priest mixes young coconut water with small stones and knotted palm leaves in a shell cup, then christens the skeleton of the canoe with the mixture. He uses many ancient words which no one, not even he, understands.

In the Yap Islands there are seven important *machamach*, and minor practitioners everywhere. The seven great men are kept constant in number by succession. When a *machamach* grows old he trains a lesser priest to take his place.

The *machamach* has a crude knowledge of anatomy and medicine. Some of his potions are beneficial. Modern doctors have learned from him a few points in the treatment of tropical diseases. But after everything possible has been said for him he remains a quack and a fraud. He is the product of his environment. An ignorant people fairly begs to be imposed upon. He meets the demand. With the lightening of ignorance through the school and the spread of health knowledge through the hospital, he will at last have to reform or abdicate. But these new-fangled institutions are still looked upon with suspicion, and he keeps his sway.

Seated on the stones in the courtyard, sipping coconut juice, he told me through Tol about the gods of Yap. *Kan* is a loose name meaning the gods in general or any one god without specifying which one. But each god also has an individual name.

"Pof is the god of women and love-making. Tereteth is the goddess of coconut toddy. Wol Trabab looks after you—he is the god of strangers."

There was a god for everything and everybody. A god each for fire, earthquake, rain, typhoon, war, dance, fishing, farming, house-building, childbirth, the whale, shark, turtle, and so on, at great length. There was even a god of thieves and robbers.

"But who is the greatest of all gods?"

"Yalafas. He made the world. But he is tired now and very lazy. He is kind . . . so we do not pray to him."

"So you pray only to the gods you fear. Then what god is most feared?"

"Luk," said the *machamach*, and mumbled a protective formula. "He is the god of death and disease."

I made out that Luk gets most of the attention. The benevolent gods are ignored. Luk is the Yap devil. He is incarnate in a black, nocturnal bird called the *orra*. He is also believed to go on his mischievous errands in the form of the sneaking iguana or the vicious sea eel.

But he is not overlord of hell. He is merely in charge of hell on earth. When his victim dies, Luk passes him over to Gora-dai-leng who lives deep beneath the island beside an underground river. This Pluto broils his victim, then drops him into the Yap Styx which carries him over a cliff into an abyss of flame. Such tortures so fray the temper of the departed that he wreaks vengeance upon the living.

The rare man who does not fall afoul of Luk is qualified for heaven. He does not need to be righteous, only lucky. His good fortune during life is taken as a sign that Luk has nothing against him and that he will continue fortunate after death. But the Yap heaven he goes to is not much of a heaven. It is nothing like the Christian heaven of joy, the Moslem heaven of pleasure, or the Buddhist heaven of calm. It is merely another village with coconut trees, taro-potatoes and pigs, all invisible, suspended in the air, not far beyond the skies, but only a mile or so above Yap. Life goes on there much as it did below. One advantage of the aerial village is that it is not overpopulated. Few attain to it.

The striking characteristic of animism is that most of the spirits are evil. Animism is the belief that every stick and

stone, everything in sea, earth or sky, everything we call alive and everything we call lifeless, is animated by a spirit.

Usually a bad one. Why bad? Because the good ones are neglected and quickly forgotten while the bad ones are waited upon, propitiated and remembered.

Animism is the first step toward an explanation of the forces of nature. And since nature is rather the same the world over, and human nature is also about the same, perhaps I should not have been surprised to find fundamentally the same animism among the Kanakas of Yap as among the Ainu of Japan, the Battaks of Sumatra, the Bedouins of the Sahara, the Araucanian Indians of the Andes, the Navajos of Arizona.

At a scientific congress in Germany a professor was describing animism as he had found it among the natives of Sumatra. After his talk a missionary from Greenland came to him to say, "Now I understand animism in Greenland!"

It is everywhere the same. Only the names of the spirits, their attributes, and local legends about them differ. It is the almost universal physical and metaphysical science of barbaric peoples.

And animism is everywhere marked by the same brand—dread. The barbarian does not love nature. He is not at peace with it. He is not at peace with himself. The busiest worker in a whirring factory may be more at peace than a native lolling the livelong day under his palm tree.

Rousseau maintained that only the son of nature, freed from all restraints, could be truly virtuous and happy. A few days among the sons of nature might have changed his mind. The flaw in the argument is that the son of nature is not freed from all restraints. He is hedged in by a thousand taboos. He

has more restraints than the most ham-strung city-dweller, but too many of them are the wrong restraints. They crush rather than liberate him. Wholesome discipline is liberating.

The *machamach* departed.

I joined the king who stood on the beach studying the sky.

"She won't go tonight," he said. "Storm coming."

The rising wind was making a pipe organ of the palms. White horses were foaming on the reef. Even the lagoon had begun to tumble. Farther south, through the breaks in the reef, ocean's own waves were tearing straight through to the shore.

"Not tonight. You heard them . . . but perhaps didn't understand. Very bad. My daughter wants to go to that fellow. *Machamach* tells her schooner leaves Colonia tonight for Angaur. She make him promise to get men, canoe, to take her to Colonia, catch schooner."

He glanced at the black wrack bearing down from the northeast. "Big storm," he said with melancholy satisfaction. "She no try anything tonight all right!"

It was indicative of the spell the priests hold even over Yap royalty that the king had not ventured one word of reproof to the *machamach* for plotting against him.

A torrent of rain sent us inside the house. Dinner was served. The wind blew with almost typhoon strength and the house rocked. The uproar made talk impossible. The king contemplated his daughter sadly, but he evidently had no fear of her actions that night, for when dinner was over he rolled himself into a corner and slept. We put on bathing suits—for the ordinarily effective umbrella consisting merely of a banana leaf held over the head would be useless in this

wind—and went with Tol to the All Men House. There, into dry clothes, and to sleep.

Around midnight there was a great to-do. The king came to the All Men House and hastily organized a party to go in pursuit of Rtep.

They brought her back two hours later. Her canoe had capsized and she had all but drowned. She was carried home. The denizens of the All Men House went along and saw her laid, gasping and shivering, by the fire. Her mother rubbed her numbed limbs and her father poured hot toddy down her throat.

The next morning the king said, "That slave, very bad. My daughter, very bad. In your country, how would you punish them?"

"Make them live together," I suggested.

I expected him to be annoyed. Instead he grinned and nodded. He looked at his daughter inert on the floor within the house. Class pride was whipped. Father-love was getting its innings.

"Not here. But where nobody know," he said eagerly. "In Guam, eh? I lie awake all last night, think, think. In Guam, yes? There, he no more low man, she no more high woman. All same. Very good?"

"Very good!" I said. I might have clapped him on the back if he hadn't been a king, and oily. He displayed his black teeth from ear to ear.

After we had left Yap we got word that the slave and his princess had set up housekeeping on Guam—he no longer a slave and she no longer a princess. But none the worse off for that.

The Love of (Stone) Money

THE STRANGEST MONEY in the world is perhaps the money of Yap.

Certainly it can go on record as the largest.

If a stroller on Broadway, instead of jingling the coins in his pocket, were to come down the street rolling a coin as tall as himself, he should achieve a sensation. But such coins are common in Yap. In fact some are twice this size. Place one such on edge, and a tall man must stand on a tall man's head to reach the top.

In the center of each coin is a round hole. In an important coin, this is as large as a manhole. When the coin is to be paid, a tree is thrust through the hole and a crew of perhaps one hundred men, half of them at each end, partly lift and partly drag the coin over the ancient stone-paved jungle trails to the creditor. There are no wheeled vehicles on Yap except one or two ox-carts in the port-town, and there, of course, Japanese money is current. In the outlying islands Japanese money is rarely seen.

Even with coins only two or three feet in size, "going shopping" is no slight matter.

"I must pay the trader," said our hostess, the queen. She did not sally forth with a pocketbook. She went down the shore path under the palms followed by two husky slaves sweating under the weight of two three-foot stone discs sup-

ported on the shoulders by bamboo poles thrust through the holes.

The trader accepts such currency cheerfully. Of course he cannot exchange it for foreign goods. No bank in Tokyo, London or New York would recognize his slab of rock as collateral. But he can pay it to some other native for copra.

A chief's daughter admired one of my wife's dresses.

"May I have it? I shall pay for it."

"Please take it . . . as a gift."

The girl would have none of that. She paid, and paid handsomely. Four slaves groaned into our courtyard with a pretty penny measuring four feet and weighing about two hundred pounds.

Our bewilderment as to what to do with it was soon relieved. The next day the chief took it back and returned the dress.

The girl, walking about in the garment, had scandalized and horrified the good people of the village. If a foreign woman chose to wear such a thing they could not help it . . . but a daughter of Rumung! For one thing, it revealed the contour of the thighs, and that the bulky straw-stack worn by the Kanaka belle assuredly does not do. On the other hand, it concealed the breasts, as if they were something to be ashamed of. No respectable Kanaka woman would cover her bosom. That would insult the gods who made it. Thus the proprieties were quite different above and below the waist. But perhaps one does not need to go to Yap to find human reason meeting itself coming back when it tries to decide the illusive question as to just what constitutes modesty.

How did Yap get such an unwieldy coinage? The tradi-

tion is that a thousand years ago one of the more disreputable gods thought to cause dissension among men. They were at peace because they had nothing to war over. He would give them something to war over. Money.

He whispered to a king of Tomil a plan to make him great and powerful. Obedient to the heavenly vision, the king sailed south over unknown waters to islands of the Palau group. There he found shining rock (calcite) which the malicious deity instructed him to have his men hew out with their shell axes into flat pieces rounded like the orb of the full moon. These were loaded into the canoe and brought to Yap, not without many perils. The god cast a spell over the people that caused every man of them to desire nothing so much as one of these heaven-sent stones. To obtain them, they paid to the king of Tomil great riches in the form of coconuts, canoes and houses. So the wheels became a medium of exchange for goods.

And those who tell the legend go on to say that there has been no peace in Yap since then. The golden (or stone) apple of discord disrupted the island paradise. Formerly there had been no covetousness, for there was nothing to covet. No man desired his neighbor's coconuts for he had his own. There was food enough for everyone and no one wanted clothing. Greed was born when money came in. There was quarreling among relatives as to who should inherit which rock. Feuds between neighbors. Wars between villages. The elders of Yap, ignorant of the fact that the Bible agrees with them, have their own bitter reasons to believe that the love of money is the root of all evil.

"Nine quarrels out of ten are over money," one told me. How the god must have laughed!

There was only enough of the first money to be tantalizing. Expeditions set out to get more. They went not only to Palau but to Guam where an even finer stone could be obtained. But it is four hundred miles to Guam and the seas are stormy. Many canoes were lost, particularly on the return voyage when loaded to the danger point with great stone wheels. It was not uncommon for twenty canoes to set out for Guam and only one return.

Of course the difficulty and danger in securing the stone kept up its value. There could be no counterfeiting, for there was no similar stone to be found in Yap. It is a calcite or crystallized carbonate of lime which forms in veins filling the cracks in limestone or other rock. There is nothing inherently precious about it. It has value to the Yap native only because it is hard to get and because it is the accepted medium of exchange.

These goings-on amused not only the god but an Irishman who was not named O'Brien. But that name will do until his *café-au-lait* children cease to be sensitive about the old rascal's exploits.

Buccaneer O'Brien cast anchor in Yap harbor during the Spanish rule (a rule that was largely characterized by the lack of any) and proceeded to look the natives over with a view to making what he could out of them. He soon found that they would give copra, fish, women, anything they possessed, for stone money.

Very well, stone money they should have. He had heard that large pieces were especially in demand. That was where he fitted in. On his schooner he could transport pieces many times as large as could be carried in canoes.

I found a cross-eyed old native sailor with the shamrock

tattooed on his brown skin who had sailed with Captain O'Brien for years. He told me the story.

"He sailed to Palau and went to the king. He asked for many men to help dig stone money.

"The king said, 'What will you give?'

"The captain gave rope. He gave paint to paint the bodies of the dead. Dye to color lava-lavas. And some guns. He promised to give more when the work was done.

"The men of Palau dug . . . many months, years. Small stones took little time. But it took two years to dig out a great wheel.

"We kept taking the wheels to Yap and selling them to the natives for copra.

"But the chiefs of Palau became angry because he paid no more and was cruel to the men. They looked for chance to punish him."

The opportunity came when Captain O'Brien was wrecked in the Palau group on the island of Babeldaob at Alklung. The natives seized all his goods. But this punishment was not enough.

"Now we'll give you what you gave us." They lashed him to a tree and brought out a cat-o'-nine-tails salvaged from his own ship. They flogged him.

After his release he lost no time in lodging complaint at Hongkong. A warship visited Palau and demanded an indemnity in the form of large quantities of copra and bêche de mer from the offending village of Alklung.

Time passed and the indemnity was not paid. Then came two warships, the *H.M.S. Lily* under Captain Evans and the *H.M.S. Comus* under Captain East. Their men landed and burned the village to the ground. The people fled to the in-

terior. Captain Evans was in favor of pursuing and exterminating them. But Captain East, old and kindly, said, "They have run away. Let be."

Upon return to England, Captain Evans complained, "It was impossible to do anything on Palau, because of East."

So Captain East was considered too old and gentle to teach the savages of the South Seas due respect for the white man. He lost his command.

Captain O'Brien sowed trouble by supplying the natives with guns—but he was not the only trader to do that. For one gun he must have fifty five-gallon cans of turtle shell, or fifty rice bags of *bêche de mer*.

He married a native woman of Nauru. And since her younger sister didn't want to be left alone, he married her too. The two wives seemed to find it an ideal arrangement. They lived together happily on a charming islet of Yap, their joint spouse being most of the time away on one foray or another.

Several old chiefs of Yap and Palau recalled only too well how the doughty captain had taken a gang of natives to work on his island, Mapia, near New Guinea . . . and left them there. He said it was too much bother to bring them back. The survivors finally attracted the attention of a passing ship and were rescued.

"When he saw a girl he liked," said a reminiscing chief, "he would take. A pig—'Put it on board. I'll eat it.' No pay. Bad man. But when the Germans came they stopped his wild tricks."

Life lost its savor after that for the burly and jovial buccaneer. The Germans hedged him in with *verboten*s. One day he stocked his schooner for a long voyage, kissed his

wives and a few other ladies good-by, and sailed away. He never came back. Some say that he went to an island known only to him, for he was an excellent navigator and knew the South Seas as few men did. Others suppose that he was lost at sea.

However that may be, he left behind him monuments that will stand to his memory for thousands of years. The largest coin of his minting that I saw measured twelve feet and was estimated to weigh about two tons. Flip that over the counter! But the greatest of all is said to lie at the bottom of Yap harbor. While being transferred from the schooner's deck to a raft, it slid into the water. The old men who saw it swear that it was twenty feet wide . . . but that may be a "fish-that-was-lost" measurement.

The great museums naturally want some of these monoliths, unique in the history of the world's coinage. They have taken a few of the smaller ones; but have not yet undertaken to bargain with the natives for a giant stone, remove it without benefit of motor truck, and ship it to the other side of the world. The natives might well do without the stones, for they have brought them nothing but trouble. Lacking currency, they would step back to the stone-age system of barter.

Nor would it be a long step. In fact barter is used today in most Yap transactions. The clumsiness of the currency makes it easier to trade goods for goods.

There are standard terms understood by everybody. Two coconuts sell for one match. Ten nuts will buy one roll of bread of regulation size in Colonia. Ten nuts are the equivalent of one pack of Golden Bat cigarets. The man who has brought his nuts from a great distance may demand and get

one or two cigarets extra. Ten leaves of tobacco buy twenty-five nuts. One cider-bottle of petroleum goes for twenty nuts and a beer-bottle of petroleum is paid for forty nuts.

The natives sell chickens, eggs, pigs, in the same way—for petroleum, phonographs, harmonicas, not for money. They do not understand money in the form of small silver and copper pieces, so insignificant compared with their majestic coins of stone. They cannot get the values through their heads. Too much mathematics involved. Besides, who knows how long this foreign money will be good? First Spanish money came. Then German money, and Spanish was no good. Then Japanese money, and German was no good. But Yap money is always good. It goes on forever.

Stone is not the only form of Yap money. Shells of the pearl oyster are strung together and used as currency. Bags of copra are used. Also the remarkably fine lava-lavas produced by the artists of the neighboring island of Mokomok. A sack of these lava-lavas was kept as one of the chief treasures of the All Men House in which we stayed. There was no thought of opening it and using the garments. It was kept intact to be paid sometime to another village for a canoe.

But barter and these lesser currencies are used for only small transactions. For a great one, stone money comes into play.

The foreigner who regards these stones as of little value will be sharply disillusioned when he tries to buy one. He must pay goods to the value of about seventy-five U. S. dollars for a Guam wheel a foot in diameter! The Palau wheels cost less. A poor specimen, waist-high, is valued at four thousand coconuts, worth in the islands about twenty dollars. A stone man-high is worth many villages and plantations, and

the stones two-men-high are considered to be beyond price.

The great stones, of course, will not be owned by individuals but by communities. They are displayed outside of the All Men House which thereby acquires the native name, *Febai* (Money House).

Private homes are flanked with smaller pieces, from two to five feet high. The Yap resident would think it as curious to take his money inside the house as we would to leave ours in the yard. How could anyone see your money if you kept it in the house? Moreover, there would scarcely be room left for the family.

However, the small pieces, six inches or so in diameter, are kept indoors. Not only because they would be too easily carried away if left outside, but because the householder would be ashamed to show them. It would be like displaying pennies. He would be thought a poor man.

Therefore large stones are in demand. Rather than accept small wheels, the creditor prefers to let the bill mount until he can be paid with a handsome wheel big enough to attract real attention as it leans against his house.

Such coins are rarely stolen. It is hard to slip away with half a ton of rock. Still it could be done while the people of the house are absent. But where could one take the booty? It would be futile to remove it to some island outside of the Yap group because, there, such currency is not used. If it is kept in the Yap Islands it will be traced. There are no inscriptions on these coins by which to identify them; but the details, strata and measurements of every wheel are memorized by the owner. He would recognize his wheel anywhere.

The larger wheels even have individual names and are known by name and appearance to everyone in the islands.



Tol goes to market, with his money over his shoulder.



In the money! Mary demonstrates the size of one of Yap's largest stone coins.

They are even better known than people; for people come and go, are born and die, but these familiar faces remain from generation to generation. Every wheel has its story, and those several hundred years old are rich with legends.

Today the mint is idle; no more stone money is being "coined." This may be partly due to the growing competition of Japanese money. There is a greater reason. The population has shrunk to half its former size, but the supply of money has remained the same. So there is more than enough to go around. In other words, Yap's currency is inflated. Also, the value of labor has risen. So it would cost more to go to Palau and dig out new wheels than the wheels would be worth.

Although the use of the wheels as currency is slightly decreasing, the hoarding spirit will long keep up the value of the old stones. As each family dies out its stones are quarrelsome claimed by others, still giving delight to the malicious god aloft. As house after house is abandoned, the wheels pile up around the homes of the survivors. Perhaps even before Macauley's New Zealander sits upon the ruins of London Bridge and contemplates what was once London, someone may perch upon a twelve-foot coin in a long-deserted Yap village and gaze about to see nothing but huge round monoliths walling in the spots where thatch homes once stood. Like tombstones to a vanished race.

Will there be nothing left in Yap but money?

Vanishing Race?

THE DEAD CHIEF who shared our sleeping quarters was not an unpleasant companion. He never indulged in loud argument far into the night, nor did he dance and yell, nor become maudlin with toddy. He preserved a dignified silence. Had he been as well preserved as his silence . . . but that was too much to expect. After all, Yap is in the tropics, within ten degrees of the equator.

So it came about that we moved from the interior of the All Men House to the little triangular veranda at the seaward (and windward!) end. This was improvised as a sleeping porch and screened in with coconut thatch through the cracks of which could be seen the starlit lagoon and the white surf on the reef about the black wreck. And there was always the clean salt trade.

Perhaps it was the thought of what three weeks of tropical heat ought to do to a corpse rather than what it did that drove us out. As a matter of fact, native methods of expulsion of food from the stomach and the use of preservatives in the paints with which the body is decorated give pause to natural processes for a few weeks. The bodies of kings are sometimes kept for two months before burial.

In the case of our silent partner, three weeks was sufficient for all villages of the island to dance honors to the dead. Then, one day, he was borne to the cemetery. Adorned with brace-

lets, rings, a valuable shell necklace and pieces of shell money and covered with pandanus leaves (a coffin is never used) he was carried on a bamboo stretcher by twenty chanting slaves. The procession was not accompanied by the relatives. They were expected to remain in the house and weep . . . all except one son and one daughter who were to live in a small shack beside the grave for a week to guard the dead.

Arrived at the cemetery, which is a place not of beauty but of dread and is always located near the slaves' village, the bearers placed the body in a grave three feet deep and covered it with a flat stone. Then they proceeded to pile more than a ton of earth and stones upon the grave in three tiers reaching a height of about four feet.

The *chugom*, or guardians, moved into their hut. There they must remain day and night; and one, at least, must always be awake. Their mother would bring them food daily.

The house of the dead chief was deserted and would remain so for a year—such is the custom. And the fruit of his plantations must fall and rot. For one year none of it must be touched.

Many houses were empty in our village and many fields idle, for death is a frequent visitor to Yap.

"My people all die," the king said disconsolately that evening. "Long time ago, only old men died. Now young men die."

That has been the common experience of the Pacific islanders during the last fifty years. The young men have been dying.

The population of the Marquesas has shrunk to one-tenth of its former size. That of the Solomons to one-quarter. The hundred thousand inhabitants of the Marianas before the for-

eigner came had dwindled to 3,000 in German times. The native population of the Marshalls, 15,000 before the Germans took the islands in 1885, has dropped by a third. There is but one native in Sonsorol for every two twenty years ago. Two thousand natives of Kusaie before American whalers came roistering ashore dropped to 200 before the end of the Spanish régime. Death and desolation on Tahiti caused a native poet to lament:

"The leaves are falling on the sand,
The sea shall swallow coral strand,
Our folk shall vanish from the land."

What were the causes of this decrease? On many islands the causes have been eliminated and there is now a slight recovery. On Yap, where the decrease is continuing, the causes are plain and stark.

The population of the Yap group and adjacent islands under the same jurisdiction has faded from about 13,000 in early Spanish times to 6,605 today.

Some say that the native population would have dwindled even if the white man had never entered the South Seas. Certainly they are wrong. But it is equally a mistake to claim that it is all the white man's fault. The truth lies between.

The white man is not to blame because the Yap Kanakas wash the body of a dead chief in water and then drink the water. Thinking thereby to quaff the great man's strength, they actually take over and spread his infections.

The white man did not teach the natives to plunge a fever patient into the sea, or to lay one suffering with chills against an open fire.

Native medicines are sometimes effective; more often they

are nullified by superstition. The prescription does not depend so much upon what ails the patient as upon how it came to ail him. If your rib is broken, the *machamach* must first know how it happened. If a coconut fell upon you as you lay under the tree, you get one medicine. If you were struck by something falling from a roof, quite a different medicine. If you fell and hurt yourself upon the stones, still something different.

In other words, the medicine is not planned especially to mend a broken rib but to appease an angry spirit. And since the spirits of tree, roof and stone are different, different medicines must be employed.

Promiscuity at an early age and abnormal sex practices then and thereafter make men impotent and women sterile. Four women out of ten never bear a child and the others have only one or two in a lifetime.

Habits are irregular. Bedtime is anytime. If the argument is good and the toddy lasts, there may be no sleep for anyone in the house until morning. Meals are catch-as-catch-can and the farmer is not supposed to eat until he returns from his plantation in the evening lest the gods of the crops be annoyed by his gluttony. Then weariness and gorging give him indigestion. Also, his food is wanting in variety. Particularly, it lacks protein. If his water is rain water which has streamed down the trunk of a tree and been diverted into a jar, well and good. But it is easy to neglect to take advantage of a rain in this way. In that case the water comes from an infected pond or taro patch.

Then, the moot question of clothing. Ultra violet has taken the civilized world by storm. Sun baths are the rage. Nudist colonies flourish. Bathing suits are cut low and lower.

I reminded Dr. Nagasaki, head of the Yap hospital, of these facts.

"Why then," I asked, "do you advocate clothing for the natives?"

"The ultra violet rays are valuable," he said. "But in this latitude, and living an outdoor life, everybody is likely to get plenty of ultra violet, even through light clothing. On the other hand, the bare skin is exposed to skin diseases. And on chill, rainy days one is more likely to catch cold if unclothed. Weak children, especially, need protection. Bronchial troubles are partly due to the lack of clothing. You have seen the men sitting directly on the damp ground."

Yes, I had. But I recalled the scene in the Spanish mission when a hundred Kanaka maidens switched their grass skirts under them and sat down on the cement floor. The voluminous grass bustles make excellent portable cushions.

"But perhaps you noticed that those skirts were green," said the doctor. "They are made fresh for the Sunday service. Being green, they are damp. One skirt may actually contain a quart of water. We have frequently put these skirts on the scales. They weigh fifteen or sixteen kilograms. They are too heavy on the abdomen and their dampness is dangerous. Nothing at all would be better. And thin cotton dresses would mean more for the health of Yap women than all our medicines."

It's a pity. The picturesque costumes of the world seem destined to disappear and their place taken by cotton dresses and coats-and-pants.

The foreigner is not responsible for the damp, black hole of a house in which the Yap family chooses to live. The small door-windows with overhanging shutters resemble low-lidded

eyes. Little light can get in through that narrow squint. In bad weather the house is closed as tight as a drum. The air, if it may be called air, becomes a thick purée of smoke, moisture and human exhalations. The enormous thatch roof is a reservoir of dampness. The floor consists of poles laid on the ground. The family lies on the floor as on a grill, the earth-vapors rising through the cracks.

No wonder that the traveler in the jungle who wishes to know whether a house is near, stops and listens for a cough.

So much for native negligence.

But that negligence runs back some thousands of years. If it had been sufficient to wipe out the race, then the race would never have developed in the first place. The Polynesian peoples would not have multiplied and spread, as they did, from southeastern Asia over all the great island world of the Pacific. They were such a vigorous race that it took more than their own follies to kill them off.

Other follies were necessary, and the white man supplied them.

Dark, damp houses did no great harm until the Spanish brought in tuberculosis. That disease found the living conditions of the Kanakas exactly suited to its purposes. Today more than fifty per cent of the deaths on Yap are due to tuberculosis.

The damage unwittingly begun by the white man has been unintentionally continued by the yellow man.

"The Japanese who come to Palau spread tuberculosis," says Dr. Sekine of Palau. "The disease is old in Japan. Therefore the Japanese have some immunity from childhood. But the natives are virgin soil for it and can't resist."

Tuberculosis, gift of the white man and the yellow, is the chief cause of the high native death rate.

The low birth rate is also chargeable mainly to the outsider. The inability of Yap women to bear children is said to be chiefly due to venereal disease. And venereal disease was the longest memory left to the Kanaka maiden who stood on the shore and waved good-by to the American whaler. The Spanish also spread this plague. Then the Kanakas learned their lesson. They closed their doors to the foreigner . . . a policy agreeable to the Japanese, who prefer to keep to themselves.

A German radio operator brought leprosy to Yap forty years ago. Dysentery was introduced in Palau before Spanish times by English traders.

"I became sick with it," says a Palau old-timer who was a lad in those days. "I nearly died. Every house was shut up. It was a terrible disease . . . terrible. Our village buried five or six men every day. Funeral processions were always passing. More than half the people of the island died. Oh, it was terrible. When I talk of it, the hair stands up on my skin."

This epidemic, which cut the population of Palau in half, was followed by others almost as serious.

There was no general decline in population until these white maladies were imported. But, on the other hand, white maladies would not have swept through like a typhoon if native conditions had not been prime for disaster.

So what? The yellow man comes on the scene to see all the damage wreaked by the white man and to wreak a little more himself. With all the Exhibits A, B, C, etc. of the past century's sorry experience laid before him, what is he doing about it?



Health comes, charm goes. Iron-lidded boxes on stilts take the place of damp, dark, picturesque thatch.



Medical science has almost halted the decline of the native race. Native girls (in the background) receive a year's training in the hospital, then return to their villages to apply modern health methods in the jungle.

Much.

There are eight government hospitals in the Japanese mandated islands, with a staff of twenty-five physicians, seven pharmacists, twenty-three midwives and nurses, and seven assistants. In addition there are several hundred medical depots; which means simply that first aid materials and mild medicines are placed in charge of a village chief or king and dispensed free by him (generally for the wrong ailments) to the suffering neighbors.

The hospitals are not merely hospitals. They are made responsible for the public health. They train as well as treat. Each year every hospital selects the ten brightest girls from the graduating class of the local school, puts them in white caps and smocks, drills them for one year in the wards, then sends them back to their native villages. There they become the special pain-in-the-side of the *machakach* who resent the growing confidence of the people in these amateurs who do not even know the words to say with a sting-ray wand. These girls are not constituted district nurses. They are unpaid; they marry and settle down. But the ailing make a path to their door.

No one has ever charged the Japanese with being remiss in public surveillance of private affairs. Through such watchfulness, distressing as it may be to the individual, epidemics are reported and checked almost before they begin.

"I can't sneeze without the *junke* [native policeman] making a notch in his stick," complained one native.

Sanitary conditions are being forcibly mended. Natives are mobilized to build concrete water tanks, and iron roofs from which rain water may run into the tanks. Traveling physicians motorboat from island to island to diffuse sanitary knowledge

among the natives by means of popular lectures and magic lantern and cinematograph shows.

Lepers, usually hidden by relatives, are ferreted out and consigned to a small "leper island" where they are scientifically treated. Five hostels are being established this year in Yap alone for tubercular patients, and similar retreats elsewhere. School children are being taught prevention. Microscopes are making the rounds of the villages so that natives may acquire a first-hand horror of the tubercle-bacillus.

It is to the credit of the health authorities that deaths from tuberculosis on Yap have been reduced from twenty per thousand seven years ago to nine per thousand. But the doctors are going on with the hope of reaching the figure for Japan which is less than two per thousand.

"Model houses" are being built. There are already one hundred in Yap and they are increasing at the rate of thirty a year. The government pays one half the cost of construction, then dictates what shall be done. The roof must not be of thatch, but of corrugated iron. (Farewell to romance!) There must be real windows and doors. The floor must be raised a meter from the ground so that air may pass freely beneath it, but not through it. It must be a solid floor, not a sieve. And there must be beds for sleeping.

"Why," I asked the Japanese, "when you yourselves sleep on the floor?"

"But the native floor is not clean."

And it will doubtless be many a long day before the Kanaka acquires anything like the Japanese sacred regard for the cleanliness of a floor.

The new houses are a serious artistic loss. They are iron-lidded wooden boxes on stilts. It is small consolation to the

poet, the artist, and the photographer that these houses are the greatest single contribution to the health of the natives. "Man shall not live by health alone," grumbled a painter from Kyoto, dismayed by iron roofs.

There is less progress in clothing the natives. Those of Yap seem determined to resist this indignity to the bitter end. On a cold day the man who owns a pair of trousers may use it as a shawl, the legs tied under the chin. School children are given clothes and required to wear them in the classroom; which they obediently do, then leave them in their desks.

Venereal disease has been reduced but still affects a third of the population of Yap. With no new infection from the outside, it may be conquered in time.

The hospital's scouts coach expectant mothers on child care. The new-born babe should not be washed in the sea and then left, naked, to dry in the trade wind. Nor is a banana leaf sufficient protection for an infant. The hospital now issues a large bath towel to envelop each new-born.

An increasing number of women come to the hospital at the time of confinement. There the child gets a fair start in life. Although this service is free, many women cannot be persuaded to accept it, so strong is prejudice and tradition.

Infant mortality during the first year after birth was sometimes reported during the Spanish régime to be as high as eighty per cent. By 1929 it had been reduced to thirty-nine per cent. Then more vigorous methods were adopted and during the last five years an average of only fifteen Yap babies in a hundred have perished during their first twelve-month.

The remarkable success of salvarsan in the treatment of framboesia (yaws) has helped the hospital to win its race

with the *machamach*. Patients who have been relieved regard salvarsan almost as a fetich capable of curing anything from baldness to a broken leg.

Some remain stubborn in their fear of the hospital, particularly the old men. The only way to bring them is to make them fear more the consequences of not coming. So they are told that if they refuse to come while alive they will be brought when dead . . . and laid on the dissecting table, for the advancement of science. They dislike the idea. For it would mean, according to their lights, that they would not go to the aerial village, the Yap heaven. Their ghost, harassed and earth-bound, would annoy the neighbors. So, by one device or another, resistance to medical science is broken down.

Respect for the hospital has increased since the former free policy was abandoned and nominal charges have been made for most treatments. But still the fees can hardly be called exorbitant.

We visited the Yap hospital to get a sea thorn extracted from Mrs. Price's foot. Dr. Yoshida performed the operation and charged the princely sum of twenty sen. (Six cents, for what would have cost a dollar or two in New York.) At that, we were overcharged. While Japanese and foreigners are expected to be able to pay twenty sen for a treatment, the natives pay only four. If they cannot afford that, they are treated free. The total expense of the Yap hospital is 35,000 yen a year. The income from all patients, Japanese, Chamorros and Kanakas (not forgetting the twenty sen from the only American patient the hospital has ever had) is less than 3,000 yen.

All these facts render absurd the charge sometimes made

that the Japanese are trying to wipe out the native race. Quite the contrary.

Yap population is declining; but so it has been since early Spanish times. During the Spanish period the decrease was about 200 a year. During the nineteen years from 1916 to 1934 inclusive the average yearly decline has been 119.3. But the next few years should show an even better record if one may judge by the low figures of the last few years of the nineteen. The decline in 1931 was only 60; in 1932, 55; in 1933, 114; in 1934, 61.

"We believe the decline will soon be checked altogether," Dr. Yoshida told me. "Then there may be a gradual increase."

Of course it is the business of the hospital to save life. But there is a good deal of irony in the situation. Either a decrease or an increase will be bad for Yap. A decrease may lead to extinction. An increase may lead to overcrowding of these small islands, and a return of the sordid poverty, hunger and contention of the days when the population was double its present size. Old-time Tahiti realized the peril of overpopulation—infanticide was encouraged and the expression "*vahine fanaunau*," or "fertile woman," was a term of contempt. Thus geography alters morals. A large family is a public virtue in a continent with great hinterlands awaiting pioneers . . . a public menace in an unstretchable island. Yap will be fortunate if the fates give her some sort of biological balance, a compromise between the rapacity of death and the zeal of the doctors, so that her population may remain about constant.

Nature seems to have attained that balance in the other islands of the Japanese mandate. Yap is the only important island to show a decline. The slump of the Marianas from

100,000 to 3,000 was checked in German times and there has since been a slight increase. The population of the Carolines (including Yap) has marked time, changing only from 35,200 in 1900 to about 35,900 in 1935. Even without the handicap of Yap, the Carolines have shown an increase of only about 2,500 in a third of a century. The Marshalls, if they have not stood still, have only shuffled their feet forward and backward, the net result being nil. The population has wavered just below 10,000 ever since the German period.

The total native population of Micronesia when Japan occupied it in 1914 was about 50,000. Today it is still about 50,000 (estimated at 50,300 in 1936).

So the race may not vanish in Micronesia. The downward slide of the Polynesian peoples elsewhere in the Pacific is not found here. For this fact, German and Japanese science deserves credit.

In another sense, however, the race is vanishing. It may not die out, but it will be drowned out. By Japanese immigration.

Of that, more later.

Long Arm of Spain

WE WENT to the metropolis for the New Year's holidays.

Well, it seemed like a metropolis, after the jungle.

For there are actually electric lights in Colonia, and a road smooth enough for bicycles. There are even a few bicycles. But I fear they are more for swank than for use since the most languid rider can cover the distance from one extremity of the town to the other in forty seconds flat.

Colonia is on Yap's main island beside the harbor where Japanese ships cast anchor. From a distance it looks like a strip of white adhesive tape neatly stuck to the edge of the lagoon. It boasts four dozen resplendent sheet-iron roofs and is ashamed of half a dozen thatch roofs. The name Colonia has continued to fit during Spanish, German and Japanese times, since the one and only colony of foreigners has always been located here.

The Japanese government office is just where the Spanish office was, perched on a walled mound, suitable for defense in case of native rebellion. The jail is still called a calaboose. The sound of bells still comes down from the old Spanish mission where a black-bearded Spanish priest, weary of trudging from his house to the chapel every time there is ringing to be done, has stretched cords from the bells up the mountainside to his own veranda.

But the most striking reminders of old Spain are the natives who share Colonia with the Japanese. These natives are not Kanakas. They are Chamorros. They look, act and speak like tropic-mellowed Spaniards. And that's about what they are.

Their names seem strangely out of place on these tropic isles.

We lived with Jesus Untalan. His wife was Mecaila. Their twelve children (for the Chamorros do not share Kanaka disabilities) were Vicentico, Manolo, Juanito, Maria, Teresa, Marcos, Tomasa, José, Filomena, Urzula, Joaquina and Felicida.

Their house was no thatch hut, but an old Spanish hacienda, white-walled, with two outdoor stairways going up the front of it like akimbo elbows to a second-floor veranda. Most of the living was done on this spacious veranda. The cooling trade struck it full blast. The lagoon shore was not fifty feet away. The view through the palms out over the sail-flecked lagoon was enchanting, if one could overlook the outhouse perched above the water at the end of a long and hazardous bridge of two logs.

Behind the veranda was a great room which served as living room, dining room and ball room; for every night the room was cleared, the floor of excellent tamana wood was waxed, the girls turned on the phonograph, the boys took the guitars down from the walls, Jesus brought out his accordion, and there was music and dancing until the town's electric power was cut off at eleven. And sometimes a continuation by oil lamp and candle until after twelve.

Which did not prevent the whole family from going to early mass at six the next morning.





The home of Jesus Untalan. The Chamorros are half-Spanish in blood, speech and custom.

It would be hard to imagine an unchurchly Chamorro. "More than one hundred per cent Catholics," remarked the Governor.

The Chamorros take as much pride in putting on clothing as the Kanakas in laying it off. Church-going calls out the mantilla, the long, trailing, highly figured Philippine skirt, the diaphanous balloon sleeves. It puts the men in starched white and sombrero. Two-thirds of the chapel is filled with swirls of color and pools of white erect on wooden benches. The other third is occupied by dark-brown Kanakas seated on the cement floor, their grass skirts flipped under them. Ostrich-like, their slender bodies rise out of feathery masses of grass. Incense is swinging at the altar, but the overwhelming odor is that of grass. The chapel smells like a barn full of new hay.

"It's not right," says the padre. "My Chamorro parishioners complain. But what can I do? They would not be willing to pay for enough incense to drown out that smell . . . it would cost more than the mission is worth!"

Who are these Chamorros and why do they hold themselves so far above their fellow islanders?

They were once barbaric enough. Their women wore grass skirts and their men scant girdles of red hibiscus. They lived to the north of Yap, in the Mariana Islands. Probably they were of a Polynesian strain but some scholars of the seventeenth century claim that there was an admixture of samurai blood from neighboring Japan. The restless Magellan visited the islands at the beginning of the sixteenth century and was disgusted to find that the natives wore short hair. So he called them "*Chamorro*," which means in Portuguese and Spanish "one who cuts his hair."

Three centuries ago Spain took the islands. Imperial Spain

. . . how magnificent was her outreach in those days! She equipped Columbus when his own people would not. She sent her conquistadors to take over the Americas. Her explorers looked upon the Pacific from both shores. Her navigators sailed down the coast of Africa, appropriating what pleased them, through the Indian Ocean, planted their flag in the Philippines, then lightly took over the islands to the north, even to the door of Japan. It is startling to find in these far Oriental lands the imprint of the mailed fingers of a small nation the thickness of the world away. Spain had a long arm in those days. And an itching palm. The world was none too large for her. But dreams of empire are like all dreams . . . morning comes.

After Spain's rude awakening Germany began dreaming where Spain had left off. The isles of the Orient and much else became German. Kultur should take the world. The dream faded in 1914-18. How brown the taste the morning after!

And now Japan. Will she repeat this vain and futile dream? Will she overreach? For the sake of Japan's usefulness in the world—and she can be most useful—her friends hope she will dream with one eye open to reality. The rather prosy and Sunday-schoolish reality that the only way any nation can hope to rule the world is by serving it.

Plagues brought by the Spaniards scourged the Marianas. On some islands the Chamorros were decimated. But, in the meantime, the Spanish dons who had come, wifeless, to the islands had commandeered Chamorro women. Although in this they had no thought for the welfare of the Chamorro people, they nevertheless inadvertently saved the race. For the half-caste children were a superior breed. The infusion

of new blood revived the native race. Also the Spaniard transmitted to his children the white's measure of immunity to white diseases. So the mixed-blood Chamorros began to hold their own and to multiply.

It was not so with the Kanakas, for there was very little intermarriage between Spaniard and Kanaka. All that the Kanaka got from the white man was his diseases.

Thus it happened that the Spaniards gave their strength to the Chamorros and their weaknesses to the Kanakas. The latter did not get the benefit of an infusion of Spanish blood which would offer resistance to Spanish ailments.

The Chamorros of today are a half-Spanish race. Their language too is half-Spanish. Many choppy Chamorro words have been fitted with perambulating suffixes so that they roll with Castilian smoothness, while many Spanish polysyllables that were nine-tenths flourish have been cut to a syllable or two for simple island use; and the whole is chanted in sing-song fashion with a plaintive questionlike rise at the end of each sentence. Tagalog words are also present and Tagalog strains in the blood, for the Spaniards brought Filipino soldiers to the Marianas.

Guam was the chief stamping-ground of the Chamorros. And the Americans liked them so well that they would have none but them, and expelled the Kanakas from Guam when the United States took over the island as one of the fruits of the Spanish-American War.

"The most beautiful of all the islands, Guam," said Jesus, who had once lived there. The Chamorros will always think of Guam as home. But Guam went to sleep under American indifference (and is waking only now with the establishment of the trans-Pacific airline). Meanwhile the Japanese

islands were awake and active, so there has been a steady current of Chamorros to Saipan, Tinian, Rota, Yap and Palau. In all, the Chamorros number only about 4,000. But big families are the rule and they are growing rapidly.

They are a good-looking people. In the Untalan tribe, Manolo, Vicentico and José were as stalwart and handsome as toreadors. Filomena, who prepared delectable Spanish dishes for us, and Tomasa, who was a nurse in the hospital, would have graced a beauty contest.

In fact they did. A contest was organized by the little local paper to pick Yap's foremost Chamorro beauty. All applicants must have their photographs taken by Nobayashi, the photographer, and submitted to the paper. Doubtless young Nobayashi made every effort to employ his pictorial skill impartially . . . but first prize was awarded to his sweetheart, Tomasa, and second prize to her sister, Filomena.

Miss Yap received a mirror in which to study her golden-tan charms; and Filomena a parasol to protect hers.

We found life soft and urban in Colonia. To be sure, there was no such thing as a hot bath. And no ice. But what of that! There was always music, even in the springs of our iron bed. Caballeros everywhere twanged and hummed. My wife was in demand to play Yap's only piano, in the home of Dr. Yoshida. It had been retrieved from the wreck of the *Shizuoka Maru* but the salvagers had neglected to fish out a pianist along with it. The children of the Japanese school and the children of the native school sang, the latter more musically. And ever and anon there pressed against the trade the rich, searching notes of the mission bells . . . reminding us, as the padre did:

"All else comes and goes. This remains. You are the first

Americans to live on Yap in more than twenty-five years. But soon, you will go. Nationalities come and go—English, American, German—the Germans ruled these islands but where will you find a trace of them today? But Spain! The Spanish government has gone but the essence of Spain, the spiritual aura of it, the incense of it, remains!”

Somewhat like, I irreverently thought, the grin of Alice in Wonderland’s Cheshire cat which lingered on after the cat itself had disappeared.

But it’s true, the Spanish aura remains. And it is especially evident on New Year’s Day.

Spanish bells bring in the new year. The Untalan family (sans guests) go up to mass at six. There is so much suppressed excitement that breakfast burns. At ten the married sons come with their guitars, wives and children.

Mrs. Untalan is wearing a mantilla, a trailing large-flowered skirt and a puff-sleeved Filipino waist. Jesus has even put on a coat. The girls all sweep the floor. It is like a pageant of peacocks.

Down at the government office there is an official Japanese New Year’s Banzai to the accompaniment of *saké*. But these will not go. Oh, they like the Japanese well enough, but they prefer their own way of celebrating. Besides, Mr. and Mrs. Untalan do not understand Japanese well. It’s a task—this learning a new language every time the overlords change! Besides the Chamorro language and the Kanaka tongues they had to know Spanish in old Guam; then English when the Americans came in; then German to get along with the officials of Yap; and now it’s Japanese. They fervently hope the islands won’t change hands again—a new language comes a bit hard at threescore and ten.

The floor is cleared and waxed. The guitars strike up music of the lilting, swaying, hammocky sort. Jesus and Mecaila dance a very fast waltz slowly in jerky mincing steps. Four naked Kanakas come up on the veranda and look in.

At noon we sit down to a very Spanish dinner. The conversation is in the half-Spanish Chamorro with occasional lapses into a whining, steel-guitar sort of English for us or something like Japanese for the benefit of Mr. Nobayashi. He sits beside Miss Yap. He is flushed with the consciousness of how ravishing she is today. If the Chamorro strain is revived by interracial marriage, it is due for another revival soon.

In the afternoon, more dancing, to the phonograph. The waltz and the tango are popular, the fox trot is unknown. Jesus plays the accordion and an old uncle does a sort of heavy-booted fandango that makes the floor shake. Mother Untalan retires from the scene to smoke a cigar. Mr. Nobayashi, with Nipponese perseverance, practices some steps the foreigners have brought from New York.

All the phonograph records are languid, tropical, like flowing mantillas. Aloha Oe and a dozen other Hawaiian melodies. Tangos and rumbas. The Peanut Vendor. Paloma, Manuela del Rio. Vuelta al Ruedo. The Hills of Tennessee. Singing in the Rain. My Song of the Nile. Oh, Susannah (with zither and guitar). Rose of My Heart. When I Looked in Your Wonderful Eyes. La Mulata (rumba). La Cachimba (rumba). Pangs of Love. Tango delle Rose. Drifting and Dreaming. Chiquita. I Kiss Your Hand, Madame. Io Te Amo. My Moonlight Madonna. And a couple of Rudy Vallées.

Harlem would despise this silken stuff as much as Yap would detest Harlem's broken glass.

The room is in character. At the front it opens through great double doors upon the spacious veranda among the palm-tops. Looking leftward, there is the phonograph in the corner with a guitar and banjo hanging above it. All the left side of the room is taken up by six colored religious pictures of pensive saints and anthropomorphic Jehovahs riding upon clouds in gilt frames against the whitewashed walls. Also there is what appears to be a shrine, judging from Nobayashi-san's reverent expression when Tomasa goes through it to powder her nose—the door to the girls' bedroom.

In the back wall is another shrine, the door to the kitchen. Against this wall is a small organ. Also a sideboard upon which are two large pink shells, and two Santa Clauses in very hot-looking long red coats. In the corner is a huge, oval, gilt-framed portrait of a male relative with a mustache in full color . . . yes, the mustache. The likeness is brilliantly varnished. It bulges convexly like a medallion, or a ballooned shirt-front.

On the right wall is an oil painting of Mrs. Untalan with her crucifix. A sketch of the hacienda. Three more guitars. And two porcelain blue fish hanging on the wall mouths upward full of artificial flowers. There are doors to more bedrooms.

High in the walls are grilled windows into the next rooms. The ceiling is of blue and white boards in four different levels quite as in Spain or South America.

At four P.M. all go up to the Spanish mission again. And at seven, down to Juan Diaz's house for prayers. Meanwhile the Japanese carpenter who occupies one room is roaring drunk with New Year *saké*.

In accordance with Spanish custom, the evening starts late.

At nine the married sons and daughters drift in, each coming first to kiss father Untalan's hand.

The friendly Governor Mizuno and his Chief Clerk Ike-matsu, who has an encyclopedic knowledge of Yap as the result of eleven years' residence, grace the occasion. Also huge but light-footed Agapito Hondonero who is stationed in this birthplace of typhoons by the Manila Weather Bureau so that the Philippine Islands may have due warning of trouble before it reaches them.

The guitars are at it again. Ask a young lady for a dance and she looks to her mother for a nod before she consents. At eleven the lights go out and so do the guests.

Candles are lit for bed-going. The family stands about for a few moments . . . too bad to end such a good day. The trade brings up the perfume of copra from the drying sheds.

No sound but the snores of the Japanese carpenter sleeping off his drunk in the next room. Mother Untalan's face warps into haughty disapproval. These pagans do not realize that New Year's was meant to be a holy day as well as a merry one.

She lights a nightcap cigar and goes to her room. Later we hear her praying at her open window, pausing now and then to smoke.

Mandate, Did You Say?

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has temporarily left the South Sea islands in the hands of Japan; this in spite of Japan's resignation. Of course the League considers the islands still as a mandate, granted and controlled by the League.

But, subtly and silently, the islands are becoming a permanent part of Japan. Not because Japan is determined to keep them. Not because the League is willing to give them up. The real reason lies deeper.

The reason begins to dawn upon one when one visits Palau. It was not plain in Yap. There the natives are still much in evidence. The Japanese are only a handful. But when the stranger lands at Palau he finds himself in a tropical Yokohama.

Perhaps he will be too busy receiving sensory impressions during the first few days to grasp what it all means. But there will come a day when, in a street teeming with Japanese but quite empty of natives, he will stop and clap a hand to his head. An attack of the sun? Well, yes, of the Rising Sun. For he will have thought of something to, change for him the entire complexion of this mandate problem.

The League of Nations, and the powers behind it, regard the South Sea mandate as subject to the will of the League.

But there are tendencies which are making that will in-

effective. Not the expansionist policy of Japan. Not the bold words and brandished gunboats of the navy. In spite of them, regardless of them, natural forces are at work like moles, accomplishing the things for which they are prepared to take the credit. Within a few years, even if Japan should wish to get rid of the islands, she could not do so.

The mandated islands are being inhabited by Japanese.

For a quarter century the native population has stood still at about 50,000. But during only the last six years, the Japanese population has much more than doubled. It has climbed from 19,800 to 52,000. In 1935 alone the increase was 12,000.

Thus the population is already predominantly Japanese—and will continue to increase. Of course space is limited on the islands. But agricultural director Awano believes there is room for 100,000 Japanese farmers. Perhaps as many more fishermen and tradesmen can be accommodated. At the same time, the native population will increase only slightly, if at all.

It means that within a very short time the islands will be Japanese because the vast majority of the population is Japanese.

But what does that do to the mandate idea? What is the mandate idea anyhow?

Look back.

After Japan took Micronesia from Germany in 1914 she proceeded to make secret understandings with Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy by which these powers would support Japan's claims to the islands in the forthcoming Peace Conference. She fully expected to annex the islands and make them a permanent part of the Japanese Empire.

Hence she was taken aback when Peace Conference ideal-

ism substituted the locution "mandate" for "annexation" and placed ultimate control of the islands in the hands of a body not yet in existence, to be known as the League of Nations.

Japan accepted this phrasing as a mere pleasantry in no wise affecting her complete proprietorship over the islands. This was demonstrated clearly enough when Japan resigned from the League of Nations. She then made it unmistakably plain that if the League should attempt to withdraw the mandate from her on the ground that she was no longer a member, she would maintain her position in the islands by force. The League took the hint, and refrained from any discussion of the possibility of withdrawal—but took equally good care not to commit itself to the view that the mandate-giving power could not also be the mandate-withdrawing power if and when need be. Thus the question has been left wide open—fertile ground for later trouble.

In order to understand Japan's rôle in the South Seas it is necessary to understand the terms of the mandate conferred upon Japan by the Allied Powers and later endorsed by the Council of the League of Nations:

Article 1.—The islands over which a mandate is conferred upon His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan (hereinafter called the Mandatory), comprise all the former German islands situated in the Pacific Ocean and lying north of the Equator.

Article 2.—The Mandatory shall have full power of administration and legislation over the territory subject to the present Mandate as an integral portion of the Empire of Japan, and may apply the laws of the Empire of Japan to the territory, subject to such local modifications as circumstances may require. The Mandatory shall promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory subject to the present Mandate.

Article 3.—The Mandatory shall see that the slave trade is prohibited and that no forced labor is permitted, except for essential public works and services, and then only for adequate remuneration.

The Mandatory shall see that the traffic in arms and ammunition is controlled in accordance with principles analogous to those laid down in the Convention relating to the control of the arms traffic, signed on September 10, 1919, or in any convention amending same.

The supply of intoxicating spirits and beverages to the natives shall be prohibited.

Article 4.—The military training of the natives, otherwise than for purposes of internal police and the local defense of the territory, shall be prohibited. Furthermore, no military or naval bases shall be established, or fortifications erected in the territory.

Article 5.—Subject to the provisions of any local law for the maintenance of public order and public morals, the Mandatory shall insure in the territory freedom of conscience and the free exercise of all forms of worship, and shall allow all missionaries, nationals of any State Member of the League of Nations, to enter into, travel, and reside in the territory for the purpose of prosecuting their calling.

Article 6.—The Mandatory shall make to the Council of the League of Nations an annual report to the satisfaction of the Council, containing full information with regard to the territory, and indicating the measures taken to carry out the obligations assumed under Articles 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Article 7.—The consent of the Council of the League of Nations is required for any modification of the terms of the present Mandate.

The Mandatory agrees that, if any dispute whatever should arise between the Mandatory and another member of the League of Nations relating to the interpretation or the application of the provisions of the Mandate, such dispute, if it cannot be settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of

International Justice provided for by Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

This is the particular mandate to Japan. Back of it stands the basic definition of the whole mandate system as contained in Article 22 of the Covenant. The first two paragraphs are of most significance. In them we get a clear statement of the mandate idea:

"1. To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.

"2. The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be intrusted to advanced nations who, by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as Mandatories on behalf of the League."

So the mandate system would appear to be a method of governing primitive peoples unable to govern themselves. It has been nowhere envisaged in the mandate theory that the people of the mandated area would be the same as those of the mandatory. Yet that is coming to pass in the South Seas.

In theory, you can pass a mandate from nation to nation as one passes the butter. The butter has nothing to say about it. Nor has the mandate, so long as its people are primitive savages. But suppose they are not.

When President Wilson enunciated the principle of self-determination he was merely rephrasing an old natural law. Sometimes it does not work among weak peoples. It always does in the case of strong peoples. The Saar was bound to go back to Germany because the people of the Saar were Germans. Great Britain might fear the defection of India because its people are Indians, and the United States can lightly abandon the Philippines because its people are Filipinos. But England could hardly lose London, full of Englishmen, and the United States could never shake off California; there are too many Americans in it.

Spain easily sold the South Sea islands because there were no Spaniards there. Germany lost the islands in the World War and Hitler says he would not kill one man to get them back—because there are no Germans there. But now that the islands are filling up with Japanese they are becoming as irrevocably a part of Japan as Kyushu or Tokyo.

This operation of natural forces to set at naught the yeas and nays of both Nipponese and European diplomats, who may have considered that they had full power to answer such questions, is seen not only in immigration but in the magics of birth rate and intermarriage.

Suppose not one more man, woman or child should go from Japan to the South Seas. Suppose the islands, with their 52,000 Japanese and 50,000 natives, were sealed up so that no one could enter or leave. Go back a few years later to visit these Robinson Crusoes and you would find the population overwhelmingly Japanese!

For one reason: the intermarriages which frequently occur between the Japanese and the better class natives always re-

sult in a family more Japanese than native in its racial characteristics, education and loyalties.

For another reason: the Japanese birth rate is one of the highest in the world and the native birth rate one of the lowest. In 1934 Japanese births in the islands were 1,714 and deaths 475, the natural increase being 1,239. Native births were 1,562 and deaths 1,637, causing a natural decrease of 75. In some years there is a slight native increase, but never one-tenth that of the Japanese. So the islands are certain to become Japanese even if immigration should decline or stop altogether.

But immigration is increasing. It was 4,000 in 1933, 8,000 in 1934, 12,000 in 1935. The final figure for 1936 is expected to show a still larger increase.

Japan's rapid settlement of Micronesia is a matter of interest to the Powers. Spain's tenure worried no one—except the natives, and, perhaps, Spain. By the time Spain reached her arm all the way around Asia there was very little strength left in the fingers. Spain could not rule the islands, much less develop them. She was continually involved in bloody wars with the natives. Nor were the Powers much concerned when Germany bought the islands, for they were too far from Germany to be dangerously used. Germany did better than Spain. She produced order. She did some trading in copra and phosphate; but she found it was not profitable to transport them halfway around the earth to Germany. But when Japan took the islands there was a flutter of international excitement. Not, as some Japanese have thought, because of any discriminatory feeling toward Japan—but because Japan was in a position to make significant use of the islands. There was no German immigration to the islands.

An old resident on Palau remembers that there were fifteen Germans there (three officials, five priests, five sisters, and two traders). Today there are 6,200 Japanese. Then, in all these islands, there were not more than 100 Germans; now, 52,000 Japanese.

That is the difference. Japan takes the islands seriously. Spain and Germany never did.

Recent reports that Germany may wish to get the islands back are amusing. Even if Germany wanted them, it is too late. You can buy or sell pieces of land surrounded by water, but you can hardly buy or sell 52,000 Japanese.

The improbability that Japan would permit land inhabited by her nationals to go under the sovereignty of any other power is only matched by the embarrassment Germany might experience in trying to govern territory inhabited by Japanese.

Their presence in the islands and their rapid multiplication change the face of the problem. Even if the islands were torn from Japan, they would remain Japanese and would sooner or later revert to Japan. Thus the gods of birth and migration, regardless of the judgments of human chancelleries, seem to have given Japan a permanent mandate in the South Seas.

And so this curtain over Asia, carefully strung on rings so as to be easily removable, has turned to stone before our eyes.



In the two-mile main street of Palau the rare thatch hut looks out of place among Japanese stores, telegraph poles and radio towers; kimono and foreign dress have banished the lava-lava.



The conch-shell by which the kings called their chiefs to the council-chamber, or trumpeted messages to workers in the plantations, is being displaced by the telephone.

Rip Tide

YES, THE NATIVES may not die out, but they will be drowned out. And it will be nobody's fault, any more than is the swing of the ocean under the pull of the moon.

A tidal wave is sweeping down upon them. It is the flood of Japanese immigration.

Wide-eyed and open-mouthed, our fellow passengers stood on the pier at Palau, two hundred strong, gazing about curiously at their new home.

From the hillside came the din of hammers. An army of carpenters was throwing up not a mere two or three or half dozen houses but streets of them.

"We'll get a taxi," said the German missionary, Wilhelm Siemer, who had offered to take us into his home.

"But don't you live right here in the village?"

"Yes."

"Then, can't we walk?"

Mr. Siemer's trim black beard has an elfish way of pointing forward when he grins.

"You have been spoiled by Yap," he said. "In the first place, don't let anybody hear you call this a village! And in the second place, get into this car and let's go."

Taxi in the South Seas! It was all wrong. But we stepped into the car (from Detroit) and whirled up through a half

mile of rising houses—attractive little homes they would be when finished, all in Japanese style, in plots roomy enough for plenty of shrubbery, and with a romantic view over the island-studded bay. Then through a fine old residential section (old in the boom-town sense, built three or four years ago). Past the extensive buildings of the South Seas government, for the central administrative offices of all the Japanese mandated islands are here. Past great radio towers. An airplane roared over them.

Then just as we expected the town to peter out into jungle, it only began to get serious. Schools, hospital, post-office, steamship offices, a typical city park. Then stores, a mile of them, all Japanese, some of them department stores of considerable size. Here and there, as odd as a log cabin on Broadway, was a lone thatch hut with the elbows of Japanese shops in its ribs, or an All Men House with a photographic studio pushed under its overhanging forehead.

And what a furor! Gold-rush excitement. Five thousand people clattered busily about on *geta* where only a few years ago bare feet followed jungle trails. Everywhere crackled the Japanese staccato, sounding like machine-gun fire after the lazy Kanaka speech or the lilting Chamorro.

After a two-mile ride we reached Herr Siemer's home, and were still well within the town limits.

Here was a bit of Germany completely surrounded by Japan. Like a sinking island, the waves every day lapping a little higher on its shores. For the Siemers fully expect the deluge in due time. Not that there is the least visible antagonism between them and the Japanese officials. But there have been hints that they will not be needed. The Japanese can do everything, yes, even teach Christianity. There is,

Japanese farmer a cobblestone and he will raise vegetables on it.

The Siemer house always appeared to be smacking its lips, for it was surrounded by an appetizing array of heavily fruited banana trees, coconut trees, breadfruit, papaya and soursop.

Red hibiscus blazed everywhere. In the nearby groves remained a few shaggy native houses, but brisk, trim Japanese houses and stores were coming in. Only the inside of the missionary's house had successfully evaded Japanese influence. Bible texts in German adorned the walls. There were German pictures, hymns, books, newspapers, a German organ, German zither, German pillows, and a table that groaned three times daily in the best German tradition.

And yet these very German people were not primarily Germans, but missionaries. They sank their nationality in their work. They were there for the sake of the natives and the Japanese, not for the sake of Germany. They had not, as some hinted, been sent out as emissaries of the German government, nor were they subsidized by it.

Ludicrously the contrary. The Liebenzeller Mission which commissioned them has received orders from the Nazi government to quit sending money out of Germany. The Mission has been forced to notify these and other missionaries that they must no longer expect to receive funds from the homeland. If they cannot support themselves locally they may leave missionary service and go into business. In other words, they are abandoned to their own devices.

But Herr Siemer did not become a missionary because he thought it would pay. Therefore he has no intention of quitting because it does not. His brown parishioners contribute

a little. A museum in Germany pays him to make phonograph records of the speech and songs of the natives and to collect certain fauna, particularly rats! Therefore he may be pardoned if, on his errands of mercy, he is drawn to homes of the sort that may supply him with a specimen or two. At any rate, that keeps him among the lowly.

Second in importance to the rats as a means of sustenance are the occasional paying guests who come to the Siemer home. So visit it if you go to Palau. You will be doing yourself a good turn and insuring a few square meals to two stranded missionaries—for their table does not groan when there is no one to pay the bill. Do not hesitate because they must give up their bedroom to you and go sleep on the floor of the church. They will consider that no sacrifice.

But do not go if you object to having your early morning dream colored by the tones of the mission bell and the hymns of natives just beyond the thin partition at the head of your bed. The church and house are under the same roof; in fact there is a door from your bedroom into the church. And the bathroom opens into the pulpit . . . cleanliness next to godliness. Mrs. Siemer plays the organ in the living room and an open door admits its music to the church.

Upon the matted floor of the church sit fifty Kanakas, not barbarians like the people of Yap, but all clothed in cotton prints from Japan and righteousness from Germany. The women are on one side, the men on the other. Between them is the old white-bearded king. Every newcomer dips his bare feet into a tub of water at the door and scuffs them on a rag before entering upon the mats. The reverent air of the place would do credit to a cathedral.

But the natives of Palau in general seem more hushed and

suppressed than those of Yap. They move like shadows. Perhaps it is because they see the tidal wave coming.

"Two hundred Japanese came on that ship," said one Palau veteran, nodding toward the liner from Yokohama that rode at anchor in the harbor. "On every ship they come. And those who are here have many children. It is the beginning of the end for the native."

"Why shouldn't the native and the Japanese live side by side?" I asked.

"Because these islands are small. Their resources are few. Not enough for a large population. What little there is will be taken by the most energetic. I mean the Japanese. They are used to going after what they want; we are used to having nature bring us what we want. Ours is the better philosophy, but theirs will win. The Kanaka's day is done."

The Japanese are doing nothing deliberately to hasten the end and much to retard it. It is not a war between peoples, but between ideas. The ideas of living at rest and living on the run.

The best future for which the Kanaka can hope is absorption. He cannot continue forever an independent existence any more than can the Ainu in Japan or the Indian in the United States. Such "independence" would become the bitterest dependence. His descendants will be happiest if their blood is largely Japanese.

This merging of races is quite possible and probable in Palau since, the natives being of high type, there is no such gulf between Japanese and Kanaka as on Yap.

But on Yap too and on all the Micronesian islands the final solution, long delayed perhaps, will be amalgamation. The brown man must disappear into the veins of the yellow. And

he will probably disappear so completely as to leave hardly a trace of his color behind, it will be diluted in so large a sea.

Famous Japanese methods of intensive cultivation and industrial development mean that a Japanese population many times the native can be supported on the islands. In addition, there will be constant coming and going, back and forth, between Japan and the islands, thus always rediluting the island blood. Of course nothing can be forecast with certainty. There might be a new Polynesian migration to the islands but it is difficult to see any cause for it and harder still to imagine that Japan would permit it. The probability is that in a short time—as 2,600-year-old Japan reckons time—one will find in Micronesia little trace of the brown man except his stone monuments and perhaps a certain softening of the speech and pace of the Nipponese.

The blending of bloods will not be so difficult, for it is already partly accomplished. It has been going on, intermittently, for some hundreds of years. There are Malay and Polynesian strains in Japan which doubtless came from southeastern Asia by way of these islands. And there have been many authenticated cases of Japanese junks being wrecked in the islands. It is believed that the island of Lele at Kusaie was settled by Japanese. When a Japanese training ship visited Kusaie in 1884 the king told the visitors that his people were descendants of the Japanese race. There are frequent traces of the Japanese language in the dialects of the islands. There are many similarities in culture. The primitive gods of Japan and the islands were about the same.

Long before Japan formally took over the islands, James M. Alexander noted the Japanese strain in Micronesia. He wrote in 1895:

"The Micronesians are a mixed race, part Polynesian and part Japanese with traces of Papuan. The Japanese element is accounted for by the fact that Japanese voyagers have occasionally been storm-driven to great distances over the ocean through the belt of Micronesian islands. In 1814 the British brig, *Forester*, met with a Japanese junk off the coast of California with three living men and fourteen dead bodies on board. In December 1832 a Japanese junk arrived at Hawaii with four of her crew living. The Micronesians are darker and of smaller stature than the Polynesians, but in the western Micronesians they are of lighter complexion and more like the Japanese."

Therefore there seems to be already a solid basis for racial union in the South Seas.

Just as the sailors of shipwrecked junks found the islands congenial, so the Japanese of today, ordinarily unwilling to emigrate, find themselves quite at home in these balmy tropics. Not that it is all beer and skittles—or *saké* and *sashimi*. Glowing accounts in Japanese papers have led many emigrants to expect a paradise. It is no paradise. Anyone who goes must have the pioneer spirit. He must take along a plentiful supply of courage. And a can-opener—if he goes to islands that have not already been made to produce by Japanese enterprise.

The cost of living is almost double that of Japan. Typhoons are frequent. There are scorpions on land and sharks in the sea and dengue fever in the air. And on Saipan the sugar has attracted all the flies of Asia.

"You can always tell a Saipan man," said a planter who was fond of joking at the expense of the sugar men of Saipan. "He doesn't bother to take the flies out of his soup but

uses his teeth as a strainer. When he has finished he picks them out of his teeth."

But the islands have their good points too. If living costs are high, so are wages. There is more room than in Japan. Your house is not wedged between others; it stands alone in a lovely garden in which flowers are always blooming.

Summer is eternal. The heat is actually less than that of summer in Japan. All the year round the temperature wavers between seventy and eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Thanks to the sun and the sea, the air is warm and cool at one and the same time.

Doctors agree that the climate is healthful. But too many Japanese, even in the islands where food is plentiful, make the mistake of depending too much upon canned foods from Japan. They should eat also the fresh native foods, breadfruit, taro, yam, arrowroot, vegetables if any, chicken, pork, fish, coconut, bananas, pineapple and papaya, to insure good health.

As for recreation, there is good swimming and boating inside the protecting reefs, and even mountain-climbing on some islands.

As for work, the immigrant must bend his own back to it, but he can also employ native help cheaply. Moreover, the government is kind. It always stands ready to aid either the Japanese or natives in their fishing or farming enterprises.

Many of the immigrants are already used to living in small semi-tropical islands. It is an important fact that sixty per cent of all the Japanese in the mandate are from Okinawa (the Loochoo Islands). The tide continues strong, for Okinawa is crowded and the land is poor. The Okinawans have had rigorous training in economy. An Okinawa laborer can

live on fifteen yen a month in the South Seas whereas a Japanese from the mainland requires about thirty yen. The Okinawas will work harder. They tend to stick together. When in trouble, all help each other. Racially, they are a mixture of Japanese and Chinese. Their language, although a sort of Japanese, is not understood by the people of Japan proper. Always having been far from the fountains of national spirit, they cannot be said to be as loyal to Japan as the Japanese on the main islands. However, they are peaceable, obedient . . . and prolific.

A Five-Year-Plan, begun in 1936, is expected to break all past records of emigration from Japan proper. Through a systematic campaign of education and enlistment, groups of emigrants will be selected from various parts of the country in order to utilize varied knowledge.

There will be a school to prepare them for South Sea life, just as there is already a school for intended emigrants to Manchukuo and another for those who expect to make their home in Brazil.

A brides' school is also planned—to train girls who wish to fit themselves to become the wives of emigrants. Men who have gone alone to the islands write back for mates.

"Few women are qualified to be sent to them as wives," comments the *Fukuoka Nichi Nichi*, "and the sending of unqualified women is deplorable. There is need for knowledge of the history, geography, climate, customs and other aspects of the countries in which they will live. Even the British, who are famous for their colonizing ability, advocate special training for women who will live abroad."

But I doubt that the British have ever gotten to the point of shipping out women professionally molded and modeled

to fit mates they have never seen. Yet such apparently blind matings, in which trait for trait is dispassionately matched by go-betweens, are common in Japan and often happier than marriages more personal and less scientific.

Of the twenty-six coral islets of Palau aggregating one hundred and eighty square miles, Babeldaob is best. It lies just to the north of Korrör, the small island upon which the town is situated. Babeldaob's blank uplands were thought useless, until it was discovered that pineapple and tapioca would grow admirably there. Also rubber, formerly unknown in the islands, does well.

So Babeldaob is being laid out for colonists.

We punctuated a boat-trip by landing at a pier a quarter-mile long on the west shore of Babeldaob. Such a pier would normally be built to serve a large town. Walking to shore, we struck off along a fine smooth road which had been laboriously cut and filled so as to be level. It was three cars wide . . . but there is not a car on Babeldaob.

"Where does this road go?" I asked.

"Nowhere. Just up into the jungle five kilometers."

"Probably to some important village?"

"No. There are only a few huts along the road."

"Then . . . why?"

I was told that the great pier and the Roman road were just preparations for expected colonists. And later I saw many other such roads around and across Babeldaob. There is no present reason for them. The scattered native houses in the forest would be served just as well by trails. But the roads are the skeleton for the intensive colonization which the Five-Year-Plan is expected to bring about.

Small colonies of immigrants from Hokkaido are already

located in the southeastern section and raising pineapple. As usual, the way of the pioneer is hard. They can grow splendid pineapple, sweeter and better than the Hawaiian, but cannot sell it. However, canning factories and proper shipping and marketing facilities will come in time.

There are already more Japanese than natives in Palau (6,200 Japanese and 6,060 natives). Japanese children in the first grade of school have risen in a single year from 72 to 140.

The Japanese community in Truk has doubled in two years; that of Ponape has doubled in one year. Within a twelvemonth the Nanyo Kohatsu Company (South Seas Development Company) brought one thousand to work on their great tapioca plantation in Ponape. We walked through a well-lighted street of stores half a mile long where there was only a dark woods a year ago. On this Ginza of Ponape we dropped into a lively department store, sat in armchairs and listened to phonograph records from Tokyo and saw a naked savage, whose children had been taught in school to brush their teeth, buy for himself an Osaka toothbrush complete with tongue scraper for twenty-five sen.

The star example is Saipan. Sugar has attracted nearly 40,000 Japanese to Saipan where they find only 4,500 natives.

On the other hand, remote islands have many natives and almost no Japanese.

But the summary is significant: Since Japan took the islands in 1914 the native population has stood still at about 50,000, and will increase only slightly if at all. But since 1931 the Japanese population has doubled, standing now at 52,000, and there is every reason to expect that it will continue to double every few years until the islands can hold no more.

The natives will disappear into this tidal wave as a bailerful of water into the sea.

Nor is the sweep of Japan southward confined to the mandated islands but is extending to many others twice as far from the homeland. It is plain that we are today witnessing the most fundamental change in the Pacific population since the Polynesian migration of more than a thousand years ago.

How to Become a Spy

MY JAPANESE FRIENDS will, I am sure, take no umbrage at the contents of this chapter. It is not written with a long face or malevolent intent. And if I am entertained by certain peculiarities of these estimable folk, they are just as free to be entertained by those of the Western barbarian . . . and quite often, I notice, exercise their freedom.

The first characteristic of the Japanese is courtesy. The second is, perhaps, suspicion.

Not a week passes without its spy scare in the Japanese press. Some foreigner has been seen taking photographs.

Who can say . . . perhaps the suspicion itself is a form of courtesy. For what an honor it is to the grub who would not get a second look from the cops in his home town to find himself under suspicion as the arch-spy of some Great Power, a master mind of diabolical cunning whose secret information may plunge the nations into war and tear the world to shreds.

To enjoy the sense of power, the megalomaniacal soda clerk needs only to bring a two-dollar camera to Japan and take pictures of fishing boats, banks, tram cars and other military secrets. He will be on the front page of every newspaper in the country. Also he will be in jail, but what of that? His fame will be made. Dispatches will carry the sensa-

tion back home. His old customers will sit on the stools before the historic counter where he once dispensed liquid refreshment and marvel.

"Who'd have thought it! Some guy!"

"I always knew he had the makings."

I had not thought of becoming a spy until the Palau police put it into my head. They have a training course for foreigners who wish to qualify as spies.

Chief instructor is a smiling young police officer, by name Toyama-san. In black-and-white *yukata* he strolled in one evening to lay a map on the missionary's table.

First lesson: "You cannot go there," he said, indicating a spot with his pencil. And to quiet a natural suspicion, he added, "But there are no fortifications—nothing." Another point. "Cannot go . . . but there is nothing." Four other spots. "Cannot go," jabbing the points vigorously with the pencil. Then, each time, a disarming wave of the hand. "But there is, nothing—nothing—nothing."

Anything better calculated to fire the student's curiosity and zeal for learning could hardly be imagined.

It had not occurred to me to make a search for fortifications. Of course they are forbidden under the terms of the mandate. "No military or naval bases shall be established, or fortifications erected in the territory." It had seemed unlikely that this regulation was being violated, particularly since we were allowed to go everywhere in the Yap group without the slightest surveillance and had seen nothing that remotely resembled a fortification.

But Toyama-san's closed cupboard with its sign, "Do not open! There is NO JAM in this cupboard!" was too tantalizing a challenge to resist.

I took down the names of the six forbidden spots and determined to visit all of them.

The next morning I called upon Mr. Kodama, Vice Governor-General of the entire South Seas government. (The Governor-General was still in Tokyo.)

After I had recounted the restrictions of the police, Mr. Kodama said, "I don't know why they should do that. We have no secrets here. You may go anywhere. But have you seen Captain Konishi? You had better see Captain Konishi."

Captain Konishi is naval attaché. He delivers sailing instructions to the merchant ships and prepares the way for the Japanese warships which occasionally visit Palau. The extent of his power is not quite clear. Some say that he is on a par with the civil authorities, if not superior to them . . . just as the army and navy in Japan accept no dictation from Parliament or Premier but are answerable to the Throne alone.

However that may be, he is the soul of modesty.

"I am only a naval officer," he said when I asked for permission to move freely through the Palau group. "That is a matter for the Governor to decide."

Mr. Toyama was eager to know the result of the interview.

"What did Captain Konishi say? May you go?"

"He said he would accept the Governor's decision. And the Governor says I may go anywhere. Therefore I may go anywhere."

But I had been a little too logical in my deductions. It was not so simple as that.

I could go, but not without entourage. A government motorboat with crew of three, a policeman, and Foreign



A fortification that would be of little use to-day but was essential during the bloody struggles of the Spanish overlords with the natives of Ponape.



Well oiled, painted, perfumed and garlanded, they render an old-time war chant to a rhythm rapped out by sticks on a board.

Affairs Secretary Hayashi of the South Seas government were placed at my service. We made extensive trips, sometimes covering two days. This attention was flattering and was genuinely appreciated, but I could have done with a bit less luxury and more liberty.

I had hoped to go about in the missionary's new motor-boat, on which only three days' work remained. But suddenly the carpenters quit work. And it was learned that they had been instructed not to finish the boat until the Americans left. "The day the Americans go you can have your boat," the missionary was told. I suggested speaking to the Governor about it.

"No, no," said the missionary. "Let the police have their way. Otherwise they will make trouble for us."

After a month of tinkering over three days' work, the boat was slipped into the water the day after we sailed from Palau.

But our trips in the government launch were enjoyable and comfortable.

Each time I introduced one of the six sore spots into a projected itinerary there was much discussion and two or three days' delay to obtain permission. Then we went. And found—nothing. Some of the points were of great strategic importance but there was no man-made fortification. None of my requests for detailed examination were refused. We poked about in channels and bays and climbed to hilltops. Except that I made no measurements, sketches or photographs, I had as much freedom as if I had gone unaccompanied.

One by one, the six secrets were checked off until only one remained—the island of Arakabesan.

This was an island of many hills, any one of them a convenient location for a battery. I could hardly undertake to climb them all. But there were two planes in the harbor. I assumed that they were navy planes . . . and we made a social call upon Captain Konishi at his house.

This time he received us in shirt and suspenders (a sign of increasing confidence, I thought, for the first time he had barricaded himself behind gold braid).

With Western directness I immediately stated my mission. There were rumors abroad that Japan had fortified the islands. I wished to be able to write positively, "There are no fortifications on Palau." To say that, I must see. I was too lazy to climb every hill on Arakabesan. Could a plane be placed at my disposal for half an hour so that I might fly low over this area?

Captain Konishi gave no sign that he considered the request extraordinary. He bowed slightly, made a little sound of agreement deep in his throat and asked whether the bean candy was to our taste.

It was. Munching *yokan*, we discussed the versatility of the bean—used to make everything from cake to buttons, from milk, cheese, butter, soup, salad oil and ice cream to varnish, enamels, oilcloth, linoleum, glue, soap and electrical switches.

When the bean's possibilities had been exhausted I re-ventured my request.

The Captain bowed, considered, and inquired whether we liked *sashimi* (raw fish). That started Mary who is a *sashimi* gourmand . . . yes, the red more than the white. *Sashimi* made from bonito was splendid. Ah, but, put in the Captain vivaciously, had she tried bass *sashimi*? When he had been

stationed in San Francisco he had had *sashimi* made from bass . . . delicious. There is good bass fishing on the Pacific Coast.

Yes, I said, and speaking of fishing, it was interesting how airplanes were used to locate schools of fish. And speaking of airplanes, would it be possible to arrange for an airplane over Arakabesan?

He nodded gravely. Now take dried fish. We really should see the making of *katsubushi* on the shores of Malakal. And turtles. He showed us a fine specimen in the *tokonoma*.

There were many other distracting things about the room. Wooden tattooed dolls made by the Mortlock people, carved faces from Mortlock, an ivory nut from Ponape, a necklace of white and black disks made from sea shell and coconut shell respectively, the great Tritonium shell which the natives use as a trumpet.

Finally there was nothing left in the room to discuss except the visitors. He successfully got them talking about themselves. Still I did not forget to inject my question, each time a little more weakly. It always reminded him of something really interesting.

When two hours had gone by in this delightful fashion and it was positively necessary to leave to make the dinner hour at Frau Siemer's, I rose and placed both hands upon the table as if about to deliver an address. Mustering all the powers I had of direct and succinct statement, I put my request.

Captain Konishi expressed mild surprise, as if he had only now understood me. The airplanes . . . unfortunately they were not naval planes, but government mail planes. He had no power. It would be necessary to apply to the Governor.

But why go so soon . . . please come again. Take along these little souvenirs.

We came away in a very happy frame of mind. We had enjoyed our visit immensely (the Captain, the Calpis, the hibiscus reflected in the pool in his garden) and agreed that Captain Konishi was a splendid fellow and would some day be an Admiral.

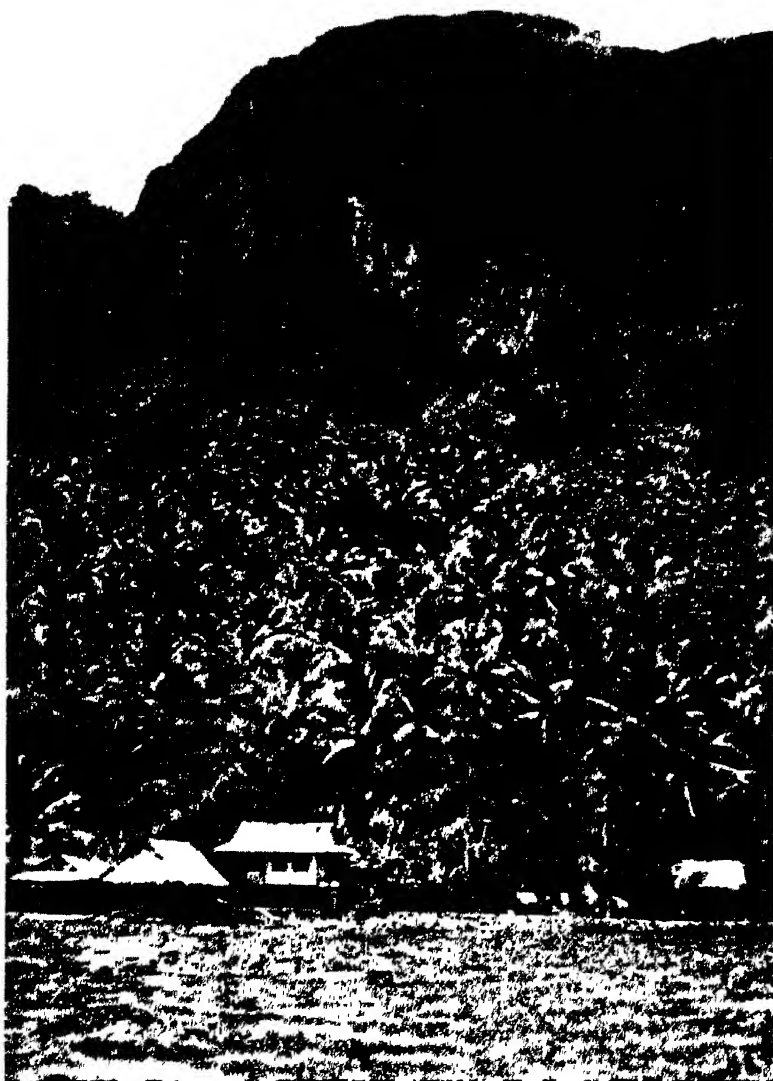
Over the *obstkuchen* I told Herr Siemer of our visit.

"He did not like to disappoint you," said the missionary. "He is a very kindly man."

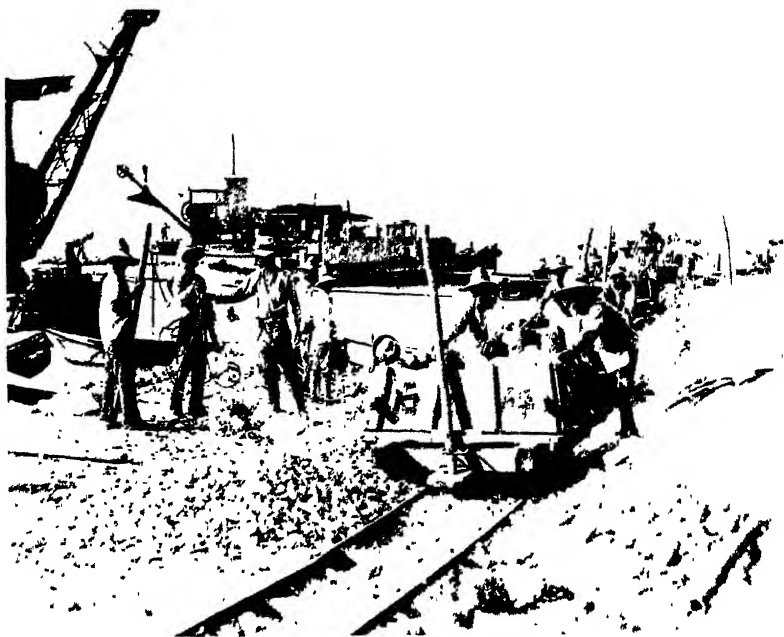
I believe it.

Although my naïveté was now so blunted that I no longer expected to get a plane, we went that evening to call upon Vice Governor Kodama in his beautiful home on the shore of the lagoon. He received us jovially. He has cheeks like apples and is the most genial host imaginable. Unfamiliar with English, he sent a car to the other end of town for Mrs. Shisatomi who had learned English in Hawaii. She came with her baby, too young to be left at home. Two other officials were called in. We sat about a conference table, the baby nursing quietly during most of the interview. Occasionally the mother must rise and jiggle the fretful child, translating meanwhile . . . or attend to him on a chair under the horizon of the table top, never quitting her interpreting.

Now, the Orient has two ways of countering unwelcome questions. One is to talk of something else. The other is to answer the questions directly but expect the visitor to be sufficiently polite not to apply the foot-rule of reason to the answers. In either case the underlying motive is courtesy—



Ponape's great rock of Chokach, 937 feet high, typical of the "natural fortifications" consisting of mountains, harbors, lagoons and reefs, which make the Micronesian labyrinth of the greatest strategic importance.



Saipan harbor, where the lagoon is being dredged and a pier built, is entirely unprotected against an enemy fleet; but other harbors that have attracted less attention from the League of Nations make up all Saipan's deficiencies.

the desire to decline without hurting the feelings of the visitor.

Mr. Kodama answered my questions in a very forthright manner.

Airplane? Very dangerous. The pilots were men of little experience. The planes had been here only four months and the men were not yet accustomed to the peculiar air currents above Palau. So they refused to take up passengers. He himself, Mr. Kodama, had wished to go, but could not. Too dangerous. With his hands he demonstrated how violently the planes wobble—and laughingly used the word *jishin*, earthquake.

I agreed that the air currents must be dangerous indeed if they could not be learned in four months. But I offered to sign a paper assuming all responsibility in case of accident.

No, even so, the responsibility, he said, would be theirs. If I did not care for myself, they did. Also it would be necessary to board the plane from a boat and disembark into a boat . . . very difficult.

I thought I could manage.

He feared not.

Very well, I said, doubtless he was right. Then might I pass around Arakabesan by boat and land where I pleased?

He was very sorry. As I doubtless knew, at the southern tip of the island an airport was being built for the forthcoming air mail service to Tokyo. Much blasting. Very dangerous. During the operations no visitors, not even Japanese, were allowed.

But if I went under proper supervision? And landed at a safe distance from the blasting?

It was a very small island.

A mile long, was it not?

Yes . . . but all roads led to the same place.

I saw that it was time to agree that it must be very dangerous, and did so, shivering a little.

Moreover, went on Mr. Kodama, there was a leper island nearby. That was another danger that made it inadvisable to visit Arakabesan.

What, I said, the small island I had noticed half a mile north of Arakabesan? Was it a leper island?

Yes.

Then that settled it. I wouldn't take the risk. Lepers! I thanked him for warning me in time.

I turned the conversation to the magnificent bird of paradise from New Guinea which stood in the corner. Mr. Kodama showed us other treasures. Our liking for the man increased. His magnetic, cordial manner, his zest and zeal (and, above all, his tact) made apparent why he is universally popular among officials and civilians in the islands.

As we were about to go, he said earnestly, "Have you had any unpleasantness in Palau?"

"On the contrary, our visit has been very pleasant."

"I hope that any unhappy incidents will not unduly disturb you."

He was so genuine about it. I replied that we had lived in Japan a year, and that when anything unpleasant occurred we thought of all the pleasant things that had happened.

"*Arigato!*" He bowed and smiled.

We walked home through the deserted main street under the tropic moon.

Mary mused. "What a blow to our leper friends in Korea

who entertained us in their homes, if they knew that now we can't stand a leper half a mile away!"

"Yes," I said, "but circumstances alter cases. Here everything is very dangerous."

And the white man who does not remember that fact is apt to be reminded of it. After all, he is a potential enemy. The world has chosen to look with suspicion upon Japan; so Japan, perhaps, can hardly be blamed for looking with suspicion upon the world. Troublesome Powers may raise at any time the question as to whether a nation which has resigned from the League of Nations is still entitled to hold a mandate from the League. This question has been left open—and doubtless the European nations will studiously avoid deciding it until they are prepared to enforce their decision. Germany lost these islands and would perhaps like to have them back. Great Britain and America are critical of Japan's expansion in Asia.

So Germans, Englishmen and Americans receive special attention in the South Seas.

They are never permitted to feel neglected. The New Yorker who complains of the difficulty of finding a policeman should delight in Palau. There the procedure is simple. Step out of your door, go ten paces in any direction, and lo! a policeman behind you.

That gentleman will be courteous in the extreme, cordially interested in knowing where the foreigner may wish to go, and eager to extend "every facility." His sole mission is to be helpful. I have never in my life been subjected to so much sheer helpfulness.

"They look sharp on white people," remarked a Palau chief.

The white visitor is rare and he generally stops over only for the hours his ship is in port. An official entertainment committee offers to show him the sights of Palau. He is whirled off to a geisha house, there is much drinking and dancing and the gentle charms of the island Circes detain him until someone looks at his watch.

"Oh! Time to get back to the boat!"

The rare and extraordinary visitor who actually wishes to stop over from one boat to the next is permitted to do so, but he is the object of unremitting curiosity as to why he should maroon himself here when he doesn't have to. Something funny about it. Better keep him provided with every facility.

Two German professors on vacation chose to paddle about in a rubber boat. A government pinnace containing police and sandwiches followed them everywhere lest they should get lost or go hungry. One day they paddled off through a mangrove canal too shallow for the pinnace. They came back at night to find a row of anxious officials seated on their doorstep, and their lack of consideration in causing so much uneasiness to their guardians was brought home to them in no uncertain terms.

An American artist's motor failed and his small boat drifted from Hawaii to Palau. That was indiscreet of it, for he had no landing permit and nothing to show that he had not drifted there by intention. His arrival was the sensation of the island. The motor was repaired but he had no money to pay for the repairs. His request that he be allowed to remain until he could get the money was politely refused. He was given a farewell dinner with speeches. Every facility for his departure was accorded to him and the finest government launch towed him in his motorless boat well outside

the reef. He then proceeded to drift, with better judgment this time, to American soil, landing some weeks later in the Philippines. At latest reports he was feverishly painting pictures along the Mindanao coast to earn enough money to retrieve his motor. He holds no grudge against the Japanese, in fact considers it all worth while for the thrill of sudden importance he enjoyed on Palau.

The complaint of a German that he had been shadowed reached the Mandates Commission at its meeting in October, 1935. Mr. Ito, the Japanese representative, explained that the traveler in question was tubercular, therefore the Japanese wanted "to take good care of him." It was quite probable, Mr. Ito suggested, that this "care" had caused the German "to mistake Japanese hospitality for surveillance."

As for the famous case of Colonel Earl Ellis of the United States Marines who died mysteriously while investigating conditions on Palau, the natives claim there is no truth in the rumors that he was "liquidated." Ex-champion Gene Tunney, visiting in Japan, asked about this after my return to Tokyo.

"Nobody knows," I said. "But William Gibbon, an English half-caste, says Ellis drank himself to death."

"Pretty hard, don't you think?" said Tunney. "Look at the efforts I've been making all these years!"

Tunney's efforts have not been too serious, but Ellis seems to have broken under the tropic strain and several natives aver that he took heavily to the bottle when his boat did not come on time to carry him away. Excess led to fever, it is said, and fever to death. Whatever the truth or falsity of highly colored rumors, it is at least certain that an American

Marine investigating a Japanese island is apt to find himself an unwelcome guest.

A British army officer wearing many medals stopped for a day on his way to New Guinea. He came to the missionary's house . . . and five officials with him. When he stepped into another room, or to the outhouse, he was accompanied. Three officials sat in a row by the edge of the tub as he took a bath. Doubtless they feared he might escape through the drain.

Asia's New Great Wall

THE SPY SCARE in the South Seas leads to one inevitable question.

Are the islands fortified?

If so, America sends ships across the Pacific to Asia only by grace of Japan. The geographical facts of the case are not sufficiently realized. Think first of the Atlantic. Imagine a continuous chain of 3,000 islands connecting Labrador and Brazil. Suppose this archipelago to be in some places 2,700 miles wide. Imagine these islands to be in the possession of the United States, and fortified. Would they not be a pretty effective wall against any conceivable interference from Europe?

The old Great Wall of China is obsolete. Not only China but all Asia has a new Great Wall. It starts with the Kurile Islands (neighbors of Uncle Sam's Aleutians), extends through the main islands of Japan, through the Bonins, then broadens to take in the 2,550 islands and islets of the Japanese mandate. This brings the Great Wall to the equator. The entire Asiatic continent lies behind this rampart—for it is to be remembered that even Asia's fingertip, Singapore, does not quite touch the equator. Incidentally, the Philippines also are behind it.

The northern half of the Great Wall is fortified. Is the southern half? Fortification of the South Sea islands was for-

bidden under the terms of the mandate. The League's Mandates Commission has freely voiced its suspicions—suspicions which have considerable point at present in view of Japan's demand for naval parity, her abrogation of the Washington Treaty, her resignation from the League, and her policies in Asia.

Observers in the islands have been unable to discover any firm ground for these suspicions. Foreign visitors are few, but two or three every year pass through the mandate, calling at the most important islands such as Palau, Truk and Ponape. Not one of these visitors has ever reported the existence of fortifications. After a trip through the islands in the spring of 1934, Paul Hibbert Clyde, Professor of History in the University of Kentucky, wrote in his book, *Japan's Pacific Mandate*:

"No evidence could be observed to indicate that Japan has violated Article 4 of her mandate, or that she contemplates doing so."

Another visiting professor was Dr. W. C. T. Herre, curator of the zoological museum of Stanford University. He came to look for fauna but stayed to look for fortifications. He lived with Missionary Siemer who reports that he probed nearly every possibility. Dr. Herre wrote in the *Palo Alto Times* in November, 1934:

"Charges and insinuations to the effect that Japan is secretly fortifying certain Pacific islands in the mandated group are just plain 'bunk.'"

If there is a certain petulance in that remark perhaps it is due to the fact that so much of the good professor's time which might have been zoologically devoted was wasted in looking for what did not exist.



A head-hunting king regales Herr Siemer and the author with stories of the good old days. When an enemy's head was taken it was placed in this cupped stone and the entire tribe executed a war-dance around it . . . then took it on a triumphant tour of the villages.



A long, slow job, and not without skill. Turning a tree into a canoe.

Visitors have also included army and navy officers, fully qualified for the intelligence work suddenly expected of them by Palau officials. Among these have been military and naval observers connected with the British and American embassies in Tokyo. German officers have also scrutinized the islands suspiciously but fruitlessly. Trustworthy residents who were with Colonel Ellis up to the time of his death report him as saying that he had seen nothing in the way of fortifications.

An American mine-layer broke through the ban on foreign ships four years ago and entered Palau harbor. Her officers clambered all over Arakabesan (the island from which I was barred) hunting for fortifications. They found none. Japanese officials remarked:

"Would the Americans tolerate it if we conducted ourselves in that fashion in an American harbor?"

Well spoken. But it must be remembered that there is not the same inducement in an American harbor. American authority does not cast so tantalizing a veil of mystery over harmless hills and dales.

As for my own findings, they were nil. Nor was this for lack of freedom. I have spoken of the restrictions on the capital island, Palau, but it should also be said with emphasis that there were no restrictions elsewhere. On Yap, Angaur, Truk, Ponape, Kusaie, Tinian, Saipan, we were entirely free to go, and did go, wherever we pleased. Unaccompanied by officials. Fortifications on these small islands would be so conspicuous as hardly to escape the observation even of the transient visitor.

However, the best witnesses are not the transients whom I have mentioned (including ourselves) but the missionaries

and other foreign residents, half-castes and, least reliable, the natives. Frequently a native would claim that there was a fortification at some remote point. He had not been there, but he had heard . . . Upon visiting the point I would find the rumor false, and natives in the vicinity knew nothing of a fortification nearby, but would express a suspicion that there was one at another remote point. So it would go.

"Who told you?" I would ask.

"The Japanese!"

It seems that some petty officials rather encourage the natives in the belief that the islands are fortified in order that they may have more respect for Japanese supremacy. They are taught that the islands, which have changed hands so often, will change no more. They forever belong to Japan which can at short notice make them impregnable and defend them against the world. This tendency has been noted by various observers, including Dr. Herre, who remarked that "We have rabid Japanese telling to innocent, ignorant islanders what in substance amounts to this: You had better be good and become patriotic Japanese. In 1894 we defeated China; in 1904 we defeated Russia; in the great war we defeated Germany; in the next war we shall defeat the United States and conquer the world."

But it was significant that no native could tell of any fortification that he himself had seen.

More peripatetic than the native is the missionary. By sailboat or canoe he must visit every part of the island group in which he is stationed. Some of the veteran missionaries in the eastern Carolines and Marshalls have been at their posts for fifty years and know the islands better than do the Japanese themselves . . . in fact the Japanese frequently

come to them for geographic information. Of course these missionaries are missionaries, not spies. And yet their American and German citizenship could hardly fail to sharpen their criticism if these islands, taken from Germany and of concern to America, were being illegally fortified. The missionaries are unanimous in the opinion that there has been no violation of the mandate.

Then why the surveillance?

There is one possible explanation. Restriction of foreigners need not imply the presence of fortifications. There is perhaps a much better reason for the nervousness of officials. Japan, fearing later trouble, does not care to have foreigners learn too intimately the contours of coasts and mountains, the size of ship basins, the depths of channels, the locations and character of passages through the reefs.

That is a legitimate reluctance, and easy to understand. If America were sitting upon the lid of a boiling world waiting for it to blow off, or waiting for an opportunity to take it off, she would be just as secretive.

It does not appear to be Japan's policy to fortify the islands. But no one can doubt for a moment that if war did break out, Japan would promptly make use of the islands as naval bases. Many of these reef-barricaded atolls, notably the Palau lagoon and the Truk lagoon, are admirably suited to this purpose. The mandated islands are peppered over an area more than fifteen times that of Japan. They extend for a distance of 2,700 miles along the equator and 1,300 miles to the north of it. No enemy, unfamiliar with the hiding places of cruisers, submarines and aircraft, could hope to get through this labyrinth. Here are 2,550 hurdles in the way of any fleet bound for the China coast.

America was not indifferent when the islands were taken by Japan, but there was little that she could do. At the Peace Conference President Wilson said, in personal conversation, as reported by the member of the American delegation to whom he spoke, "that these islands lie athwart the path from Hawaii to the Philippines and that they are nearer to Hawaii than the Pacific Coast is, and that they could be fortified and made naval bases by Japan."

It was probably out of this apprehension that arose the Wilson-Lansing reservation which was really no more than a rather general suggestion made by the American representatives that Yap should be omitted from the Japanese mandate for use as an international cable and radio station. There was an old German cable station on Yap. President Wilson was loath to see this station pass into Japanese hands, since it offered an alternative connection with the Philippines and China if ever the American cable should be out of order. However, his suggestion was either forgotten or ignored, and Japan received mandate to all former German islands in the Pacific north of the equator.

Perhaps because of pressure of other matters the point was overlooked by the American delegation and no protest was made at the time. It was not until a year later that the question was curiously revived. In 1920 the American government queried Japan as to plans for the international control of Yap. The Japanese government called attention to the fact that Yap had been included in the mandate to Japan. The American government thereupon addressed the League of Nations, stating that the United States "cannot regard itself as bound by the terms and provisions of the said mandate" and requesting that "the Council, having obviously

acted under a misapprehension of the facts, should reopen the question. . . ." The Council thought otherwise.

A long and delicate controversy between Japan and the United States ended in a treaty ratified in 1922 guaranteeing that:

"The United States and its nationals shall have free access to the Island of Yap on a footing of entire equality with Japan or any other nation and their respective nationals in all that relates to the landing and operation of the existing Yap-Guam cable. . . . Nationals of the United States shall have the unrestricted right to reside in the island. . . . Nationals of the United States shall have complete freedom of entry and exit in the island for their persons and property."

As a result of such explicit provisions, won only after a year of correspondence that frayed the tempers of both the American and Japanese publics, one might expect today to find a considerable American colony on Yap. But there is not an American on the island. The reasons are two. First, the United States has never had the slightest reason to complain of Japan's management of the cable station. Second, the treaty, after all, was only a face-saver. It made apparent concessions to the United States, but America knew and Japan knew that the real point of the controversy, control of Yap, had been conclusively settled in favor of Japan. American hopes to get one more loophole besides Guam through the curtain that covered Asia had failed.

The Guam loophole could, of course, be blocked by Japan at any moment. To get around the Japanese world, it would then be necessary to go either by way of Alaska and the Aleutians, or south of the equator!

Calling attention to the vulnerability of America's trade

routes to the Far East, Captain Dudley Knox, U. S. N., in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, has urged the purchase of the Marquesas and Solomon Islands as stepping stones across the Southern Pacific to supplement the present American refueling base at Tutuila. The suggestion is almost fantastic but is born of desperation. A glance at the map is enlightening. So roundabout a route would more than double the distance from San Francisco to Shanghai. It would be quite like going from New York to London by way of Brazil.

"The line connecting the Bonins, Mariana Islands and Palau," writes Captain Taketomi of the Imperial Navy, "is the country's southern defense line. When this line is protected Japan will be able perfectly to control the North Pacific. While we hold this control no economic blockade is possible. Furthermore, this line cuts in two the line of the United States footholds in the Pacific running from San Francisco to Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines and China."

It is small wonder that Japan regards the islands as of first-rate strategic importance. They are frequently referred to as her "life line to the south." They are her "first line of defense." Not so much, perhaps, the defense of Japan as the defense of Asia. Together with the Japanese islands to the north, they form a breakwater across the entire front of the Asiatic continent against the advance of the West. Or they may be thought of as a smoke screen over Asia. Behind it Japan hopes to work undisturbed on her great plan of Far Eastern coordination.

That these islands are not now fortified, but may be at some future date, is suggested in the words of the naval officer quoted above, "when this line is protected."

The continual strengthening of Hawaii and Singapore makes Japan nervous. If the Washington Treaty expires, the United States will be free to fortify Guam, and England can increase the defenses of Hongkong. "Military works in the mandated islands would still be illegal, but it may be doubted," comments the *London Times*, "whether the Geneva mandate would restrain Japan if others began fortifying."

Indeed, if Japan did not fortify in such an event, she would be in danger of losing the islands—and she has no intention of doing that. "Too much emphasis can hardly be placed on the necessity of Japan maintaining them at whatever sacrifice," writes Commander Tadashi Kojima. How little he is disturbed by the theory that the islands are a mandate under the thumb of the League of Nations is evident when he declares: "Japan must combat at whatever cost and, if necessary, by force, any foreign attempt to interfere unduly in the affairs of these islands."

It cannot be wondered that such an attitude vexes Geneva. Every year the League's Mandates Commission knits its brows in a fault-finding mood over Japan's annual mandate report. But it would appear to an observer on the ground that the commissioners in distant Geneva shoot their criticisms at the wrong targets. Instead of boldly facing the moot question as to whether or not the ultimate and permanent sovereignty over the islands rests with the League or with Japan, they criticize the expenditure of 1,500,000 yen on Saipan harbor.

They fear that this harbor is being prepared as a naval base. They have repeatedly asked that a full explanation of the matter be made in Japan's next report. But each report

(and that issued in the autumn of 1935 is no exception) offers only a generalized statement. Which strengthens the impression that Japan is willing that not only the natives but the foreign powers should consider the islands as being not totally unprepared against attack.

The simple fact is that Saipan harbor is the one important harbor that would be completely useless as a naval base. It is obvious to anyone who will sit swinging his legs over the edge of the new pier that the development is purely commercial. He can look across the lagoon, over the low reef, and across the sea for miles. Likewise a battleship miles away could look into and shoot into the lagoon. It is entirely exposed. A reef scarcely high enough to make the waves comb is its only protection. There is no bay guarded by headlands or high islands. The shore line is practically straight. Behind it there are no cliffs or crags that would serve as a shelter for guns. The land slopes upward gradually for a distance of two or three miles inland and every point on that slope would make an ideal target for an enemy ship. If Japanese strategists were designing a trap in which to commit naval hara-kiri they could devise nothing better than Saipan harbor.

Commercially it will be invaluable. Our ship, for lack of such a harbor, anchored two miles from shore. A heavy swell was running and the trip to shore in a small launch through half-submerged reefs was precarious. Unloading and loading were delayed because of the roughness of the sea. Sometimes a ship must lie here for ten days before it can safely receive its cargo of sugar.

Therefore a channel ninety meters wide and sixteen hundred meters long is being blasted through the reef, the lagoon

is being dredged to greater depth, and a pier has been constructed so that a ship of four thousand tons may lie alongside. Sugar may then be loaded direct from car to hold.

The total cost of this operation, 1,500,000 yen, seems modest in view of the fact that Saipan's annual export of sugar exceeds 10,000,000 yen.

But there are other harbors which have not attracted the attention of the Commission because little or no money is being spent upon them. Money is not being spent because they are already perfect, either as commercial ports or as sites for naval bases. There are deep ports admirably sheltered by mountainous peninsulas or islands at Palau, Truk, Ponape and Kusaie. The chief reason for the lack of man-made fortifications is not because the League forbids them, but because nature has raised defenses that man could not excel. Wilhelm's *Military Dictionary* includes in its definitions of the various types of fortification the "natural fortification" which "consists of those obstacles which nature affords to retard the progress of an enemy; such as woods, deep ravines, rocks, marshes, etc." In that sense, the islands are heavily fortified. Not only are some of them perfect natural bases for destroyers and submarines, but, in the words of Admiral Suetsugu, "These islands are naturally built aircraft carriers."

Truk was born to be a naval base. It is not fortified, and does not need to be, for its myriad of high rocky islands in a forty-mile-wide lagoon, protected by a reef pierced by only a few passages which could easily be mined, constitute a perfect weapon turned out of nature's own armament factory. Ponape, Kusaie, Jaluit, Enewetok, and many others are also strong towers and bastions in Asia's new Great Wall.

At an exposed angle of the Wall stands Palau. Its position is most strategic and dangerous. Doubtless that is the reason for its official nervousness. Just as nervous is Palau's closest neighbor, the Philippines, only five hundred miles away. Two to three hours by plane. Incidentally Palau has built an airport for the Tokyo-Palau mail line. It has started wild imaginings in the minds of some Filipinos.

Certainly they have no reason for fear at present, but there can be no doubt that this nearby outpost of Japan will take on importance if internal Philippine troubles in the future endanger Japanese economic interests or the lives of the many Japanese nationals in the Philippines. Palau is a warning finger.

Palau is the nearest important Japanese point to Singapore. The nearest to Australia. The nearest to the Dutch East Indies, which are, in fact, only six hundred miles away. Japan depends upon the United States and the Dutch East Indies for oil, without which she would be helpless in war. Therefore she must keep a path open between Japan and the Dutch Indies. As Commander H. Sato wrote in Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual for 1927: "One half of the oil import of Japan is drawn from the Dutch Indies; the freedom of that sea route will be absolutely necessary for her power of resistance." Palau dominates the last critical stretch of that route.

Palau harbor is as valuable a potential naval base as Saipan harbor is futile. Removed from the merchant ship harbor, which is so small that it will accommodate only two vessels comfortably, is a deep basin adequate for a fleet of at least fifty ships of good size. Its existence is not generally known but is, I presume, no secret. Officials, after their first fear of

us had subsided, took us over it by launch and through the broad, five-mile-long channel which connects it with the sea. Occasional Japanese warships anchor in the harbor. Merchant ships are barred. There is no sign of refueling bases or fortifications. Of course such would probably come into existence with surprising alacrity in case of need. The harbor is flanked by the hilly island of Arakabesan on which is located the new airport.

Palau is the westernmost and southernmost important island, but lesser islands continue the Great Wall to the equator, almost to the shores of New Guinea. At the equator the Japanese and Australian mandates meet. Australia itself is only a few days' sail beyond. In fact Micronesia has brought Japan two thousand miles closer to Australia. And, on the east, two thousand miles closer to the United States.

The Great Wall is thick. The Micronesian island world is as broad as the American continent between Charleston and Los Angeles.

The breadth, length and strength of Asia's new Great Wall somehow make the "open door" seem small and narrow in proportion. Japan's invitation to Western Powers to keep out of China is immeasurably strengthened by this barrier.

A Head-hunter Shows How

WE WERE WAITING for the head-hunters to come to church.

In this remote out-station on Babeldaob, far from the center of civilization which the Japanese have thrown up on Korrer, the natives still remember their barbaric practices and revert to them upon occasion.

"I don't know which sin is worse," said the missionary, "head-hunting or unpunctuality."

An hour late already. The missionary, in moving about the village that afternoon, had announced to all and sundry that service would be at seven. The clock struck eight. Still the missionary made no move to go from the hilltop house, where we waited, to the little clapboard church in the village below. Of whose unpunctuality was he speaking?

"Then why don't we go?" I asked.

"Oh, I am all ready to go. But I don't hear the bell."

"Bell! Do they have to call you to church?"

Somehow this appeared to go backward.

The missionary laughed. "It must be confusing," he said. "But it's a system we have here. It's a contest. We see which can outwait the other, the missionary or the congregation. I announce service for seven. But I don't go to the church at seven. What's the use? I would find it empty. So I have a man there who will signal me by ringing the bell when

the people begin to come. Of course, even then, I don't go. I wait until he rings the bell the second time, which is supposed to mean that all the people are assembled. But still I don't go for my man is in league with the elders and rings the second bell when there are still only a few gathered. After the third or fourth bell, I may think about going."

The first bell rang at eight-fifteen. The second at nine. The third at nine-thirty. We went down to the church. It was empty.

The congregation had won, palms down. What folly for a German even to think of trying to compete with a Kanaka in delay!

After uncounted bells the people began to drift in. Through the velvet darkness they came, each carrying a torch made of strips of the "fruit leaf" which lies close to the nuts on the coconut tree. The strips are bound together to form a long slender bundle, and fired at one end. It is not held erect, but horizontally, the arm hanging at the side. The swing of the arm as one walks helps to keep it going.

It is a rule that he who goes abroad at night must carry a torch. It serves as a sign of honest intentions. Without torches, people move too quietly on their bare feet and are too dark in color to be visible. You feel as if surrounded by ghosts. You can see nothing, yet hear faint rustlings and breathings.

Upon arriving at the church, each beat out the fire of his torch on the ground.

The benches filled. At ten the service got under way. There was a savage edge not only in the features of some of the parishioners but in the way they cut stridently into the songs. Once started they had no desire to quit. Ngiwal being

a village where evening entertainments are unknown, this was cinema, vaudeville, concert and wake all in one. Even the babies were present, and in full cry. The missionary's words got rapt attention despite competition. When he was hoarse, the service ended formally, but continued informally with bursts of wild song from various groups—Christian words set to native tunes, some of which had known a bloody or obscene past.

Then torches were reluctantly lit for home-going. The king invited us to come to his house the next day. The king was in a shirt but no trousers because the night was warm. He was a bloodthirsty-looking wretch but we were given to understand that he had long ago repented of his record of two hundred and eighty heads and was now a staunch pillar of the church.

"Ungil dutau! [Nightingale]" he said when we arrived the next morning. The Palau nightingale has the sense to sleep at night but sings cheerily in the morning, hence the morning greeting means, "May you be as happy as the nightingale."

On the shelf were a few heads. He apologized for not having more, but the Japanese are zealous collectors of these trophies. He took one down and demonstrated with professional authority how a head should be severed. Drawing his two-foot-long cutlass-like knife from its carved wooden scabbard, he caressed the imaginary neck with the keen blade.

"The blow should come from behind, not in front," he said, illustrating with knife and head. "If you strike in front, your man may protect his neck by lowering his chin; and even if you do reach his neck, the muscles may slow up

the blade so that it will not have force enough left to cut the backbone. So you strike from behind, sever the backbone first. The rest doesn't matter. You will have plenty of time to cut the muscles and skin after the man is dead. And notice that the blow should be slanting, not straight."

On the same principle, apparently, as the diagonal stroke of a razor.

"Some white people say we are cowardly because we always attack from behind," went on the king. "It is not so. It is just that we know the right way to do."

Palau head-hunting was never conducted for the purpose of displaying courage. The man sent out by his tribe to get a head of the enemy tribe was expected to go about it like a sneak-thief. Far from openly challenging anyone to battle, he would lie in wait among the bushes beside the trail and spring out behind a fisherman plodding under a load of nets, or a woman carrying home taro, or a child chasing a butterfly. Upon his return he received the same praise whether the head was that of man, woman or child.

"What difference did it make?" said the king. "A child eats as much as a man. There were too many people and too little food on these islands. We made war so that we might eat. If we could stop a young mouth from a lifetime of eating, it was even better than stopping an old one."

But the desperation of hunger paused short of cannibalism. There is no record that human flesh was ever eaten on Palau.

The king took us to the nearby All Men House. Before it was a circular stone platform called *ailiuth*. At its center was an *olgal*, a stone with a hollow in its upper surface forming a stone cup.

When a "warrior" returned from a successful foray, the

head he brought was placed in this cup. Then the tribesmen gathered on the *ailiuth* and danced about the head, clapping their hands. Toddy made the occasion merrier.

A delegation was organized and sent on a tour of neighboring friendly villages. At each the proud trophy, perhaps the tousled head of some youngster, was placed in the local *olgal* and became the center of festivities lasting two or three days. The village fed the delegation well, paid it some money for its service in reducing Palau's food problem, and sent it on its way to the next village.

"But I suppose you were especially proud when you got the head of a chief," I said.

"No, no!" The king was shocked. "That was forbidden. We would kill a chief, but not cut off his head. That would be a disgrace."

Like depriving a general of his sword. So apparently there was some honor even among cutthroats.

He took us through an overgrown path (asking us not to speak of it to the Japanese policeman who would fine them for not keeping it cleaned out) to the grave of the giant of Ngiwal. The story of the giant Ngireumelas is well known among the natives of the Palau Islands and probably has some basis in truth. It seems that about one hundred years ago enemy villages which resented the adeptness of Ngiwal experts in picking off heads united to punish this mischievous village. They killed all the males and decreed that there should never be any more. Thenceforth every man-child born was to be killed.

But one woman who bore a strong son tattooed him as a girl and dressed him as a girl. He grew to great size and single-handed subdued the enemies of Ngiwal. Now he sleeps

in a grave so long that when the five-foot king lay down upon it, touching his toes to the footstone, there was a gap of four feet between his head and the headstone.

Next to the giant, the tallest dead of Palau are the English. Many are buried here. Their tombstones are gray with age, for the English preceded the Japanese, the Germans and even the Spanish. Their blood runs in the veins of many a dusky islander and their speech lingers in his mouth.

I liked to talk with old William Gibbon. Eighty years old, he was a living history of Palau. He had been here during English, Spanish, German and Japanese times. And his father before him.

His father lay in a grave in the front yard of William's thatch home. William could usually be found sitting on the flat gravestone translating English into the Palau tongue so that the few natives who could read their own language might learn something of the outside world. Perhaps his work was a reflection of his own longing to know something of the outside world, the world from which his father had come. For William himself had never been beyond these islands.

"My father was an Englishman," he said proudly. Then, becoming more explicit, "He was the son of an Englishman and a colored lady. He was born in Saint Kitts, but he was brought up in England. He became a sailor on a man-of-war. Later he shipped on a whaler."

"How did he come to live on Palau?"

"Well, you see, my father didn't get along with the captain. So when this whaling ship came to Palau, the captain said to the king, 'You'd better keep this man on shore.' The ship went off without him. Every day for many years my

where relatives and friends may drink . . . in typical Japanese fashion glossing over their misery with merriment. When the burning is over, the tray is removed. It contains ashes and bones. For some reason the ashes alone are respected—the bones join a promiscuous heap on the hillside. The ashes are presented before a simple stone shrine and prayers are offered.

At a safe distance is an open-air grill upon which the bodies of "blood-sick" natives, victims of plague, are burned. The motive in this case being sanitation rather than veneration.

Now and then the local king would come to sit on the gravestone with William. He was a roly-poly old monarch not unlike the legendary King Cole. His royal robes were a bit scant. But he never appeared among his subjects without his shirt. Trousers he scorned as being unsuited to a tropical climate; and without a doubt he was right. He liked to sit on the gravestone because it was cool against his skin.

"This is good stone," he said, patting the great slab of calcite. "The Yap people even use it as money!" He laughed heartily over the absurd customs of the Yaps. "Have you seen real money?" he asked, suddenly serious.

I suppose it is every man's ambition to see, before he dies, some real money.

"No," I said, "I have never seen real money."

"I'll show you some."

He waddled away to his thatch palace, calling lustily meanwhile to the queen.

"The queen keeps the money," explained William. "It belongs to the whole village, this great money. Of course every family has some small money of its own."

He went into the house and brought out a box. It contained small objects carefully wrapped in absorbent cotton.

"This is a *kluk*," he said, disclosing a white and green stone about the size and shape of a large bead. It was pierced by a hole so that it could be worn on a string around the neck. "It is worth one hundred yen in Japanese money. The *kluk* is the unit of exchange of this currency, like the English pound or the American dollar. This small piece is a *klesuk*, or half a *kluk*. These glass pieces are still less valuable—they are worn by the little girls."

The king arrived with a strongbox. He brushed away William's slight possessions with a gesture and spread out on the gravestone a magnificent display of large, vari-colored stones.

Most of the pieces seemed to be a sort of porcelain, worn as if by sand and wave.

"What is this material?" I asked.

"We do not ask that," said the king. "It was given to us by the god of Palau." (And the king is a deacon in Herr Siemer's church!)

"That guess is as good as any," agreed William. "Professor Kramer from Germany and Professor Hasebe from Tohoku Imperial University have been unable to identify this material. It doesn't seem to have originated in this part of the world. Some think it may be meteoric."

The king picked up a beautiful green specimen. "This is worth seven *kluk*. Its name is Chalbuchop."

"Every piece in Palau has a given name," said William, "like a man."

"This yellow one is Nglalemesall. It is worth fourteen *kluk*. And this one is Nglalemiaur. It is five hundred years

old." He displayed a beautiful round red piece the size of a golf ball.

"This is the price of a canoe. This, the price of a house. This, the price of a village. And these," turning reverently to the greatest pieces, "are beyond price."

"We buy and sell with the small pieces," William said. "But the great pieces are not used for trading. They change hands only when captured in wars between villages. Even if we were faced with starvation we would not spend them. We would rather die. You are now looking at the finest money of this kind in the world. It is used only in Palau, and this village of Korrer is conqueror of all other villages and the richest in Palau."

Every piece has a hole so that it may be strung and worn on state occasions by the queen and other noble ladies—never by the men. But while it is displayed by the women it belongs to the men.

But there is another currency, exclusively for women. It consists of small trays of tortoise-shell. They become immediately worthless in the hands of a man, but a woman may use them in trade with other women, or dowry her daughter with them when she marries.

"Now, these pieces are worthless," the king said of two large yellow stones. To a novice, they looked as good as the rest. "We keep them only as curiosities, to show the difference between real money and false. An Englishman named Emery thought he would get rich, so he brought in a lot of pieces like Palau pieces. He said they were from Arabia. He tried to sell them for copra and bêche de mer. But the people wouldn't take them. They could see that they were nothing like the money from god."

He replaced the gems and carried the strongbox back to the custody of the queen.

"The women appear to be very important in Palau," I commented to William.

"A man without a wife is nothing in Palau," said William. "He is helpless. Taro is our chief food, and that is in the hands of women. It is against custom for a man to work in the taro patch—he would rather go hungry. A man who is not married is nobody. He is like a beggar. He must eat any scraps given to him by his relatives."

It was almost as if he were describing the unhappy lot of the widow in India instead of that supposedly free and favored individual, the bachelor.

"I am a poor man," said William, "because I have many sons and few daughters. Daughters mean riches in Palau. The women of Palau are stronger than the men—yes, in body as well as in mind. They have always worked, while the men have spent their time at the *abai* [clubhouse] with the slave women. It has become the custom in Palau for the women to support the men. A man with brothers and sons has nothing but expense. A man with many daughters and sisters and a wife or two is a rich man. So every man gets married as soon as he can—and then prays for daughters. He is disappointed if a boy comes. There have been cases of infanticide here, but it was boy-babies, not girl-babies, who were put out of the way."

The man's life is not entirely parasitic, for he must do the building and the fishing. And the latter is not without peril. One day an automobile came up the street, its running boards and fenders loaded with excited men talking animatedly with the passengers within. News was shouted ahead and people

flocked to see, bringing the car to a halt. Inside were four famished Palau men who had just been rescued after twenty days adrift in an open boat. Three of them were insane.

The motor of the fishing boat had failed and the trade wind had carried the craft to sea. There was no food or water in the boat. The two Christians prayed in their way and the two non-Christians addressed the spirits of their fathers. Whose prayers did it was a difference of opinion, but something brought a bunch of coconuts alongside, and on another day two sharks followed the boat. They were speared and the raw flesh served as food for three days. Three of the men drank sea water and became "sick in the head." A small sail improvised from gee-strings accomplished little. Ships sailed by. The speck of a boat, although it contained a whole world of torture, was too small to be seen. After twenty eternal days, a Nanyo Kohatsu steamer picked them up.

"The history of Palau has been one long fight with the sea," William said. "Not only the Palau men but the Englishmen know that to their grief. You know that too, don't you, Elizabeth?" He spoke to a woman who, except for her dark color, would have passed as a New England school teacher. She lives in William's house. "Elizabeth Lewis," said William, "is English too. Her father, Captain Lewis, was taken by the sea. Elizabeth has married twice—two Englishmen—the sea took them both. Her father left her fine houses and possessions. The sea rose in a typhoon and swept everything away. Now she has nothing. But," he added, as if this made up for having nothing, "she is clever. She can speak English, German, Japanese, Spanish, Chamorro, Yap, Lamotrek, Uleai,

Mokomok, Truk and Palau. You can't beat an English-woman!"

In one of the most distant islands of the Palau group we found neighbors chanting over the corpse of a little wizened-up old lady who, they said, "should have stayed alive to talk English to you." The old king, noseless because framboesia had left only a great hole where his nose had been, told us of her husband.

"He was an Englishman. He wrote books in German. He became a native chief, put away clothes, wore a lava-lava, carried a basket, and a chisel on his shoulder, chewed betel nut, spoke our language well."

"Was his name Kubary?" I asked, thinking I recognized the great erratic ethnologist in this description. Johann Stanislaus Kubary was a Pole, but because of his background and training he passed readily as an Englishman.

"That's it. Kubary. A great man. We liked him. We gave him good women for his wives—this one here, one in Korrör and two in Ponape. But one of the Ponape women went with another man. When Mr. Kubary found it out, he killed himself. Too bad—to lose such a fine man for a woman."

The missionary said, "In the most unexpected corners of these islands I find traces of the foreigners of long ago. Many old women have said to me, 'My husband was an Englishman.'"

On the day's trip back to the main island the line behind the boat snapped taut and we hauled in a four-foot-long barracuda. To land it and get a rope through the gills was a struggle. One of the crew was nearly knocked overboard by a sledge-hammer blow of the great tail.

After the fish had been subdued, Dr. Sekine of the Palau

hospital who was with us pried open the great jaws to reveal a remarkable set of great, razor-edge teeth.

"Those teeth cause us a lot of trouble at the hospital," he said. "Many natives are bitten by barracuda. We have had several victims die. Loss of blood. Anemia."

This fish possesses another formidable weapon in the shape of jaws that taper down to a sharp point. The fish hurls itself through the water like an animated spear, stabbing its enemy. Since the great barracuda often attains a length of eight feet and moves with the speed of a torpedo, its piercing force is terrific. The hulls of fishing boats are sometimes punctured. Not content with this feat, one barracuda, during our stay in Palau, thrust his beak not only through the hull but into the gasoline tank, spilling all the fuel and setting the boat adrift.

On our port bow rose the hilly little island of Aulong. To anyone who has revelled in the tales of the early explorers of the Pacific, this is one of the most romantic spots in the South Seas. And another reminder of the English. For it was here that Captain Wilson's East India Company ship, the *Antelope*, was wrecked in 1783.

Mishap of the Antelope

CIVILIZATION, chiefly in the form of rifles and smallpox, came to Palau in a storm on the night of August 9, 1783.

The *Antelope*, schooner of three hundred tons, ran aground on the coral reef. Captain Wilson ordered compass, food, water, arms and ammunition put into a small boat and took off at dawn for a small island three miles distant. It was found to be uninhabited. The ship's goods were gradually transferred from the wreck to the island, and the crew set about the building of a new schooner.

But they were not to remain undisturbed. On the 12th, eight natives appeared and a Malay who understood English. They brought a request from the king that the strangers should visit him upon Korrör island. Matthias, the captain's brother, courageously offered to be a hostage to fortune and went with the natives.

He was received cordially by the king, Abba Thulle. After being regaled on honey tea, coconut meat and taro cakes, he was given a sleeping mat and a block of wood intended to serve as a pillow. What with the hardness of the pillow and the wonder of the admiring throng which stood about him all night (for he was the first white man they had ever seen) he got little sleep. Moreover a fire was kindled just outside his room . . . he feared he was to be burned alive,

and prayed to God. He did not know that a fire is always made in honor of a guest. He returned to camp none the worse and had favorable reports to make concerning King Abba Thulle.

These auspicious beginnings were promptly spoiled when six natives under cover of night visited the wreck and stole a supply of medicines. But retribution followed them swiftly. Thinking the medicines were food, they drank them down, and all died. Native respect for the visitors grew. They were credited with mysterious power.

So the king thought it wise to visit Captain Wilson. He came naked but was distinguished by the iron axe he carried on his shoulder. The common people used axes made of shell.

Captain Wilson ordered his crew to fire a welcoming salute. The king and his followers, terrified by the explosion, began to run to their canoes, but finding themselves unharmed, returned full of curiosity about the thunder-sticks. The captain showed them how these strange tubes could be used to break a twig on a distant tree, or kill a bird, although no arrow was seen to pass from the tube to the bird.

A bright idea came to the king. Could not this tube be used to kill men also? The captain complimented him upon the idea, adding that it was not entirely original—others had thought of the same thing.

The king returned the next morning and asked if he could borrow five guns for five days. He was expecting some enemies and wished to surprise them. Wilson lent him the guns and ammunition.

The king's enemies came upon him, one thousand strong in one hundred and fifty canoes. The wild shots of the king's inexperienced marksmen did little damage to the enemy but

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did happen to pick off one of the king's own men. This so astounded the enemy that they fled. The king's men buried the accidental victim and celebrated a great victory.

Next, the war was carried into the enemy's territory. Some of the Englishmen were persuaded to go along to operate the rifles and the results this time were more positive.

Wars continued, with English help, until the tribes in all directions were under the sway of King Abba Thulle. It does not seem to have disturbed the king that Captain Wilson raised the British flag and fired three times, thus claiming ultimate sovereignty for Great Britain. The king was more powerful than he had ever been before. And on all surrounding islands were the evidences of his prowess—taro fields burned, coconut trees cut down. Civilization was wonderful. The king resolved that his own son should go to England to reap more of the benefits of enlightenment.

The ship was finished. Its hull was painted with red and yellow clay presented by the king. The king asked Wilson to take his second son, Leeboo, to England with him, and Wilson consented.

While the savage prince dreamed of life in England, one of the Englishmen, Blanchard, dreamed with equal ardor of the joys of life on a savage isle. The captain finally consented to leave him behind. Before sailing away, November 12, 1783, Captain Wilson presented the king with five rifles, five shotguns and a barrel of powder. Blanchard, who was an expert rifleman, would teach the king's men the use of these armaments.

The king was overjoyed. He made Blanchard a chief and gave him two women and a forest. Blanchard removed his clothing, tattooed his body and made every effort to revert

to type. Leeboo put on clothes, whitened his skin and learned English.

After four months in England, Prince Leeboo caught smallpox and died. After seven years in Palau, Rifleman Blanchard was killed in battle—by a spear.

In 1790 two English ships, the *Panther* and the *Endeavour*, were sent from Bombay to Palau. Two of the men who had been with the *Antelope* were on board and were recognized by the natives. The king was saddened to hear of the death of his son, but was pleased with the gifts showered upon him—four cows, two oxen, two Bengal sheep, eight goats, five Bombay pigs, three ducks, two geese, one Sumatran wild duck, two hens, one rooster, eight pigeons, two parrots, ammunition, silverware, grindstones, spoons and saws. In return for these gifts, the king thought it not too much to permit the British formally and officially to raise their flag, declare Palau British territory, and build a fortification of stones on Arakabesan. It was called Fort Abercrombie after the governor of Bombay.

Again, one man was enamored of simple savage life. It was Captain McClure of the *Panther*. He turned over the *Panther* to the next in command and stayed on Palau. It is thought that he had ambitions to become the king of Palau. He kept with him twenty rifles, twelve revolvers, twelve axes and a large amount of explosives. His dream of paradise was short-lived for he came away from the island ill and died an obscure death.

And so, out of this adventure with the English, Palau had gained rifles, livestock and an assortment of the best civilized diseases. The rifles rusted, the livestock died, but the diseases lived on. The English had gained an empty sovereignty, for

there was no way to make use of it. The fort fell to ruins. The British Admiralty forgot Palau. Spain later nonchalantly picked it up and found no trace of the English except a few buff-skinned descendants of Blanchard and McClure and considerable smallpox, tuberculosis and syphilis.

"No good," was the comment of the present king of Korrer, a direct descendant of Abba Thulle. "We like to have foreigners come. It is exciting. They show us new things. But sometimes I think it would be better if no foreigners had come—no English, Spanish, Germans, Japanese, anybody. This is an island. People on an island are supposed to live their own life. It must be so or the gods would not have made it an island. Don't you think so?"

I couldn't answer. It seemed so, indeed. And yet, in a world so crowded and so swiftly traversed, are there any islands any more? Perhaps we are condemned to world brotherhood whether it is good for us or not.

Chill Equator

SOUTHEAST WE WENT on the wings of the trade. Which sounds better than it is. Going with the wind, the cabins are stuffy and torpid. But one must be lyric in the tropics, while collars wilt.

First stop: Angaur. This is the phosphate treasure-house. The birds cached a fortune here one million years ago for the special benefit of Japan.

The treasure-hunters are digging it out at the rate of seventy thousand tons a year. There is enough left for another thirty years. It will go to Japan and be used as fertilizer to perform Japan's favorite feat of magic—making one acre do the work of twenty.

We landed and walked back along narrow tracks to the interior of the island. There, for square miles, the surface of the island has been taken off—to a depth of forty feet—girdled by a white cliff of phosphate which the picks and shovels are gradually driving back.

Where the phosphate has been entirely removed, the coral reef upon which it was laid is exposed—pockmarked by great holes where the diggers for phosphate have painstakingly picked the reef's teeth.

Swarms of monkeys in the surrounding jungle protest against the daily encroachment upon their domain. Every time a ton of phosphate comes out a tree must fall. Ulti-

mately Angaur will be nothing but a bare, jagged reef.

The workmen come from many different islands and are in all stages of barbarism and undress. Here is a Kanaka of Uleai clad in a feather. It rises erect a foot high out of his bushy hair. His body is statuesque. Others are clad in fantastic bits of costume, civilized and barbaric mixed, the effect being more barbaric than when nothing civilized is worn.

The Kanakas come on a contract for about six months. Alone—no wives or children allowed—the island is too small. Formerly, it is said, labor was forced to come. The fact that it is no longer forced may be due not so much to the advancement of humanitarian ideals as to the fall in the price of copra, making natives glad of the chance to earn.

They get little but they need little. We are used to thinking of Japanese standards of living as low. They are lofty compared with Kanaka standards. At least, so it would appear from the steep sliding scale of wages on Angaur. The average daily wage of the Kanaka is 77 sen; of the Chamorro, 1.41 yen; of the Chinese, 2.13 yen; of the Japanese, 3.19 yen. Of course, even the Kanaka might admit that native ability is far inferior to Japanese; but whether Chinese skill is to Japanese skill as 2.13 is to 3.19 may be open to question.

The laborers are decently treated. They have good medical care. They live on shelves in a long wooden shed like a loggers' bunkhouse but not so comfortable—yet much more airy, light and sanitary than the average Kanaka home. Their food is evidently sufficient since they go home heavier and in better health than when they came. They may enjoy pool, ping pong and many table games in a dingy clubhouse. And their working day is merely eight hours, which not a few

of Japan's industrial and office workers would regard as a half day. On the whole, Angaur labor conditions would serve as an object lesson elsewhere.

And so, on toward the equator. Perversely, the weather gets cooler. When we come within three degrees of the line we must put on woolen suits, for the first time since leaving the Bonin Islands.

We are temporarily leaving the Japanese mandate. For the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamers which serve the mandate are ordered by the government to sidetrip a few hundred miles to Celebes of the Dutch East Indies and to Mindanao of the Philippines—thence back into the mandate.

Why this digression? Because Japan is profoundly interested in both the Dutch islands and the Philippines. The ships lose money on every trip to these ports, but the government says they must go and covers their loss with a subsidy. The road must be kept open so that trade and immigrants may flow into these rich islands. The government sends not only the Nippon Yusen Kaisha to Celebes but also the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the Nanyo Yusen Kaisha, the Ishihara line, the Sanyo Kabushiki Kaisha, and tramp steamers.

Japan's trade with the Dutch East Indies is greater than that of Mother Holland herself. It has doubled since 1931.

Japanese immigrants are not moving as briskly as Japanese cotton print dresses. It is not the fault of the Japanese government. Immigrants are encouraged by ridiculously low steamer fares. The rate per day from Japan to the mandated islands is dirt cheap, but the rate from the mandate to Celebes and Mindanao is half that! In other words, Japan is anxious to have her people go to the mandate, but twice as anxious to have them settle in Dutch and Philippine territory. Why?

Because the economic possibilities of these vast, luxuriant islands far surpass the best that can be expected of the small islands of Micronesia.

"A paradise," said Captain Amano of our ship, *Yamashiro Maru*. "The Japanese don't know much about Celebes. They think it's a small island. And they suppose it's too hot—because it's on the equator." He hunched his shoulders against the chill wind that cut across the deck. "As a matter of fact, the climate is cooler than in Palau or Yap. And anything will grow. Just right for sugar and cotton. The Japanese go to Brazil, because they know about it. But if I had my choice between South America and Celebes, I'd go to Celebes."

Into the beautiful, mountain-girdled harbor of Menado. Then ashore, warmly dressed in woolen suits and heavy raincoats, and by car through country that was one continuous flower garden, many miles inland and upland to the iced equator itself.

"So many different elevations," commented Captain Amano who rode with us, "that anything can be cultivated. By the sea, the finest coconuts in the Pacific and all manner of tropical fruits. Higher, potatoes. Above that, tea. And on the cool uplands, rice."

We returned to town and looked into the stores. Voile and lace—they formerly came from Switzerland. Now from Japan. And here is the famous Java chintz. It is supposedly from Java. But it came from Osaka. Of course you can buy it in Java, but it will still be from Osaka!

Souvenirs of Menado (made in Japan!). Japan makes the world's souvenirs. In Colombo you may acquire a wooden elephant as a souvenir of Ceylon. It was made in Osaka—but,

by agreement with the manufacturers, it is sold only in Colombo.

"Once when I was in New York," says Captain Amano, "I went to the top of the Woolworth tower. I saw a souvenir, a metal tray, with a picture of the Woolworth Building embossed upon it. I bought twenty of them, brought them back to Japan, and distributed them among my relations. One of them turned up his tray and found on the bottom, in very small letters, 'Made in Japan.'"

And I know certain Japanese who look forward to a world conquest not merely commercial but cultural, and have faith that some day foreign folk will turn up their newly acquired ideas to find neatly printed on the bottom, "Made in Japan."

It is only a two-day sail over pellucid seas from Celebes to Mindanao, jewel of the Philippines. We passed through the deep, mountain-flanked Gulf of Davao to Davao—a busy town full of palms and portrait studios against a magnificent back-drop composed of the volcanic Mount Apo, 9,600 feet high, loftiest crest in the Philippines, covered with stage snow. But this white material, although it suggests wintry cold, is really a reminiscence of infernal heat. For it is sulphur, cast out by the boiling volcano.

It does not take the visitor long to discover the other active volcano of the Philippines . . . Japan. Those who live on the flanks of a volcano are usually nervous, and there is an almost laughable apprehension in Davao. The wildest tales are current. That the Japanese are fortifying Mount Apo! That they are smuggling in arms and ammunition. That there is a tunnel five kilometers long under the hemp plantations leading to a secret arsenal where ammunition is

being manufactured. That planes are being massed in Palau for an air attack upon the Philippines.

"Have you heard any news about the war?" a young Filipino, a university graduate, asked me.

"What war?"

"The war between Japan and America."

It is as close as that!

The Americans, he said, had made an airfield a kilometer from his house and every day twenty American bombing planes were using it. They were getting ready for a counter-attack upon the nearby Japanese stronghold, Palau.

All of it sheer nonsense. Smoke . . . but where there is smoke there is fire.

The fire is that Japan, calmly and on the whole legitimately, is carrying on an intensive campaign of economic penetration into the Philippines. There are 15,000 Japanese in Davao. The Japanese dominate Mindanao, potentially the richest island of the Philippines. They control its two leading industries, hemp and lumber. They produce nearly all the lumber, and eighty-five per cent of the hemp. It is the finest hemp in the world, and never would have been produced by the leisurely Filipinos. The Japanese cannot buy land but are acquiring its use with the aid of Filipinos, who take the land in their name and then let the Japanese do the work on it. The Japanese have social, civic and even political importance. The house of the governor of Davao Province could be put into the front room of the house of the Japanese consul . . . and some claim that the governor himself is in the consul's pocket, but as to that I cannot say.

"What do you think of independence?" I asked a Filipino editor.

"All right," he said. "We Filipinos are perfectly civilized now—thanks to America. We can govern ourselves. Yet I think many of us at the end of the ten-year transition period will be sorry to part with America. And we know that Japan wants the Philippines. It is a hard problem for us."

Now, go back over that statement . . . note the utter confusion of thought in it. Independence? Yes, certainly, but no. The intelligent Filipino mind goes steadily around in circles on this question of independence. But at the center of the mental whirlpool stands one fact, fixed and unmistakable—fear of Japan.

Perhaps there is no reason for this fear. Perhaps Japanese penetration will be to the advantage of the Philippines as it has already been to the advantage of Mindanao. But, whether good or bad, it is clearly coming. Not in the form of armed conquest—at least not for many, many years—but in the form of step-by-step economic advance. Opportunities abandoned by Americans and too onerous for Filipinos will be taken up by Japanese.

So after visiting Davao, it no longer seems strange that the Japanese government-subsidized steamer to the Japanese islands should include Mindanao in its itinerary.

After a month among Mindanao's Bagobo tribes (which is another story) we shipped back to Palau. And thence, through dangerous shoals which have been the Nemesis of many ships, to Truk.

Truk is the Pleiades of the sea. It is not an island, but a constellation of two hundred and forty-five bits of heaven surrounded by rainbow waters. A great loop of reef, thirty to forty miles in diameter, encompasses most of these islands. Along the reef itself some islands have formed, like the beads

of a necklace. They are of the coral type, low, no one of them as high as the deck from which you view them. Inside the reef the islands are volcanic, and clothed from their rocky heads to their sand-beach feet with coconut palm, breadfruit, banana, hibiscus, bougainvillea and splendid mango trees.

Sails flit over the vast lagoon. A sailboat owned by friends who have been warned in advance of our coming takes us from steamer toward shore through tumbling jade jewels. The craft rides airily on one beam. Our satisfaction with this mode of travel cannot be dulled even by the sight of the two long gray sharks that accompany us, doubtless fervently hoping that the gusts will deliver us into their jaws.

We walk across the main island, a place of frantic building, incoming Japanese, schools, hospital, government office . . . then take the boat again to reach the islands that have not yet been inundated by the Nipponese tide.

We pass an island that is being converted into an airport by the drastic method of cutting down a hill half a mile long and three hundred feet high and dumping it along the shores. The result will be a larger island, and level. A herculean task, but, as usual, being performed with an eye to the far future.

Ahead of us, a labyrinth. As yet the Japanese have done little more than to name these islands. Of course they were already named in quaint South Sea style, but the names did not fit snugly into the Japanese syllabary. So the empire-builders undertook the task, and, judging by the results, they could have done with a little help from the pullman-christeners. At least the latter have imagination. The islands have not been named One, Two, Three, but only narrowly

escaped that fate. The four principal ones are named after the four seasons, Spring Island, Summer Island, etc. (in a clime where there are no seasons!). Seven others have the days of the week pinned to them, although just what similarity there is between this island and Monday, or between that one and Thursday, it is impossible for a mere novice in these arts to tell. Then come the flowers. There is Cherry Island (although the island has never seen a cherry, except in a can), Chrysanthemum Island, Iris Island and so on. Flowers, not of the South Seas but of Japan. Prophetic of the time when there will be mighty little of the South Seas left about these islands except their location.

I said there were no seasons. That needs a word of qualification. Such terms as spring, summer, autumn, winter are meaningless absurdities where there is only summer. Nor is time marked off into periods of life and death. Every season is a growing season. The only outstanding change is in the direction of the wind. For six months the steady trade comes from the east and northeast, and then, for six months, from the west and southwest. So the natives, logically enough, think of two alternating years, each six moons long, the East Wind Year and the West Wind Year.

We land on Monday Island (Getsuyo-to) and walk across it. It is a bower of loveliness. Smiling natives step out of the path into the long grass, bow profoundly, and announce their own age by their greeting.

"*Buenos dias!*" says the oldster who learned his foreign talk when the Spaniards were here.

"*Guten morgen!*" says the middle-aged.

"*Ohaiyo!*" says the youngster with Japanese schoolbooks under his arm.

They are a gentle folk with sometimes beautiful faces and always broad smiles. Smiles revealing white teeth—shockingly white, they seem, after one has become accustomed to the jetblack canines of Yap and Palau. There is no betel-chewing on Truk.

Music drifts down the glade from a forest-hidden hilltop where there is a German mission school for girls. The tunes are German hymn tunes, but reduced to soothing tropical cadences by the use of mandolins and guitars, softly fingered. The natives have an excellent ear for music. They melt the strident strains that come from lands where trains roar, into melodies appropriate to a land where the loudest sounds are the rustle of palms in the trade and the purl of the lagoon upon the beach.

We have a sunset repast of native foods, then take to the boat again. Some natives on the beach sing us a parting song as we draw away from Monday Island. It will still be two days before we can sleep . . . we must pass Tuesday and land upon Wednesday.

We really do not care how long it takes. It is an impossibly beautiful night. The moon is full, and a full moon in the South Seas is the richest gift of the sky to man. You could read small type with ease, but who wants to read small type on a night like this? The deck is bathed in milk. The jib and mainsail float above like smoke. Orion blazes overhead, trailing brilliant Sirius. They show off to as great advantage as gems laid out on a pad of blue velvet on a jeweler's showcase. At one end of the sky is the North Star and at the other end will soon rise the Southern Cross. The horizon is cushioned with white puff-balls of clouds, their crests snowy in the moonlight. The bow-waves sparkle like

fountains. The coral colors of the lagoon-floor melt liquidly one into another. We flow along with amazing speed, for the wind, though gentle, is abaft the beam. Our half-clothed native friends, perched, singing, on the weather rail, look like statues of marble and bronze combined.

Past black Tuesday. And, too soon, to mountainous Wednesday. We land on a grass-grown pier. Then, through the forest, along silver trails against which the gaunt fingers of breadfruit leaves are sharply silhouetted. Past sleeping thatches. To a house smothered in bougainvillea on the edge of the lagoon. There to wash, eat, sleep.

This is thirty miles away from the ship harbor but still within the lagoon. The Japanese hand is lightly felt here. But the people are not untouched by the outside world. Our hosts back up their wash-bowl with a wall-cloth on which a German missionary lady has embroidered in blood-red silk the words, "*Gewaschen im Blute des Lammes!*" One instinctively looks critically into the wash-bowl . . . but the water is clear and fresh and does not deserve the gory imputation.

Before the Germans, the Americans were here. The Truk language is sprinkled with English words. They are particularly interesting because they give us an index to objects not native to the islands but brought in by American missionaries and traders. The words include money, clock, bicycle, towel, white-shirt, jacket, stockings, shoes; pig, cow, calf, cat; lamp, stove, table, soap, flour; school, lesson, book, ink, pen; cigaret, devil, Satan and hell.

Some of the words are modified, of course. Matches has become masis. Bible, Paipel. Sunday school, Sonte skul. Trousers, rouses. Button, butch.

The word pillow has been taken over along with the soft object it designates. But the word bed has not been accepted, because the bed itself is not yet used.

Life remains simple. Food, shelter and a shirt—that is life. One shirt lasts a year. Shelter comes from the pandanus. Food is all about, and is always served cold. That may be because that congenitally lazy human being, man, does the cooking.

For a unique reversal of social custom may be seen here on Truk. The men have changed places with the women. They have not yet taken to bearing the children, but they care for them and look after the house while the women go fishing. The men cultivate the fields (women's work in the islands behind us). On Friday the men gather a week's supply of food. On Saturday they cook it all in great pots, slaving over the fires while the women make the day a holiday, strolling and playing. Ordinarily no food is cooked on any other day. That prepared on Saturday is eaten cold throughout the week. The men give various reasons for this. It is too much work to make daily fires. The climate is so warm that hot food is unpalatable. No forks are used, and hot food would burn the fingers. Even on Saturday, cooking day, food is allowed to cool before it is eaten.

But it does not take many meals of cold fish and cold potato to make one glad to sail to the main island and have a hot *sukiyaki* dinner with Governor Yamaguchi.

He stages a native dance for us and takes us to the school to see the handiwork of Truk children. I admire a childish drawing in colored crayons, and it is now on the wall beside me. It represents a palm-fringed shore and lagoon and some men approaching in a boat upon which two immense Jap-

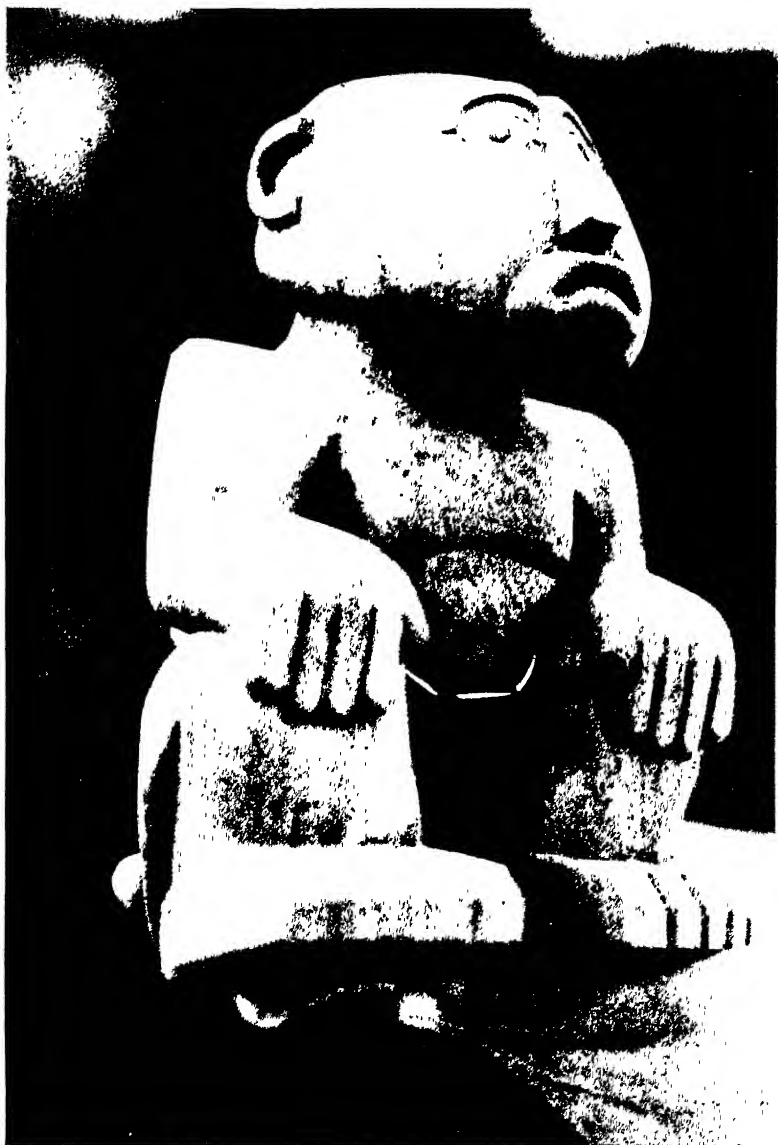


Figure made by the natives of Togobei and supposed to be a caricature of the native type of that island.



"What did you find?" Prince Saionji was asked when he emerged from the vault. "Ghosts," he replied.

anese flags are flying. Native children on the shore are ecstatically waving their arms in welcome. "The pleasure of the natives when the Japanese came to Truk," explained the teacher. Evidently the portrayal of this pleasure was a class assignment since the teacher allowed us to look through a stack of some forty such drawings. They were all on the same theme and differed only in such matters as the degree of ecstasy and the size of the flags.

But, after all, that's nothing new and I seem to remember that American teachers in the Philippines used similar methods to rouse a synthetic enthusiasm over the advent of the American big brothers.

Island Madness

IT COULD HAPPEN only on an island.

An island makes an insular mind. One feels that he can snap his fingers at the rest of the world because it seems so far away . . . much farther than if the intervening stretch were earth instead of water. One is in a world apart. It is a small world, small enough for one man to dominate. No wonder that there is a tendency to get the king complex. So Mr. Nada fell victim to the ambition to be monarch of all he surveyed.

In walking about the Japanese community on the main island we frequently saw the purser of the *Yamashiro Maru*, always worried, always besieged by questioners.

"Did you bring the money?" the manager of the Nanyo Boeki (South Sea Trading Company) asked him.

"No—what money?"

But the manager would not elucidate.

The chief of police came up to ask the same question. Other prominent officials followed. They were all very anxious and much disturbed, but seemed ashamed to explain why.

At last the truth crept out. A petty official in the Plantation Department had been telling friends that he had come into a fortune. He had been notified, he said, that a small coal mine he owned in Japan had turned out to be also a gold

mine. A shipment of money had already come to him on the *Omi Maru*. He took a doubting Thomas into his house and showed him a large wooden chest which appeared to be full of packages of bills.

The story spread. Everybody fawned upon the suddenly wealthy Nada-san.

There were innumerable requests.

"Start me in business."

"All right, I will—as soon as my next shipment of money comes from Japan."

"Would you like to invest in a new *katsubushi* factory?"

"Of course—how much do you need?"

"I'll do anything for you, only give me ten thousand yen."

"Certainly—why not?"

He agreed to everything. The people feared that, having become rich, he would go back to Tokyo. He quieted their fears. He would remain on Truk and devote his wealth to the development of the islands.

There were feasts in his honor. There were speeches on the future of Truk. He announced that he would buy a steamer to transport goods to and from Japan. The Nanyo Boeki manager was greatly pleased over this prospect. Others said it would spoil their business. Intense emotions, of delight, of anger, were stirred up.

His child was in the hospital for some slight ailment. Day and night there was a procession of officers and their wives to lavish attention upon the baby, hoping for future favors from the rich man. How many friends he had all of a sudden!

He told them that he had instructed his representatives in

Japan to forward an initial sum of one million yen. It would be brought by the purser of the *Yamashiro Maru*.

So all the dreamers waited breathlessly for their ship to come in. When it arrived, the purser was assailed with inquiries. When he professed ignorance of the whole affair some of the bright ones began to suspect that they had been hoaxed.

The police entered the little home of the official and took him and his famous chest of bills to headquarters. They sat down to examine the contents of the chest. They found that every package had only one ten-yen bill on top, another on the bottom, and all the thick wealth between them was merely old newspapers cut to size. The amount of work represented was great. Many a midnight must have been necessary to accomplish it. If the maker had spent half as much energy on his daily duties, there might have been here the makings of a story for Horatio Alger rather than for O. Henry.

The monarch of Truk was examined. He admitted everything. He had just wanted to make everybody feel good and to feel good himself. He hadn't meant any harm, just wanted to liven things up. It wasn't really his fault. The island had done it.

Injured official pride couldn't let him off so easily. How about those feasts that had been tendered to him? How about the inconvenience to half the population of Truk that had trudged to the hospital to see his baby? How about those who had begun to build stores and factories, expecting to be financed by him?

He was permitted to go home, but it was plain that there would be more questioning and, perhaps, punishment.

We sailed on the *Yamashiro Maru*. When we were three hours out, word was brought from below decks that there was a stowaway on board. Nada-san. He had slipped into third class, without a ticket.

The dishonored Japanese is prone to think of suicide as the honorable way out. A cabin boy was placed on guard beside the fugitive's mat lest he might decide to go overboard during the night.

A radiogram was sent to the governor of Truk. He replied the next morning instructing that the man be held at Ponape and sent back to Truk on the next ship.

I heard no more. Doubtless he was taken back, examined, reexamined and punished. It may be that a person of his peculiar mentality would enjoy the spotlight of disapproval almost as much as the spotlight of public acclaim. So long as it was a spotlight. Any way to escape that shut-in-by-the-sea monotony . . . the cage of the coast.

As for the purser, being official, he was mum on the whole subject and was not aware that we knew of it.

"What was all the excitement at Truk?" I asked.

"Oh . . . just . . . crazy place," he vouchsafed. "Some people annoyed because their shipments didn't come." He smiled and shook his head wearily. "These islands very funny."

Prehistoric Venice

IT IS a stormy morning a few thousand years ago. Magnificent canoes, shaped somewhat like gigantic, sea-going gondolas, bravely decorated, move in procession through the water-streets of Nanmatal. Some are double canoes with a platform between. On these decks maidens dance. Time is kept by the lion-roar of great drums, five feet high, shaped like monstrous dice boxes, and covered with the skin of the sting ray. In one canoe is King Chau-te-leur and his priests. He has proclaimed this festival in honor of the completion of his city. Flowers rain down from the hands of women who line the crests of the battlements high among the tops of the palm trees.

The procession halts at Nan Tauach, The Place of Lofty Walls. It is a fortress designed as a safe resting place for the royal dead. The small islet is girdled by a great rampart. Within it is another, almost as strong. Within it, at the center, is a deep vault covered by gigantic slabs of rock. The king and his priests, to the thunder of the drums, carry certain chests up the long flight of steps from the water's edge, through the towering gates, and down into the vault. The bones of past Chau-te-leur kings, brought here from far over the seas, are laid to rest.

"I want to dig in the ruins of Nanmatal," said a young Japanese to us on shipboard. And it came about that we were

invited to accompany him on his expedition. He was Prince Saionji, explorer and gentleman, graduate of Oxford, grandson of the last remaining member of the Genro, or elder statesmen of Japan.

The island of Ponape is mountainous and wildly picturesque. It plays its rôle well as an island of mystery. Its appearance is more ominous because of the inky clouds that habitually roll across its ranges. Lightning crackles and thunder roars around the mighty rock of Chokach, 937 feet high, which guards the harbor. Rain descends in torrents—daily, and often day-long—for Ponape has the dubious distinction of being one of the best watered islands in the entire Pacific. Anything will grow here, including mold and madness. Our ship squirms in through a narrow break in the reef and comes to anchor in a great harbor still a half hour's distance from shore. A launch comes out bearing officials, all in high rubber boots—evidently standard equipment in Ponape.

The advance arrangement had been that the launch should take us direct from the steamer to Nanmatal, three hours distant, on the other side of the island.

Dripping officials bow before the Prince.

"Would you prefer to wait for better weather?" they ask.

"When do you expect better weather?"

"Sa!" apologetically. "We don't expect it."

"Then we'll go now."

After three hours in the tossing launch we change to open canoes and enter the seldom-visited city of the dead. Shallow draft is necessary because huge blocks have fallen from some of the structures into the water-streets. Nanmatal was an island Venice. Canals were, and still are, the thoroughfares.

Abruptly from the water's edge rise beetling castle walls

made up of vast natural prisms of basalt larger than the stones used in the Pyramids. The mighty building blocks which compose these barbaric structures make the English castles or those of the Rhine seem delicate and ladylike in comparison. The ferocious appearance is heightened by the fact that there has been no effort to join the stones. I have tried unsuccessfully to insert a knife-blade between the perfectly matched stones of Inca structures in Peru. Here one might insert a hand or a head with ease. The difference is that the Inca stones were tooled to fit. But no tool has touched these stones. The material would have defied Inca implements. And the old-time axe of the South Seas made of *Tridacna* shell was too brittle to chisel this igneous rock.

Then how was the material hewn into these great blocks? It was not hewn. It was used just as nature made it. In many parts of Ponape may still be found basalt fashioned by the fires of long ago into the form of massive columnar prisms, generally six-sided, sometimes five-sided, sometimes eight-sided, often twenty-five feet or more in length and from three feet to twelve feet in diameter.

Thus the building blocks were ready made and only needed to be transported. But what a mighty task to transport them! Most of them were brought fifteen miles or more from the neighborhood of the great cliff of Chokach. Craft very different from the present canoes must have been necessary. To raise the stones to their positions must have been a herculean task even with the aid of an inclined plane and unlimited manpower.

And this was no isolated fort, nor even a walled village. It was a city, made up of about fifty fortified islets extend-

ing over eleven square miles. Most of it is now hidden by the advancing jungle.

How the past speaks here! So evident is the hand of man that one expects to see men appear around any corner. The natives have an unholy dread of coming near the place. Even our Japanese companions were awed and silent.

We landed at Nan Tauach and entered a court through a gateway flanked by two cliffs built of monster stones that looked as if they had come from the Giant's Causeway.

The Prince saw a hole and, against the protests of his associates who were under the eerie spell of the place, dropped down into it.

"What did you find?" we asked when he returned to the surface.

"Ghosts!" he replied.

We came to the central vault, the tomb of the Chau-teur kings. It is still covered by cyclopean slabs weighing many tons. Thousands of years hence they will doubtless still be there. No souvenir hunters will care to remove them. Descending a moldy stone stairway beneath one of the stones we entered a half-dark crypt, frightening the bats. Large bones, skulls and jewels have been taken by former excavators, notably Kubary and Christian. But our efforts were rewarded by the discovery of fragments of shell axes, necklaces, bracelets, shell needles and fragments of bone. The objects found and measurements and observations taken by the Saionji group, together with past studies by Kubary, Christian and others, make certain facts increasingly evident.

It seems clear that this city was built up out of the lagoon as a Venice, and is not a land city that has sunk. Was it built by the race now here? No. It is hard to believe that people

content with palm thatch for all buildings, private or public, could even have conceived, much less have erected, these structures. Stone barricades and walls are not unknown among the Polynesians but usually they are made of the sort of stones a farmer takes from his field and piles in a fence. It would be easier to build a whole fort thus than to move just one of these blocks from its place in the mountains to its place in the castle. There is no record of the brown people ever having made use of the mammoth basaltic prisms in any of their buildings.

The city appears to have been constructed by a black race. This conclusion was reached by Kubary on the basis of measurements of calvaria, or skull-tops, found beneath the ruins. The measurements were found to be entirely different from those of the modern inhabitants of Ponape and showed negroid characteristics. It is evident that these were people of a superior civilization. The structures are reminiscent of another black marvel, the palace of St. Christophe in Haiti.

There is no history of the ruins. They are remotely prehistoric so far as the people of Ponape are concerned—people whose collective memory runs back only a little way since, being illiterate, they have no written records. But while there is nothing that can be called history there are legends that have been passed down from generation to generation and may contain some truth.

According to these traditions the usual fate of success befell the city. The walls were strong, fighting was unnecessary, the people lived luxuriously and became soft.

A savage invader, Idzikolkol, came one day to the island but was so awed by the formidable ramparts that he made



The peaceable Kanakas rarely need the strong arm of the law; therefore the chief task of the policeman, who is usually a graduate of an agricultural college, is to teach better farming methods.



Coconut plantation and a cool mountain stream in Ponape.

A native of Ponape offers the cup of welcome (a coconut full of sweet, cool coconut water) to a Japanese teacher.



haste to be on his way. As his warriors were launching their canoes, a native woman came to speak with him. She had been cast out of the king's household and jealousy prompted her to reveal the military weakness of the city and to instruct Idzikolkol as to how he and his men might enter the palace and take the king unawares.

The brown warriors overran the city, slaughtering the inhabitants. Some of the women they took as wives. That is said to be the reason for a noticeable black strain in Ponape blood today. The old civilization was stamped out. The island metropolis was abandoned. The brown race established itself in the jungles of Ponape, there to remain practically unchanged to this day.

Soaked to the skin and smeared with the mold of ages we took to the canoes once more. A special vessel had been brought from the nearest Nanyo Kohatsu station for the prince. Upon the platform, poised atop the gunwales of a native canoe, had been perched a wicker armchair. The prince, who would have much preferred to sit in the bottom of the canoe, was forced to accept this lofty and unsteady throne. An official stood on the platform behind the chair, his feet braced in order to preserve his balance, and held an umbrella over the noble guest. Did the Chau-te-leur kings when they traveled through these water-streets go in any greater state?

At the Kohatsu station wet clothes were peeled off, there were dry kimonos to slip into, a bonfire of coconut shells, hot *saké* and a lunch of huge balls of rice wrapped in seaweed and concealing in the core an inconceivably sour plum.

It is all very Japanese. Here at Metalanim, not far from the ancient battlements of Nanmatal, is a modern tapioca

plantation and factory. A Japanese town is going up. Five hundred Japanese immigrants are at work. In time, thousands more will come. It will be so throughout Ponape. It is the largest of all the mandated islands and the most fertile.

The black race scorned the island and built themselves a stone city in the lagoon. The brown race lived on the soil but they were not of the soil. The yellow race dig and plant and grow with their crops. They appear to be taking root in the South Sea islands as no other race has ever done in the past.

Out of the Soil

A REVOLUTION in agriculture is transforming the "tin-can tropics" into the "garden spots of the Pacific."

In nothing else does the genius of the Japanese people show to greater advantage. They have been trained for this conquest of the soil in their own tight islands.

"Of little account" was the description given by Spain to the island of Saipan. Its suitability for sugar production was undreamed of. Now it produces three million dollars worth of sugar every year.

One of the finest sugar canes in the world has been developed here. Java cane was formerly used. Unsatisfied scientists blended it with other canes from all over the world, producing endless varieties. The final result of all this polygamy was the birth of a remarkable half-caste, a blend of Java and Formosa, which thrives in the soil of Saipan. It grows to great size and has high sugar content.

These sugar executives know their stuff. Show me the Cuba sugar man who has studied sugar all over the world. But the Japanese manager of the Saipan sugar mill spoke to me in good English and explained that he had been in all the sugar countries and had worked for years in a sugar mill in Cuba!

The scientists have also sealed the doom of an insect which

has been destroying the sugar cane. They have brought in a fly from New Guinea, by name *ceromasia sphenophori*, at your service. This fly lays its eggs in the undeveloped pupa of the cane-insect. From the eggs come hungry larvae which eat the pupa, thus killing the cane-insect before it is born. Large colored drawings of this beneficial fly have been made and people have been taught to recognize it. All other flies may be swatted. But if this one falls into your tea it is to be rescued and sent on its way with a blessing, for it is saving the life of the sugar cane and the life of the sugar farmer.

Sugar is a boon to the native. Its cultivation brings him ten times the profit of copra.

As for copra (the dried kernel of the coconut), its production has been quickened by improved breeds and scientific methods. The government will give any copra farmer an iron roof, free of charge, to put on his drying house in place of the thatched roof. Under the latter, the wind dries the copra in about ten days. When iron is used, the wind is supplemented by the sun's heat beating upon the roof, and the copra dries in five days.

Most encouraging is the recent success of tapioca. It is the answer to a hard problem—how to use barren uplands. Apparently just nothing would grow there. Not because of lack of rain—for on Palau, Ponape and Kusaie there is a daily deluge. The good soil is washed into the sea. Many plants will not tolerate such a drenching. Now, what would flourish in poor soil, and at the same time defy the downpour?

Tapioca. Wild specimens of it were found here and there growing to tree size. But they contained only sixteen per cent starch. World-ranging explorers for the agricultural department fixed upon Java tapioca and brought it back to

Micronesia. It yields thirty-five per cent starch. Large plantations have been put in. Mills have been built in various islands for grinding the roots into a white powder. Certain nabobs in the cake and confection industry in Japan are ready to buy all the tapioca the South Seas can produce.

Even the natives are stirred up over it. True, the reactions of some of them are not quite what one might expect!

"It will be the ruin of our young men," was the point of view of an old chief of Ponape. "They are forgetting the value of leisure. Leisure. You in the West are trying to reduce working hours to increase the hours of leisure. That is best. Life was meant to be lived."

Words that deserve more than a passing thought. But the chief's son had three hectares of land and he was planting it to tapioca.

"The tapioca company will send a truck to help clear the land," he said. "They will furnish seedlings. And they will advance one hundred yen—to be paid back later in tapioca. They will pay ninety sen a bag, and they say I can get two hundred and fifty bags of tapioca from one hectare. And I have three hectares. So how much do I make? I figured it all last night but I couldn't get it to come out the same way twice."

So we figured it together. School teachers say that arithmetic is the Kanaka's weakest subject. Perhaps that is because he has had little use for it. It is due to become stronger now that he has begun to figure his profits.

On islands other than Yap, pineapples have been extensively planted so that it is no longer necessary to carry a can when going on a picnic. The government encourages the

farmer by giving him a reward of ten yen for every hectare planted to pineapples and cared for for two years.

Twenty-five yen goes to the native who gets up the energy to plant a hectare of coconuts and take care of it for three years.

In Palau everyone is feverishly raising pigs, for the government will not only lend pigs for breeding purposes but will reward the farmer with six yen for every pig born.

In the same way, goats, cows, chickens carry prices on their heads.

Cattle raising was introduced by a young Japanese who brought thirty cattle from Japan. Most of them died. This disaster, coupled with the disgrace he felt because he was living with a native woman, gave him such an inferiority complex that he attempted to commit suicide. He was stopped by a German missionary, Mr. Lange.

"Now I suppose you'll try to convert me," bitterly said the man who was a failure in everything, even in suicide.

"What you need is a wife!" said Mr. Lange.

There was no eligible Japanese lady in primitive Palau. But by the "picture bride" method, not uncommon among the Japanese, correspondence was begun with a Japanese widow in Hawaii. Portraits were exchanged. In due time the lady came to Palau, was married, and provided her husband with enough money to set him up anew as a rancher. He bought better cattle and managed to make them thrive and calve. He now has one hundred, the largest herd in the South Sea islands. And, although he remains a good Shintoist, he contributes to the German mission!

The farmer who needs land may get it from the State,

three years rent-free, thereafter paying one yen rent per hectare. Or he may buy it at twenty yen a hectare.

If he is a native, he cannot sell his land, except to a native. This is for his own protection. If it were not for this law energetic and comparatively well-to-do Japanese immigrants would quickly buy up all the land, leaving the Kanaka without a place to lay his head.

The government finds itself in possession of plenty of land that nobody else wants—barren, rocky or sandy soil. It is rehabilitating this land. Rich soil is actually being sent by the shipload to the bleak coral atolls of the Marshalls. On certain rocky islands a tree known as the *soshiju* from Formosa is being planted. It twines its roots around a rock and grows thirty feet high in three years. Its falling leaves and decaying logs make a soil where almost none existed. Of course the job will not be done soon. When I asked the Palau agricultural director how soon, he replied brightly, as if promising something for tomorrow morning before breakfast, "I think we will have these islands fit for farming in one hundred years."

But he went on to point out that a century is a brief period when you consider the untold ages these islands have been lying unused and useless.

Phosphate from Angaur is being used to regenerate the land on other islands.

Another pulmotor for exhausted soil is the lemon hibiscus. Yam-growing tires out the soil in ten years. But it has been found that if the fast-growing hibiscus is allowed to perforate the hard dry ground with its labyrinth of roots, within a few months there is light rich soil ready for another decade of service.

One problem, ever present in the tropics, is to keep the jungle out of the garden. It crawls in, smothering everything with weeds and creepers. But it cannot get through a vigorous thicket of bamboo. So the government, while preparing land for farming, shuts out the jungle with walls of feathery bamboo.

Frequently some of this State land is presented to a village whether it wants it or not. And the village is invited, compelled if necessary, to cultivate the land. All work together under the direction of the king (and he under the less obvious direction of the local policeman). The resulting plantations of pineapple, tapioca, vegetables and many fruits, formerly unknown to the islands, belong to the village. Any family wishing to use some of the food makes its purchases from the king, who keeps the money as "village money" to be used for the extension of plantations or for a clubhouse, a community fishing boat, piers, roads, or other public works.

Note what this accomplishes. The village has enough food, of sufficient variety, and money for village improvement. But more than that—the old division of property is broken down. No longer are some pieces of land overworked and others undercultivated, nor does the woman have to go to six fields to get the family dinner.

Thus, without making any direct attack upon superstitious native custom (which is a dangerous thing to do) the authorities are circumventing it by this device of cooperative agriculture.

The heart and core of the whole agricultural revolution in the South Seas is the government experimental farm. There is one on every important island. Here miracles are performed.



Spearing fish requires more than a strong arm. Nice calculation is necessary to make allowance for the refraction of the water and the speed of the prey.



The imprisoned fish within the closing wall of nets leap for freedom. Some clear the nets, others are caught in them and clubbed to death.

The vegetable was practically unknown in Micronesia. Experts had said it could not be raised there because of the heat and moisture. But in the experimental farms of Yap and Palau the following vegetables, imported from Japan, have been coddled until they have been made to feel perfectly at home in the tropics: cucumber, eggplant, tomato, radish, okra, lettuce, napa (a cousin to lettuce), carrot, onion, squash, pumpkin, melon, watermelon, ginger, cabbage, kohlrabi, peas, beans, spinach, mitsuba, potato, sweet potato, sugar potato, and eight-headed potato.

And fruits, flowers, exotic trees! One might imagine himself in the Garden of Allah as he wanders through the experimental farm at Ponape. Here are plant immigrants from all lands. It is like a world convention of growing things. They were brought here by the world-scouring agricultural scientist, Hoshino, who, bluff, hearty, rubber-booted, accompanies us as we walk about.

He points out corn from Kansas, chestnuts from Polynesia, cashew nuts from India, cloves and nutmeg from Celebes, alligator pears from Hawaii, lichee nuts from China, Brazil nuts from Brazil, oranges from California, jackfruit from Malaya, mangosteen and pomegranate from Borneo, aloes from Africa. Java has sent many delegates: the sapodilla plum, coromandel gooseberry, vanilla, pepper, cinnamon. And here are rubber trees, mahogany, teak, sago palm, oil palm, peacock palm, sugar palm.

There is a whole garden of drug trees—caiupute, tamarind, benzoin and the like.

"When I have some small ailment, I don't need to go to the drug store," says Mr. Hoshino. "I come here and fill

my own prescription with some bark or sap or leaves from this pharmacy."

Altogether in this farm there are two hundred and thirty-eight fruits, vegetables, grasses, shrubs and trees that have not formerly been native to Ponape—but are now! Nothing is kept that does not become indigenous, that has to be pepped up by new supplies of seeds from abroad.

Many of the plants are synthetic, Burbanked, or Hoshinoized. Rice, for example. Rice needs dry weather when harvested. But there is no such thing as dry weather in Ponape. Rain falls every day throughout the year. It encourages jungle growth—telegraph poles sprout branches. But Japanese rice simply gives up under such conditions. However, the rice of India is accustomed to a wet harvest period, but it lacks other qualities of the Japanese variety. Mr. Hoshino took us down to flourishing rice fields.

"Here," he pointed to anemic rice that looked up disconsolately into a black sky from which great drops were even then rattling on our helmets, "is Japanese rice. This is a patch of Indian rice, not much better. But all the rest of the field is the cross-breed of those two."

The child was half as tall again as either of its parents, and had fine, heavy kernels. It combined the good breeding of the Japanese rice with the rain-defying hardihood of the Indian.

All the wealth of good things developed by the trial farms is available to the farmer. Some moral suasion is necessary at times to get him to make use of his privileges. Village delegations are brought to the farm, instructed, supplied with seeds, and an expert goes back with them to see that the seeds are used.

Every school has a farm, equipped from the trial farm, and agriculture is the chief subject in the curriculum. Selected graduates are sent for a post-graduate year on the trial farm, free of cost, and go back to their villages with all the seeds, tools and enthusiasm necessary for intelligent and versatile farming.

But the chief professor of agriculture in the South Seas is the policeman!

While we sojourned in one jungle village we heard, daily, the sound of a hammer ring through the forest. That is an unusual sound, for the Kanaka house is tied together with coconut fibers, not nailed. But a Japanese house was being built. It would be occupied by the king's overlord, the Japanese policeman. That worthy now governed by means of infrequent trips from the port-town miles away. It was thought better that he should live within his district.

So one morning we saw a motorboat come up the lagoon towing a barge full of household effects—everything from a sewing machine to large framed portraits of the Emperor and Empress. The whole village together with the king, his nobles, and the two foreigners escorted the policeman and his wife to their new house. He invited everyone in to inspect it. What appealed to us especially was the bath. He insisted that we use it, and we had our first hot bath in three weeks.

The policeman was a pleasant fellow, with none of the officiousness that sometimes characterizes police in Japan. In fact his training and his duties were not at all those of the ordinary police. He was a graduate of an agricultural college! And his chief task was, not to apprehend criminals but to teach agriculture! The mild-natured Kanakas commit

few offenses. They do not need punishment so much as guidance. Therefore the South Sea policeman is trained in first aid, treatment of simple diseases, sanitation, the construction of better houses, road-building, educational methods, Shinto principles of morality and, chiefly, farming.

"A good man," acknowledged the king. "But we do not need him. We know more than any stranger about cultivating the soil of these islands. And our gods will be angry if we follow new ways."

Polite and obstinate natives . . . opposed to a tactful and firm policeman. But it is the policeman who wins. Not by force, for he is only one against many. There may not be another Japanese within a day's canoe-trip. He must forget his authority and go to work in his own garden, showing by example what can be done. He must travel about from one native's farm to another, carrying seeds and tools; and be always ready to bend his own back and get his own hands into the soil in order to demonstrate his teachings. Of course any young natives who have had agricultural training at the school or trial farm are his able supporters. And as the irreconcilables die and the youngsters come on, the revolution gathers speed.

It is not pretended that there is anything sentimental or altruistic about this program. Japan's object is to improve the islands economically—and that can be done only by improving the status and productivity of the inhabitants. Nevertheless the transformation of these fertile but fallow islands into luxuriant gardens must be of benefit not only to the natives and Japan but to the whole Pacific area.

Out of the Deep

EVEN GREATER TREASURE is expected to come out of the sea than out of the soil.

"The possibilities of the islands are limited; of the sea, unlimited," says Governor-General Hayashi.

The sea area of Micronesia is thirty-six hundred times the land area. And nearly all varieties of fish may be found here, most of them in abundance. The export of dried bonito doubled in a recent year and tripled in the next. Marine products to a total value of well over a million yen will be exported this year. It is believed that a year from now the figure will pass the two-million mark. Most of the export goes to Japan, but from there much is relayed to all parts of the world. Japanese canned tuna entering the United States has caused not a little worry to the fishing industry on the Pacific Coast.

First among the marine products of the southern sea is bonito.

Daily peril is the lot of the bonito fisherman. He must go outside the reef, in the open sea. He cannot wait for good weather. In waves that would shake an ocean liner his small boat drops like a descending elevator into the hollows and is tossed skyward on the crests.

The native canoes are now being supplanted by motor-boats. These are not much safer than the great canoes, being

only some forty feet in length. But they are much better for bonito fishing since they are able to go rapidly to the point where the school of fish may be seen leaping from the sea, too preoccupied in fighting among themselves to notice the approach of the swift craft.

At some islands, sardines are used to bait the hooks. At others, feathers. But the best bait of all seems to be a gasoline motor!

The sound of the motor brings the fish. In a motorless canoe, the fishermen pound on the boat in order to attract attention.

The government is so eager to develop bonito fishing that it will provide a motorboat free of charge to any group of thirty or forty men (that number can be accommodated in one boat) who will undertake fishing. The men then own the boat jointly and carry on work as an association.

Whatever may have been the adventures of the bonito in the sea they are nothing to its odd experiences while being prepared for the market. It is boiled, the head is cut off, and the body is cut longitudinally into four. It is turned over to the bone pullers, armed with tweezers, who know exactly where each bone is located. The fish is then dried over fire for a few days and smoked for two weeks.

Then girls manicure off the rough, smoky exterior with sharp knives until the fish takes on the appearance of polished red mahogany.

It is stuck away in damp sheds to mildew. The mildew gives it that choice tang. When it is thoroughly blotched with the gray growth, the mildew is wiped off and the fish is sunned, only to mildew again. For the best results this process is repeated from three to five times. Thenceforth the

fish will be practically immune from mildew. It will keep indefinitely. There are said to be pieces one hundred years old. Many stores in Japan offer pieces ten or twelve years old. Like wine, it improves with age.

It is as hard as wood. To the foreign visitor in a Japanese store, a tubful of *katsubushi* (as it is called) looks like a collection of clubs or blackjacks, the purpose of which it is difficult to imagine.

The Japanese pay a high price for *katsubushi* and one piece will last the average family many months. For it is used as a flavoring rather than as a food. Thin shavings of it are scraped into the daily soup. Foreigners in Japan soon learn its value and its use is being extended to America and Europe.

Millions of the buttons on the cotton garments in which Japan is dressing the world come from the South Seas.

From the green, translucent depths within the lagoon of Truk a brown diver came up bearing an iridescent shell. He put it into our dugout canoe, then adjusted his goggles and went down again. A few months later that shell would gleam in the form of mother-of-pearl buttons on women's clothing in England and America.

We could see him plainly as his sinuous body glided to the coral floor, six fathoms down. He was helped to descend by a heavy iron which he held in his hand. One end of a cord was tied to the iron, the other end was fastened to a thwart in the canoe. His companion stood in the canoe holding a spear, ready to hurl it instantly if a shark should approach—for there are many of them in these waters, great savage white sharks, tiger sharks and blue pointers from

twelve to thirty feet long. A nearby break in the reef made it quite possible that one might enter the lagoon.

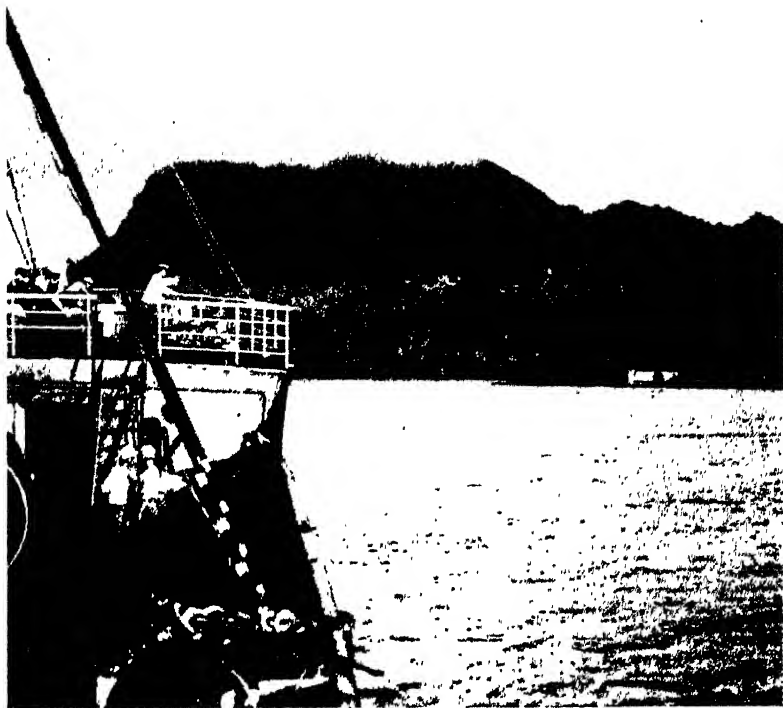
Upon reaching the bottom, the diver began exploring. The shells are not easily found. They are the homes of an exclusive snail which does not care to have its house out where any roving sea pirate may find and attack it. So these gorgeously decorated residences with their unpleasant householders are concealed in rocky caves. The diver fairly stood on his head, his feet trailing toward the surface, as he peered beneath rocks. He never groped without looking, for those dark crannies are also the homes of other creatures not so harmless as snails.

He got two shells, then released his hold upon the sinker, shot to the surface and emerged, gasping for air. The iron was drawn up by the cord.

He repeated this performance many times until the floor of the canoe was covered with a rainbow of shells. His companion was bored. It was monotonous, standing there watching for a shark that never came.

Then suddenly things happened, all in a flash. The diver was rising, a long gray shape was approaching, the spear was flying through the air. It missed! The shark turned on its back to strike. With a yell the boat-boy leaped from the canoe and landed squarely on the shark's white belly. So startled was the fish that it turned aside and righted itself, dumping its rider into the sea. Both boys scrambled into the boat in great haste. They concluded that they had enough mother-of-pearl for that day.

These waters yield pearls as well as mother-of-pearl. The latter, of course, does not deserve its name. It is no relation of the real pearl, not even the most distant cousin. Ten



The ship needs stevedores. But this is Sunday, and the stevedores are all in the little white church on the point.



On a two-hundred-foot isle in an idyllic setting, the platform of an outrigger canoe serves as a library table for two native scholars.

thousand pearls a year come from Palau to the jewelry cases of Japan and the West. These are the famous Mikimoto cultured pearls. They can in no sense be called imitation pearls, for they are thoroughly genuine. But the oysters which made them were encouraged—subsidized—by man. Because of this encouragement the pearls can be produced in great numbers and are therefore much cheaper than accidental pearls. But they are identical in composition and in beauty.

The difference is only this: an oyster adventuring on its own may pick up a bit of shell or stone, and, unable to expel the irritating fragment, will cover it with a lustrous, calcareous concretion, thus gradually forming a pearl. But for every oyster that suffers this fate, ten thousand may escape it. At the pearl farm, laboratory experts open oysters and introduce a bit of shell into each, so that every oyster will produce a pearl.

From that moment on, it is up to the oyster. The process is exactly the same as in the case of the accidental pearl. The annoying bit of foreign matter is sheathed in layer after layer of pearl. The gem is completed in from three to four years (half the time required in the Japan pearl farms where the water is colder). During these years the oysters are kept in wire cages suspended in the lagoon.

When the oyster has had time to do its work it is taken into the laboratory and the pearl is extracted.

There is nothing artificial about the pearl. Even the particle at its center is the same sort of fragment that might be picked up by an oyster from the sea. But since a vain world pays for its gems, not according to their beauty but according to the difficulty of getting them, the accidental pearl will always cost more than the cultured.

The Palau gems are of unusual size, many of them from a quarter-inch to a half-inch in diameter. Most are white. Rarer and therefore more costly ones are black. A few are a lovely mauve.

The Palau oyster is about to have competition. Even more adept in forming pearls is an oyster found in Australian waters south of the equator. It will be brought north in large numbers and put to work in extensive new pearl fisheries to be opened by the government.

Turtles grow to great size in these southern waters. Occasionally hunters find a turtle as heavy as a horse, five hundred pounds. To catch it is a difficult matter. One day on a small island two of our native friends saw a huge turtle emerge from the bushes where, we later found, it had just laid about two hundred eggs in the sand. It waddled toward the beach.

"Quick! Where's your rope?"

"I left it in the boat."

So there was nothing to do but try to capture the turtle with bare hands. An effort was made to turn it upon its back. That proved impossible. Then each seized a hind flipper. But the turtle, plying its fore flippers vigorously, tore across the beach and through the shallows, then dived into deep water, towing the tenacious natives after it. They were forced to let go and came to the surface, sputtering laments over the loss of two hundred yen—for the shell was of that value.

With a rope, the animal could easily have been noosed to a tree. It would then be killed on the spot, or else turned over with the help of improvised crowbars and taken home alive.

Turtles frequently sleep afloat a foot or two beneath the surface of the sea like slightly submerged islands. If a canoe approaches without the least sound of voice or paddle, the turtle may be speared before it wakes. Of course great care is taken to send the spear through the fleshy shoulder, not through the valuable shell.

The tortoise-shell industry in Japan depends principally upon the great hawk's-bill turtle of the South Seas. The animal's shell is made up of sections known technically as "deep belly," "light belly," "brown mottled shell," "brown shell," "black shell," and "yellow hoof." The last-named, a beautiful translucent yellow or cream shade, is the most valuable. Skilled artisans make beautiful tortoise-shell articles ranging from buffets, tables, vases and jewelry boxes down to combs, hair ornaments and cuff links.

In contrast with the beautiful turtle is the repulsive *bêche de mer*, or sea slug, the next most valuable marine product. This animate ooze is like a great snail, a yard long at its best, and four or five inches thick. We scooped one from the shallow sea bottom, put it on the slatted floor of the canoe, and forgot it. We looked half an hour later to see a pond of slime on the floor. In the midst of it the sea pudding, as it is well called, had mushed down through all the cracks between the slats so that there was about as much slug below the floor as above it. To separate floor and slug by force was impossible. Therefore suggestion was used. The floor-board was taken out and suspended in the water. The effect appeared to be soothing, for the slug gradually relaxed its hold and sank once more to the bottom—where we severely left it.

When the *bêche de mer* is cured, it shrinks from a yard

in length to a foot. It is sent to China. Before use, it is placed in a chemical which restores it to its original length. It is sliced, cooked, eaten with great relish by the Chinese.

Sharking is always exciting, whatever method is used. Fal, a chief of Ponape, took me shark hunting. Our craft was a twenty-foot dugout canoe with a starboard outrigger of bamboo and a sail made of woven pandanus leaves. Once outside the reef, the canoe danced and heeled, the outrigger sometimes plowing deep and at other times waving in the air. Fal took it all as a matter of course and went about his fishing.

He had a rattle made of empty coconut shells strung on a stick. This he shook in the water. Finally the sound brought a shark up from the bottom—a tiger, fifteen feet long. He sailed about like a slim gray submarine, his fin now and then cutting the trough of a wave.

The rattling continued and he came closer—until finally the spear flew. It went home. The shark was off like a torpedo. The coconut rope fastened to the haft of the spear whirled out of the tub. Five hundred feet of line scorched over the gunwale, then brought up with a snap against the thwart to which it was tied. The outrigger flew up like a feather, the canoe stood on its left ear, a sea tumbled aboard, and with a jerk, we were off on a ride as dangerous as any I've ever known outside of a New York taxi.

To anyone bored with ordinary sports, aquaplaning after a shark may be recommended. Sometimes we seemed to leap from crest to crest, at other times we tunneled through waves instead of going over them. The spray was blinding. The boat was filling up. That had one dubious advantage since it increased the drag upon the fish. Now and then the

shark would suddenly change direction. The boat would whip about so sharply that only Fal's instinct for balance saved us from capsizing. While I worked furiously with the coconut-shell bailer, Fal began to draw in on the line.

There were many sudden spurts, but within half an hour the shark lay alongside. A noose was slipped over him, and it was now his turn to be towed. At the shore, natives hilariously hauled him out onto the beach, hacked him apart, and soon he was baking in the subterranean hot-stone ovens. The natives consider shark's meat very delicate. Foreigners are inclined to disagree with them.

Wholesale sharking is done by schooner. Six lines on each side of the ship pass through floating boards so arranged that the first tug will turn the white upper side of the board down and the black side up. Then the watchman blows his whistle. The men rush to the line and pull in the fish to the strains of a chantey. The line passes through a block in the rigging. The fish is drawn up to the block and dangles above the deck, its tremendous tail thrashing about to the peril of any who come near. The official executioner, perched in the rigging, thrusts a spear into the shark's forehead. Those on deck cut open the stomach, spilling the blood and viscera on the deck to the accompaniment of a terrific stench. When the shark is dead it is dropped to the deck. Many of the carcasses will list the ship, for the fish weigh from four hundred pounds to a ton.

Jon Makoelun, splendid old native of Kusaie, has sailed much of his life on the sharking ships.

"The best time is at night," he says, "especially between seven and nine o'clock. We've sometimes taken aboard a hundred and fifty sharks during those two hours.

"We use a manila line as big as your thumb and about five fathoms long. A very long line is not necessary; the sharks chase you, you don't need to chase them. The line ends in a length of wire cable and a big hook a foot long and four inches across the bend. The best bait is a piece of pork. It takes about three men, with the help of block and tackle, to haul one fish aboard.

"The five fins are cut off, dried, shipped in bags. Also we take out the liver. We squeeze it in the hands to break up the tissues, then put it in a strainer in the hatch with a barrel below. The sun shining on it causes the oil in it to drain out into the barrel. It must be kept draining for two weeks. It smells to high heaven. So do the sharks' carcasses. They can't be thrown overboard—that would frighten away the sharks. We take them ashore on the nearest island and bury them. You'd be surprised how they make the coconut trees grow."

The fins go to China as table delicacies, or for use in making gelatine. The oil has excellent lubricating qualities and does not get gummy, but it does have a slight odor. Much of it goes to San Francisco—thence into the interior workings of sewing machines, bicycles, watches and fine machinery. Shark skin is used for shoes and bags. Because the skin is covered with small, pointed, calcified papillae, cabinet makers use it under the name of "shagreen" for smoothing and polishing wood.

The natives make a carnival out of mullet fishing. The mullet is a blunt-nosed gray fish one or two feet long, much prized for its taste.

The whole village joins in the sport. Men, women, even the babies, clamber into the boats. We paddled out with a fleet of about thirty canoes, which indulged in an informal

canoe race on the way to the fishing grounds. Once there, all but the infants went overboard into the shallow lagoon.

Now, the idea of mullet fishing is to put a fence around the fish. They try to leap over the fence, and are caught in it.

The fence is made up of vertical nets, huge rectangular affairs perhaps twenty feet long and eight feet high. They are placed end to end in a great circle often five hundred feet across. Their lower edges touch the sea bottom, but most of the fence is above the surface, projecting high into the air. Those who hold the nets begin to walk in, making the circle smaller and smaller. The caged fish swim madly about, seeking a way of escape, and finally become so exercised that they take to leaping in an effort to jump over the fence. Some succeed, clearing the fence with a magnificent bound of five or six feet. Others fall short and are caught in mid-air by the meshes of the net. Instantly there is someone at hand with a club to kill the fish with a blow on the head and toss it into a nearby canoe.

As the circle tightens the excitement increases. The fish may be leaping into a dozen nets at one time and the shouts of the men, laughter and screams of the women and the shrill treble of the flotilla of children echo back from the mountains in a merry pandemonium.

Alligators are found in the streams of Palau and are later found again in smart European shops in the form of traveling bags. The native *lamotrek* name for the alligator means "the saw-toothed woman."

An animal much more similar to a woman is the now rare manatee, or dugong, a sort of sea cow, which looks remarkably feminine as it sits erect upon the rocks with its arms crossed. It is sometimes seen holding a child which it suckles

just as a human mother does. Tales of mermaids in the South Seas reclining upon the reefs combing their tresses may have arisen from distant glimpses of the manatee. Not that my lady manatee actually combs her tresses, for she has no hirsute adornment except a sparse mustache.

Nowhere are there more curiosities of the deep than in these waters. Porpoises rise and fall in a black wave beside the steamer. Flying fish shoot out of the water with a powerful caudal flip and, with winglike fins outspread, skim, glider-fashion, through the air for a good two hundred feet. In the lagoons, brilliant blue starfish lie on the pink coral floor. The squid and the small octopus live in holes in the reef. The Japanese know their food value but the natives regard them as incarnations of the devil. The swordfish is hunted but sometimes turns hunter, shattering the boats of its pursuers. The garfish is a most dangerous customer to haul aboard, for it is likely to inflict mortal wounds with its long spear. The barracuda can take an even more businesslike bite than a shark. The sea eels and morays are rightly dreaded. And there is the sting ray. And the poison fish, a few drops of whose gall, furtively placed in the food of an enemy, means sure death. There is the sea spider, the sea centipede, and the sea snake. Also the tiger fish, whose tentacles violently burn the skin and whose squirted poison will cause loss of sight if it gets into the eyes.

No wonder the natives are wary about swimming in deep water! Even the transparent lagoon makes them nervous. They will fish, wading in the shallows, but will not enter holes deep enough for swimming. They prefer a pool or stream on shore. The traveler bound for the South Seas naturally packs a bag of bathing togs, expecting to spend half

his time in the cool depths of the sapphire lagoons. It is a blow to be conducted to a muddy pond, knee-deep, behind some native's pig-pen. Thinking it better to perish in an iridescent lagoon than flourish in a puddle, we swam in deep water, but only under the stern disapproval of the inhabitants.

In addition to the villains of the deep there are also the comedians. The paikop has so flat a face that a choice insult of Ponape is for one man to call another a "paikop-face." The bladder fish can blow himself up like a balloon (but under his clown make-up he is really a villain, for he is deadly poisonous). There are fish dressed in carnival colors. And there are the acrobats—the climbing fish which spend half their time on shore, hopping from rock to rock, and clambering up trees.

Dean of all the fishing fraternity is the whale—although not a fish. In fact the whale is monarch of the entire animal kingdom, if size counts. Roy Chapman Andrews, who is known for his dinosaur hunts in the Gobi but won his place long before that by his study of whales, believes that the whale is not only the largest animal of the present but the largest of all time on this earth.

Whales are few in tropical waters and the natives are chary about attacking them. For native craft is not large enough, and an upset would expose the men not only to the sharks but to the whale itself. The notion that a whale could not swallow a Jonah is incorrect. True, the whales from which baleen or whalebone is obtained can swallow nothing larger than a shrimp, and the purpose of the whalebone is to form a sieve to prevent anything larger from entering the mouth. But the sperm whale has a capacious throat and a

stomach as big as a telephone booth. Sharks twelve feet long have been found in the stomachs of sperm whales.

Japanese whalers sometimes come south during the winter, as American whalers did before them, rest, catch a few whales, recruit natives, and go back for their real catch in the northern waters.

The whalebone, now no longer in demand for riding whips and corsets, is made into ornaments. Oil comes from the blubber. The entrails and bones are good fertilizer. The flukes are sliced and pickled for the Chinese epicure. The meat itself is tinned and sold not only in Tokyo but in New York, Chicago, London and elsewhere. In cities near enough to the whaling depot some of the meat is sold fresh. A whale steak smothered in onions is not bad . . . if sufficiently smothered!

If the whale is the deep's dean the giant octopus is its demon. There are in the world several hundred species of octopus, as of shark, and as much difference between the harmless and dangerous varieties. The giant octopus of the South Seas lives far down and is not encountered except by the deep-sea diver. Pearl hunters do not hesitate to describe it as the most horrible of all undersea monsters. The "skin diver" gets only fleeting (but sufficient) glimpses of it, but the helmeted diver who goes deep and stays down is liable to have an unhappy experience if he hunts shell too close to natural caverns in the rock.

Tentacles ten feet or more in length reach gently out and girdle him with vacuum cups. Once locked in those boa constrictors there is no reasonable hope. And yet one diver, English-Polynesian Tom Mokil, escaped from just such a

predicament. He had the unique experience of being the bone of contention between an octopus and a shark.

"Not much to tell," he said. "But it was a close squeak. Old snake-arms had me. But I looked good to the blue pointer too—he kept nosing around. Suddenly the octopus let me go. He shot through the water like a bullet out of a gun, fifty feet or so, straight at the fish, and whipped his arms around him. The shark raced away. I didn't see the finish. But of course there was a finish—the shark's. He could swim until he was crazy but he could never get rid of those eight strangleholds."

The octopus expels sea water from a siphon with terrific force and shoots itself through the water about as a rocket-plane explodes its way through the air. Once the suction cups have taken hold upon the prey there is no shaking loose. The food is drawn toward the mouth just inside of which a great horned beak, equipped to tear open the shells of giant crabs, easily rips off a diver's helmet or a shark's head and separates flesh from bones.

The wild animals of the land are familiarly known and by this time have been pretty well reduced to menagerie manners. Savagery remains beneath the sea—man has made little conquest there. Discovery has gone from pole to pole. But in this world that we fancy we know so well there is another world of thickly inhabited plains, valleys and mountains—undersea; two-thirds of the globe's surface still unexplored and unsubdued.

There the giant octopus presides. The young of the species rise to the shallows and are harmless enough. It is these babies, and several other species which even when full-grown are small, that are gathered in great numbers by the

Japanese as food. It is hard to kneel to table in any inn in Japan without discovering in one of the dozen lacquer bowls a little pickled octopus.

The government is heavily subsidizing the fishing industry in the South Seas and expecting great things of it. This is distinctly a Japanese industry. For although the natives catch a few fish for their own needs, all the large-scale commercial fishing is being done by Japanese.

Operations are not limited to the Japanese islands. All the important fishing along the coasts of New Guinea and Celebes is in Japanese hands. "The people here haven't the art of fishing," said a Hollander in Celebes. "Only the Japanese can do it." The same is true in Java. And at Singapore most of the fishing boats that put out of a morning are manned by Japanese. Also they are active in Melanesia, Polynesia and the Society Islands. The large Japanese community of Hawaii completely dominates the fishing in that group. And the best fishermen of the Pacific Coast are Japanese.

Their talent and aptitude for this industry seem to be rapidly making the Pacific a Japanese fish-pond.

Buccaneers from Boston

HERE AT LAST is the tropic paradise of one's dreams.

We cast anchor at dawn in the snug harbor of Kusaie. Only half a mile wide is this harbor, and as beautiful as an Italian lake. Its still surface reflects romantic mountains that stretch up out of a dark dawn and terminate in sharp stabs of rock blazing in a scarlet sunrise. The fire gradually creeps down the slope, igniting the tops of magnificent palms like matches, one after another.

These mountains stand hand-in-hand in a semi-circle around the little port. They are on the main island of Kusaie. The other semi-circle is made up of the small island of Lele, for without its cooperation there would be no harbor. Lele is but an hour's walk around, low, luxuriant, with many sand beaches. In its still morning beauty it looks like a model in wax for exhibition purposes rather than a real island. Hospitable-looking thatch homes nestle in its groves. Canoes line its shore. Yonder on a little point stands a white church, as primly as if cut out of cardboard.

The captain is cursing, of course forsaking the Japanese language to do it. One must go to English for choice epithets. This is no dream world to him. He wants stevedores.

"Sunday morning," he growls. "Everybody will be going to church!" as if that were the greatest crime in the calen-

dar. "We have to sit here and twiddle our thumbs until they get done with their psalm singing." He glared at me as if it were my fault. And it was—or that of my compatriots.

Americans have had a good deal to do with Kusaie. Americans damned it, Americans redeemed it.

Whalers from Boston and New Bedford circled South America to get into the Pacific, "hanging up their consciences off Cape Horn." They picked up more men along the Pacific Coast. Life aboard a whaler was too hard to attract men. Therefore they were shanghaied. Knocked on the head, they woke to find themselves in the forecandle of a ship, sea-bound. Many of the men recruited in this fashion were a rough lot; and if they were not, the life made them rough. The ships were provisioned for three years and put in at no ports lest the men might escape. Summers, the whale-hunters operated in northern waters. Winters, they sailed to the South Seas to rest and riot. When they stepped ashore after months of confinement on a small whaling vessel, they were wild men. Anyone who has spent six months on board ship can perhaps hardly blame them.

Kusaie was discovered by Americans in 1806 and named Strong Island after the governor of Massachusetts. Thus whaling captains of New England learned of the island and thereafter made its beautiful harbor a rendezvous.

"I can remember seeing twenty-two whaling ships in this harbor at one time," King John of Kusaie later told me.

The whalers indulged in wild orgies on shore, abducted Kusaie women, and left a legacy of foreign diseases here as well as in neighboring islands. "Peeling Skin" the Ponape people called smallpox, which carried off half their population. "The Lady Who Shrivels Men Up" was tuberculosis,

also introduced by the whalers. In Kusaie the population dwindled from about two thousand when first discovered to two hundred in late Spanish times.

Here, according to an account written in 1899 by the ethnographer, F. W. Christian, "the famous 'Bully' Hayes, the modern buccaneer, played fine pranks after losing his beautiful vessel on the reefs, half frightening the lives out of the peaceful Kusaies by landing a number of fierce and warlike Ocean and Gilbert Islanders, who brewed huge quantities of coconut-toddy, and set the whole place in a ferment with their carousals and mad orgies. Night after night they kept it up, alternately drinking and fighting. Murdered men's bodies were picked up on the beach every morning, and the poor natives of Lele fled in terror of their lives."

When the American buccaneers of the whaling fleet had done their worst and only a pitiful remnant was left of the Kusaie people, there came other Americans, also buccaneers in a fashion, and also from Boston, to repair the damage done by their countrymen.

It was a romantic and pioneering venture. American Sunday-school children contributed their dimes to make possible a great square-rigged sailing ship, named *Morning Star*, which should carry their missionaries to the South Seas to convert the heathen. Of course there were plenty of heathen in Boston. But they did not wear grass skirts and lop off heads. Surely it was the buccaneer spirit in so far as it means the fascination of far seas, the courage to sail them, and the boldness to make captives, that prompted both the children and the missionaries. The project gripped the imagination. The Micronesian mission thereafter never lacked for funds.

As soon as one *Morning Star* was wrecked, another was fitted out. There were five in all. Finally commercial sailings in the South Seas made special ships unnecessary.

For eighty-four years missionaries of the American Board of Boston have been at work in Kusaie. Let us go ashore and see the results.

We are taken off by Arthur Herrman, lone American planter, the first American we have met in all the Japanese islands. Evidently Kusaie agrees with him—he is portly and jovial. On the copra-scented pier we meet Mrs. Herrman, a native of Kusaie, more jovial and more portly. One look at her beaming and enlightened countenance and we conclude that the missionaries have done a good job.

Her face is not unusual. We walk down the village street through a sea of seraphic smiles. There are low bows and soft good mornings. All the inhabitants are in long white robes as in the realms of the blest. Houses are so neat that they ache. Music drifts about—whistled, hummed, twanged—hymn tunes familiar in New England churches.

“I’ve arranged for you to stay with Miss Hoppin,” says Mr. Herrman, “because you wrote you wanted to see something of the natives. Around my house you wouldn’t see anybody but Japanese. But the natives are at Miss Hoppin’s all the time. I suppose you’ve heard of her—white goddess of the South Seas, they call her. She’s just about God to them, and no mistake. Her slightest wish is law. If I want anything of the natives I have to work to get it and pay well for it. Anything she wants she has only to mention. They would do anything in the world for her. So would I for that matter—I’d give my right hand for her.”

When you catch a tough old planter ready to give his

right hand for a missionary, that missionary has something. Who is this paragon? If we are expecting to meet a looming, booming personality we are mistaken. A cunning little old lady, as neat and bright as a new pin, her gray hair encompassed in a coronet of snow-white shells, awaits us on a bit of an islet just big enough for her and her house in an enchanting grove of palms, mangoes, papayas, banana trees, breadfruit, scarlet hibiscus and lavender bougainvillea. This world of loveliness is not two hundred feet from shore to shore. It is connected with the island of Lele by a grass-grown causeway. Over that causeway stream the natives day and night; coming to bring coconuts, or coming to get medicine, or just coming.

A snatch of breakfast, and it is time to go to church. We find the white church on the shore of Lele already occupied by a thousand people. The king leads the singing. The most blasé visitor must feel a tingle run along his ribs as these thousand trained voices take to the air. The volume and beauty of it is so great that one would not be surprised to see the sheet-iron roof go sailing off into space. Then the native minister, in high-collared white drill suit and bare feet, preaches. Through the open windows we can see the ship, waiting for stevedores. The stevedores are all in church. The service is long. When the last prayer is finished and we make to rise, the king, who sits beside us, whispers, "Now, Sunday school."

No one leaves. It is not until nearly one o'clock, after three hours of services, that we pass out and some of the men answer the insistent whistle of the steamer. But they must work fast, for there is another service at three and

another at five. Double pay cannot induce them to miss a service.

There seems to be nothing fanatical about Miss Hoppin. In fact her creed appears to be solidly grounded in gastronomy, long recognized as one of the foundation stones of religion. Jesus fed the multitude. Every native who comes to Miss Hoppin's house gets fed. Incidentally, he always brings something to feed Miss Hoppin . . . so it works both ways. The natives have converted her to their interests as thoroughly as she has converted them. She is their champion against all injustice. Several petty officials have been discharged because of her complaints of their harshness toward the natives. One, sent back to Japan, committed suicide. Since then she has complained no more. "They do the best they can," she admits. So, instead of lodging complaints against them, she feeds them too.

One night during our stay twenty native boys had to get off on the tide in their canoes at three in the morning to return to the mission school on the other side of the island. They could easily have eaten a cold snack before they set out—or a native woman could have risen—but no, the seventy-year-old missionary lady was up at two preparing a hot breakfast of rice with coconut cream, hot biscuits and coffee.

Of course we can all be big-hearted now and then, at fit and proper times, say between nine and five; but I know that for me, at least, two A.M. would be altruism's zero hour.

On the nearby Marshalls also Miss Hoppin has been at work and the population now goes about in trailing white robes radiating propriety and beneficence. The transformation was a little slow because of the presence there of Ameri-

can traders whose business methods were more shrewd than honest. "He businesssed me," became a current saying among natives, meaning "He cheated me." And since American whalers and traders were always fighting, a native threatening another would think it appropriate to say, "I'll Merikan you!"

The traders came to Miss Hoppin: "Don't let them use those words that way. It's an insult to our business and to Americans."

"Why don't *you* stop them?"

"They mind you. They won't mind us. How could we stop them?"

"By changing your business methods," suggested Miss Hoppin. And took the sting out of it by placing before them a bowl of hot candied bananas baked in coconut milk.

Two other extraordinary American ladies of Kusaie are the Misses Baldwin, large, strong-faced women whose fortitude belies their ages of seventy-six and seventy-eight. They are in charge of the mission school where eighty-eight young men and women ranging from thirteen to twenty years in age are being taught reading, writing and religion. We paddled the eight miles to see them.

The school is a dingy barn of a place perched on a hill-top with a magnificent view of lagoon and sea. It has the feeling of being completely removed from the world and all its wiles. Magazines do come from America but all pictures of women in low-necked or close-fitting gowns are clipped out before the journals are allowed to reach the eyes of Kanaka youths. The cult of the throttle-necked and ankle-length Mother Hubbard prevails. The missionaries have not been off the island in twenty-five years. In 1911 they went

to America and got a dress pattern; the dresses of the girls have been cut from it ever since.

My wife made a break.

"How much material does it take for one of the girl's dresses?" she asked.

"Six yards," replied the elder Miss Baldwin.

"Oh, that must be expensive. One of my dresses takes only three yards."

Miss Baldwin stiffened. "It is never expensive to cover the body," she said.

Two hundred and fifty phonograph records of the lighter sort were sent by well-meaning friends in America. The missionaries took them to an upper room, locked the door, removed the horn from the phonograph so that no sound might escape from the room, and played the records through. Then they dispatched them by boat to a point far outside the reef where bottom is said to be a good mile down, quite beyond the reach of the best native diver, and consigned them to the deeps.

Although reared in the liberal Congregational tradition, the ladies have been won over by the mysterious island silences to the conviction that the second coming of the Lord is close at hand. In a world of increasing wickedness, they see all the prophecies being fulfilled.

"Apart from the world on this little island, we feel that perhaps we can see such things more clearly than those who are in the midst of the false teachings."

Far be it from us to cavil at their beliefs. They may be terribly right. The folk of Sodom and Gomorrah scoffed, and were sorry for it. I do not seek to caricature but only to portray these two remarkable personalities; and to make



King John of Kusaie issues instructions to young village leaders.



The islanders have native intelligence and self-reliance. Therefore they are left largely to the authority of their own kings, so long as their kings obey the higher authority of the Japanese office.

a truthful portrait there are some important strokes of the brush still to be added.

One is that both these devoted women have given their lives for Kusaie, and the elder has given her eyes as well. She translated the entire Bible into the Kusaian language. She broke her glasses and sent the prescription to England to be refilled. In the meantime, the proofs were ready to read. She felt that the natives must not be made to wait for their Bible. So she read the proofs . . . and went blind.

The book was manufactured at the school. The girls set the type, the boys printed it. The hand-sewing alone took two years. Only three copies could be bound in a day. But the great work was completed and the Kusaians have their Bible. The blind translator places her hand upon the great three-inch-thick volume, her monument, and in her peaceful, unseeing face there is no regret.

She goes on translating—arithmetics, grammars, Bible helps. Her sister reads aloud the English version and she dictates the Kusaian. Of course in addition to these cloistered tasks there is the schoolwork to supervise—the daily guidance of eighty-eight inquiring minds. The curriculum may be lopsided, the pedagogy faulty, but the devotion is superb. A flaming object lesson for the Japanese official, or for any other official for that matter who is supposed to exist for the good of the people.

What have been the achievements of this mission school and other missionary work in Kusaie in the last half century?

Once an island dreaded for its savagery and brutality, where shipwrecked strangers were sure of prompt death, where a king and his henchmen were carried in their canoe to a great hole and buried alive, where American whalers

murdered and were murdered, where American ships were sunk in the harbor, where disease and violent death reduced the population from two thousand to two hundred, Kusaie is now an unbelievable isle of twelve hundred healthy and happy angels.

In olden times murders sometimes scored one or two hundred a year.

"How many murders a year now?" I asked the king.

He smiled. "There has not been a native murder in my lifetime," he said. The king is sixty years old.

"How about minor offenses? How many cases of detention in your jail in a year?"

"Jail!" exclaimed the king. "But there is no jail!"

"Well," I said, "whatever you call it. You must at least have some place to put the tipsy ones until they sober up." In all islands that I had visited infraction of the liquor law was the most common offense and the jails were always well patronized by alcoholic convalescents.

"But there is no drinking on Kusaie."

I thought he meant relatively none, only a few cases a month. But he went on to explain that no native has been known to taste alcohol in the past thirty years.

"I myself drank and smoked when I was a young man," he said, "but not since. If anyone drank now, every man's hand would be against him."

"And smoking is under the ban too?"

"Tobacco does not sell well here, although I am sorry to say that a few of the young men smoke. I have told my sons that if they smoke I will throw them out of the family." He said it with a broad smile expressing his easy assurance

that it would never be necessary for him to carry out his vow.

Marriage is a sacred institution on Kusaie. Divorces are unknown. I am speaking of course of the natives, not of the newcomers.

There is no house of ill fame.

There is practically no disease. There are no native medicine men, no charms or other superstitious devices to ward off illness, and the Japanese doctor goes fishing. Native physique is splendid. Poling develops the arm muscles; and standing braced in the canoe, the leg muscles. When the Japanese came, wrestling matches were staged between Japanese and Kusaians. Such matches are now forbidden, for the native men always win and the rulers lose face.

I think it may be included among the moral attributes of these people that their women are splendid cooks. And also there are ethical implications in the fact that more soap is used per capita than in any of the other islands. A ship no sooner casts anchor in the harbor than canoes surround it, fruit is passed up and soap is passed down. Kusaian faces sparkle. Smiles reveal flashing teeth. Betel-chewing is out, dentifrice is in.

Every day is Christmas. Gifts flow back and forth with the regularity of the tides. A taro pudding goes next door with compliments and a five-pound crab comes back. The visitor shares in the bounty. No one would take a penny for board, for the canoe that we sailed, for any of a hundred favors. But gifts were expected and accepted. Unaware at first of the custom, I lent my best shirt to the king when his had been soaked by the rain. He assumed it to be a gift,

and wore it on the day we left as a special sign of his appreciation.

Service is exchanged for service. I build your house and you deliver my child. I do your fishing as well as my own and you do your farming plus mine.

Poverty is not allowed. Those who have give to those who have not when typhoon wipes out a plantation or accident deprives a family of its providers. Orphans are promptly absorbed into other homes.

Christian Kusaie even sends out missionaries to heathen islands round about. A native evangelist had been dispatched to Palau and another, during our stay, was waiting for a ship to take him to Enewetok. He ate at our table daily, toothlessly, explaining that he was saving his false teeth to use in primitive Enewetok where the foods are so hard.

The transfiguration of Kusaie is not solely a feminine achievement; there have been men missionaries too. And before these lines are in print there will be another. He is now in Hawaii making a collection of edible plants to be grown in Kusaie. He and his wife will take over the school, develop it along modern lines, bob the girls' hair, put them into athletic suits, and teach the boys scientific farming. The Baldwin sisters will retire to a small cottage overlooking the sea. They have no desire to go back to America if all they read in the magazines is true.

America at the time of the settlement after the Spanish-American War offered Spain a million dollars for Kusaie, thinking to use it as a base and cable station. The deal fell through, but in another sense America has now captured Kusaie. In time the American missionaries will doubtless be supplanted by Japanese. But for the time being the officials

are well content with the work of the missionaries and the missionaries vastly prefer Japanese control in the island to either German or Spanish. And it is very appropriate that the nationality which devastated Kusaie should have redeemed it. Whether this redemption was due more to the peculiar merits of the Christian faith or to the sacrificial devotion of its representatives, who shall say? At any rate, no one who takes the trouble to look through the superficial idiosyncrasies of the genus missionary can fail to agree with Stevenson:

“Those who have a taste for hearing missions, Catholic or Protestant, decried, must seek their pleasure elsewhere than in my pages. Whether Catholic or Protestant, with all their gross blots, with all their deficiency of candor, of humor, and of common sense, the missionaries are the best and most useful whites in the Pacific.”

Every Other Inch a King

THE SOUTH SEA KING is still a king, but his rule is not as of old. It must rankle occasionally that above a monarch whose succession is hereditary and whose authority is divine, should reign a Japanese policeman! But perhaps ninety per cent of his prerogatives still hold good, for the Japanese have found that the easiest way to govern the natives is through their own tribal rulers.

The fact that the native king is able to adjust himself with dignity to this situation of ruling and being ruled is a tribute to his kingliness.

His blood is truly royal. For centuries his family has provided the people with kings. The result is an inherited poise and manner, a regal gentlemanliness, in contrast to the brisk, brusque ways of some foreign petty officials of common family who have been trained but not bred.

Anyone who wishes to take a few lessons on how to do the right thing upon every occasion should visit and study King John of Kusaie. We saw him three times a day at least, for he dined with us in the thatch house on the two-hundred-foot isle along with Miss Hoppin, Fred Skillings of English-Kusaian parentage, shark-hunter Jon Makoelun, and old Caiaphas who was an improvement upon the high priest after whom he was named. The queen was in the kitchen, a little thatch structure on the shore, from which emanated savory

odors and ravishing foods concocted of breadfruit, bananas, taro, and coconut cream. Our royal cook never appeared at the table, since native women do not eat with the men, but, thanks to her delicious dishes, we were more conscious of her than of anyone else. Often Miss Hoppin introduced New England delicacies into the menu. The king was at home on any subject or in any dish. He wielded knife and fork with as much skill as his paddle—and that is saying a great deal. When he operated a canoe the canoe seemed to be a part of him. It is the office of a king in these islands to be able to do everything superlatively well. King John, although sixty years old, was powerful, broad of chest, and could swim, spear, paddle, with the best.

The native canoe is no birch-bark zephyr. It is a hollowed log, heavy and unwieldy. It would turn over in a twinkling were it not for the outrigger. This looks like a second canoe of miniature size, riding on the surface about five feet from the boat on the starboard side and connected with it by horizontal poles upon which a small platform is laid. The king lent me a sailing canoe and the natives warned me solemnly of the danger of capsizing. It was a strange craft to me, for the canoe of every island is different and a law unto itself. The canoes of Pingelap and Ponape carry lateen sails, and it is a merry task in a heavy sea to tack by carrying the sail from one end of the canoe to the other, making the stern the bow. The Kusaie sail is more like that of the Western cat-boat. But the canoe has no centerboard and its hull is as round as the bole of the tree from which it was made, therefore safety depends entirely upon the outrigger. The sailor must hold both the sheet and the steering paddle, keep one eye out ahead for shoals, another eye on the sail, and both

eyes on the outrigger! If the miniature boat skimming alongside shows a tendency to leave the surface in imitation of a hydroplane, sail must be instantly slackened and the sailor's weight thrown to starboard, otherwise the outrigger will soar five feet up and the skipper will find himself a fathom down.

What lent piquancy to the situation in my case was that a shark of unconscionable length loafed alongside, apparently as interested as I was in the uncertain behavior of my craft. I had passed through a break in the reef into the open sea. The waves slapped smartly into the boat and I had no third hand to wield the calabash. Occupied with keeping the outrigger from soaring, I failed to take thought of the alternative danger. A sudden gust lifted the float, I leaned to starboard, the gust failed and the float sank, plowing like a submarine beneath the surface, going deeper and deeper, caught by the nose. Only another gust arriving at the opportune moment righted the boat and sent a shark home supperless.

To regain the lagoon I must furl sail and paddle against the wind. Accustomed to the light, swift Indian canoe of the Canadian lakes, I thought nothing of it—until I tried it. It was like paddling a mud-scow tied to a dock.

And yet the king could make that tree skim over the surface as if it were a leaf. He taught me much and, having a royal humility, was eager to learn. But I could show him nothing except the familiar north-woods knack of paddling a canoe without continually shifting the paddle from one side of the boat to the other, as the Micronesians commonly do. However, the American Indian knows nothing compared with the islander about canoeing in rough water. It was a



The fall of man and the rise of science. Never until now has the Kanaka allowed his sons to be taught to grub in the soil; agriculture was woman's work.



After four years of this in the school gardens and on the government's experimental farm, they go back to their villages with seeds, tools and a fairly durable willingness to work.

treat to watch King John sail the open sea, lagging to let a great roller pass or shooting ahead of it at motorboat speed, or balancing on its crest like an acrobat on a tight-rope.

The mantle of power came to the shoulders of King John from his uncle, King Telensar. Back as far as records run the rulers of Kusaie have come from the same family. In other islands the same principle holds. The kings have no power except what is given to them by their people, and the people accept no kings other than from the recognized royal strain. There is no room for pretenders or usurpers. A king is not asked whether he cares to be a king, nor can he abdicate, nor can he be deposed. If he is wicked or incompetent, the people may go their own way without consulting him, but no one may take his place as king. In such reverence is the office held.

The Japanese have shrewdly taken advantage of this respect of the people for their hereditary rulers. Instead of dethroning the kings they have simply given them government jobs as *soncho*, or district heads. According to the importance of the king he is paid from one yen to thirty-five yen a month. Such incomes, which seem princely to the islanders, smooth the way to willing obedience to government orders.

The *soncho's* duty is as before, to be the direct governing head of his own people. Of course some unaccustomed tasks are added to his old ones. He is expected to report births and deaths and many other facts and figures to a statistics-doting government. He must bring new laws to the notice of the villagers. He must marshall his men for the building of water-tanks, roads and piers. Government officials rarely go past him—mainly because the people would be reluctant to obey

instructions that did not come from their traditional chief.

The king's authority is buttressed by the rule that he who disobeys him will be punished with two weeks of hard labor on the roads. Greater punishment than this, the king is not allowed to inflict. He cannot pass judgment upon criminals. They must be turned over to the police department and the courts.

It is a delicate business when the king, however satisfactory to his own people, is unsatisfactory to the government. Perhaps he cannot get the modern point of view, will not recognize the need of sanitation and the virtues of hard work. Then the Japanese consult the people and, if possible with their approval, otherwise without it, they appoint another man *soncho*. The king remains king, but without authority. The *soncho* is chosen from the king's family, otherwise he could never hope for obedience. Thus within a single royal family there may be two rulers, one with honor, the other with power.

The *soncho* is appointed for an indefinite period, for life if he behaves. He is given an official white suit. Since the Japanese cannot conceive of an official without a pocketful of calling cards, some are printed for him. The king gave me one of his. On it was printed, "K. J. Sigrah." Sigrah was his family name.

"What does the K. J. stand for?" I asked.

"King John."

"Oh, of course."

The superior officer of the king is the Japanese policeman. Usually the village police station is built next door to the house of the *soncho*. The latter has a desk in the police office. There he is an employee, in his own home he is a monarch.

He is made up of alternate inches of authority and obedience and it is highly to his credit that he is able to serve both his overlords and his people.

He serves without being servile. More than once the kings have risked their own safety in championship for their people. The Kusaians remember when King John was held all day in the government office while a battery of officials tried to wring from him a promise to enforce a law he thought to be unreasonable. Finally when the school teacher went out on the veranda and saw that several hundred angry Kusaians had gathered around the office to learn what had become of their king, he was released—for there are only thirty Japanese all told on Kusaie.

The structure of the South Seas government is, in brief, as follows. At the base are the natives with a degree of self-government through their own kings or *soncho*, with the help of native policemen under a Japanese police officer. There are also the Japanese civilians who are answerable direct to Japanese officialdom. The entire mandated area is divided into six "Branch Bureaux," each supervising a group of islands. The six governors of the Branch Bureaux answer to the Governor-General of the South Seas Bureau who is stationed at Palau. And the South Seas Bureau, in turn, is superintended by the Ministry for Overseas Affairs in Tokyo.

Sacred Trust

EVERY YEAR the League of Nations Mandates Commission asks Japan pertinent questions concerning her treatment of the island population. The fact that Japan receives from her mandate twice as much in products as she exports to it causes members of the commission to suggest that Japan is in a position to spend more on the welfare of the natives. Also there have been rumors of cruelty which, however, have never been substantiated.

It is only natural that the Geneva body should be critically curious about islands so carefully shut away from the general view. Evidently Japan would rather tolerate suspicion than adopt the obvious remedy, namely to throw the islands wide open to foreign ships, trade and travelers.

"The well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization." So reads Article 22 of the Covenant, outlining the duties of a mandatory toward the subject population.

How is Japan performing her sacred trust?

"Do you like Japanese rule?" I put the question to natives on islands far enough removed from government offices so that I was fairly sure of getting an unofficial reply.

Not a man would say, "I like it."

Doubtless that is human nature. Who will say that he wishes to be ruled by anyone else?

"Would you prefer to have the Germans back?" I asked.

"No. We prefer the Japanese."

"Why?"

"Because they belong in the Orient. They understand us better. We are not afraid of them. They are more like us."

One said, "The Germans told us, 'Do this or go to jail!' The Japanese say, 'Are we asking anything unreasonable of you?'"

An old chief who loved his toddy raised his coconut-shell cup to his lips and gave what he considered a conclusive argument:

"The Germans used to fine us twenty-five yen for getting drunk. The Japanese charge us only five yen."

"Then if you don't want the Germans, how about the Spaniards?"

This question usually met with only a horrified silence. The brutalities of Spain in the South Seas will never be forgotten.

"How about the English or the Americans?" I would ask, assuming that they would give me the courtesy of a favorable reply. But the Anglo-Saxons they best remembered were whalers who had brought plagues, kidnapped their women and raised hob generally. No, they would not care to be ruled by them.

"Then how would you like to rule yourselves?"

A Ponape chief said, "That would never do. When we ruled ourselves, every chief was at war with every other. It is better to have some higher authority."

From all of which it would seem that, making allowance for the dislike of human beings for any control over their actions, the rule of Japan is as satisfactory as any could be.

Certainly it is beneficial. Whether the Kanaka wants to be benefited or not, he is being taught to work, to study, to eat proper foods, to go to the hospital when sick, to keep his house and village clean, and to know something of the world outside his own little island.

Before the Japanese régime, mission schools were relied upon to teach the native. Only two government schools were built, one in Saipan and one in Truk, but the latter had not been opened when the Japanese navy arrived in 1914.

The navy built six schools and navy officers turned teacher. In 1915 teachers from Japan took their place. By 1922 the number of schools had become seventeen. Today there are twenty-five schools for natives.

This year native school attendance has reached ninety-eight per cent in islands such as Yap where communication is easy, but stands at a little more than fifty per cent in Truk. It is not practicable to build a school on every one of the 245 small islands of Truk, and going to school by canoe over miles of stormy lagoon has its difficulties.

The schools supply books, pencils, clothing, and sometimes food also, without charge. The cost of native education to the government is more than four times the total of the poll tax received from natives.

"Why does Japan do this for the natives?" the cynical visitor asks. He is sure there must be some ulterior motive. He is told quite frankly that there is.

Japan believes thoroughly in education of natives—not only because of its value to the natives but because it will make the natives more valuable to their community and their government.

A very different theory is seen at work in some parts of

Asia. Some Western overlords fear that common education of their wards may cause cleavage between them and their government. Japan has sufficient confidence in her pedagogic and propagandist ability to believe that education will cause a cleaving of the natives to the government. It will, she believes, make them better members of society, more useful industrially, more loyal to Japan.

Knowledge of Japanese institutions and respect for the Emperor are taught in every school. This Japonizing is defended as legitimate according to the terms of the mandate by which the territory is to be administered "as an integral portion of the Empire of Japan."

The Japanese language is taught in these schools. No instruction is given in the native language. The result is not wholly satisfactory. After five years of school (in some islands it is only three years) the graduate cannot easily read a Japanese newspaper and finds a magazine or book quite impossible. Nor can he read in his native tongue. He is a man without a written language. He can speak Japanese imperfectly but soon forgets what he knows of it when he returns to the jungle.

Japanese is hard to learn, the native language easy. Moreover the Kanaka child can, of course, already speak the native language when he begins school, and he could readily be taught to read and write it.

"The Kanaka should be taught in the Kanaka language," is the first-day conclusion of the visitor.

As he studies the question he may change his mind. In the first place, he discovers that there is no Kanaka language. Or, rather, there is a different language for the Kanakas of every island. Saipan cannot understand Yap; nor Yap, Palau;

nor Palau, Truk; nor Truk, Ponape; nor Ponape, Kusaie; nor Kusaie, Jaluit. Put them all together and you have a confusion of tongues. But with fast ship service linking the islands, and the movement of natives from one island to another, it is necessary that they should all be able to speak one language. The only language common to the islands is Japanese.

In the second place, even if the native learned to read his own language, there would be nothing to read (except the Bible, provided by the missionaries). No commercial publishers could be persuaded to print newspapers, magazines and books in a language read by only two or three thousand people. It would not pay. Hence a literature in an island language is impossible. The natives' only hope to tap the literary knowledge of the world is to learn a language in which the world's literature is published.

Another consideration: The Palau language contains only 6,000 words, the Truk language 3,000, the Yap language only 1,000. The Japanese language includes well over 300,000 terms. A few eating-and-sleeping words did well enough in the isolated tropical isle. But times have changed. Making shift with a small coconut vocabulary in this modern, complex world into which the native has been introduced would be like paddling a canoe in a motorboat race.

New words make new horizons. The mind is expanded as it finds new ways of expression.

But teachers admit that the native is not getting enough Japanese at present to give him much in the way of new horizons. The answer would seem to be, not to quit teaching Japanese but to teach more of it. A five-year primary course

is not enough. Until higher schools are established, the natives will be without a written language.

On the whole, education seems to be intelligently adapted to the native's own surroundings and needs. He studies an arithmetic of coconuts and pigs, a geography that concerns chiefly his own islands although it never slights Japan, the natural science of his jungle and lagoon, ethics stressing the importance of keeping promises and the virtue of hard work. Nor is it all book-learning. The girls learn how to cook, sew, care for babies and nurse the sick; and the boys learn agriculture in the school farm and at the experimental station.

The graduate farmer is supplied with land without cost for three years, seeds, implements and everything else, sometimes even including zeal. He is strictly protected in his land rights. He is encouraged, if not compelled, to raise something besides taro-potato. His path is hard, but paved with bonuses. If he prefers leisure to the earning of bonuses, he is liable to spend some leisure in jail. If he should have a new, light, airy house built high above the ground instead of his low, dark, tuberculosis-breeding cavern of thatch, the government offers to pay half the cost—and is reluctant to take no for an answer. Roads, piers, clubhouses, community plantations and other public works considered to be for the good of all, require the labor of each man. He may take his choice between payment and punishment. Thus by a curious system of reward and compulsion, the government overcomes to some degree the lassitude of the tropics.

No man likes to be protected against himself. So the Kanaka does not appreciate the restrictions upon his alcoholism. Particularly when he sees the Japanese enjoy full liberty in this regard. The mandate forbids liquor to the ruled but

not to the rulers. Another barely appreciated benefit to the native is the hospital. There is one on every important island. Nor does the Kanaka always think of the agricultural policeman as a benefit.

In some cases petty officials impose upon natives. "That's a nice bunch of bananas. Bring it around to my house." No pay. However, the game is dangerous for if it is reported to headquarters the official is immediately removed. Governor Tanaka (now of Saipan), upon first taking office in Ponape, called a mass meeting of three thousand natives.

"Don't give any official anything," he told them, "unless he pays you. And if he mistreats you, report at once to me."

That reflects the attitude of all the higher officials.

Unemployment is nil in the islands. In fact there is not enough of it to suit the native. "I have to beg them to work," said a copra plantation owner in Ponape. Ships offering good wages to stevedores often cannot get enough workers without appealing to the government office to use its powers of persuasion. No native need go jobless.

The total expenditure of the mandate government is about five million yen a year. Of this, the government estimates that about one and a quarter million yen is spent on matters of direct benefit to the natives. I placed the itemization of this sum before intelligent natives. They considered some of the benefits more imaginary than real, but, on the whole, thought the statement fair.

Of course, philosophically, there is always the question as to whether the Kanaka might not be benefited most by being let alone. That is too deep a question for the Japanese—but not too deep for an old chief who had a wide reputation as a cynic and a sage.

"Benefits!" he said. "Too many benefits! Before the foreigners came we lived at peace. The forest fed us—simply but sufficiently. We did not work. Is work a virtue when there is nothing to be gained by it? Neighbors were friendly, children were obedient. Life was a trade wind without gusts or squalls. But now comes struggle—the struggle to make money. Money for what? We do not need clothing—the sunshine clothes us. We do not need an iron roof to carry rain water into a cement tank. The water that streams down the trunk of a tree can be turned into a jar. We do not need farming tools of iron and steel. We can make our own from the shell of the giant clam. We do not need alarm clocks and phonographs and electric lights. They spoil the sounds of the forest and the light of the moon. We do not need the telephone—we can talk to those on faraway plantations through the shell-trumpet. We do not need schools. The father can teach his children all that is necessary for our simple manner of life. We do not need hospitals. This is a small island—if some did not die there would soon be too many people, too little food. But our young men are upset by the idea that they must do something, even if it is something useless. On the athletic field near the school a track has been made where boys may run around in a circle. That is what civilization is—running around in a circle."

Whether the true welfare of the natives would be best served by leaving them to their age-long repose, certainly that is not the Japanese interpretation of "welfare." Nor could it have been in the pragmatic Western mind when the provisions of the mandate were laid down. It would seem then that the "sacred trust of civilization" by which, according to the mandate, "the mandatory shall promote to the

utmost the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants" is being exercised exactly as intended by the League.

The Kanaka is, willy-nilly, better fed, clothed, housed, schooled and doctored than ever before. He is being vastly improved as a working unit. His islands are being rapidly industrialized and are well on the way to becoming economically the most important in the Pacific. We cannot but be stirred by this onward march of our own type of civilization, yet it will do no harm to spare one tear of understanding for the old chief and his friends who cling to memories of the quiet days before life began "running around in a circle."

Stepping Stones of Destiny

THERE ARE two lines of stepping stones across the Pacific. One is Japanese, the other American. The Japanese stones run from Japan south through the Bonins, Marianas and Carolines to the equator. The American stones pave the way for air traffic from San Francisco to China by way of Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam and the Philippines.

Micronesia is the crossroads. Above Guam, planes flying north and south cross the track of planes flying east and west. Japanese influence crosses American.

Japan's new airline to the South Seas and America's to China are both ostensibly for commercial purposes only. Yet, when the Pan-American line was being planned, Mr. Juan Trippe, president of Pan-American Airways, was called to testify before the Federal aviation commission. He did not divulge his testimony, but stated that it had to do with international aviation from the viewpoints of transport and defense. Later reports were that the navy contemplated following up the development work done by the Pan-American by establishing naval stations at Midway and Wake, and restoring the naval base at Guam after the Washington Treaty expires at the end of 1936. Whether these plans are to be actually realized, or to remain simply pawns for naval bargaining with Japan, time will tell.

If Japan were not already interested, as of course she is,

in the war possibilities of her commercial lines, this threat would be sufficient to make her interested. She takes her cue in such things from America. Promptly after the United States Navy conducted an aerial survey in the Aleutians "to study weather conditions" the South Seas government announced its plan to build an airport on Saipan "to study weather conditions." The political weather is being well studied on both sides of the Pacific.

America's air-thrust across the greatest ocean is bold and stirring. When the line is fully developed it will be possible to go from California to China by air as quickly as from California to New York by rail. The nineteen-ton Clipper making the early flights will be replaced by ships weighing three times as much; and aircraft-designer Sikorsky expects within ten or fifteen years to be building Clipper ships of 500,000 pounds equipped to carry 150 passengers and a crew of forty. The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics announced in October, 1935, plans for building during the next few years sixty planes of great size capable of flying across the Pacific non-stop! In the meantime the United States has laid claim to three uninhabited islands, Howland, Baker and Jarvis, lying south of Hawaii, and will use them as airports for a line from Hawaii to New Zealand. A route to the Orient by way of the Aleutian Islands has been surveyed.

In the race for the aerial conquest of the Pacific, Japan does not lag behind. She already has regular air service from Tokyo across Korea and Manchukuo to the Siberian border; also a line to Formosa. Her line from Tokyo to Palau will later be extended to Australia. A Twelve-Year-Plan to cost 230 million yen and to be begun in 1936 will throw a network of lines over the western Pacific linking frosty Kam-

chatka and Saghalien with the South Seas, Singapore, Borneo and Java and establishing air transport by flying boats between Tokyo and New York. Also, because of the success of the dirigible on the Europe-South America run, negotiations are being conducted with the Zeppelin Company for ships to be used in a trans-Pacific service. There is also financial backing for a projected dirigible service between Japan and the Dutch East Indies.

In Japan's aerial program the South Sea islands will be vitally important. The United States has no such advantage. America's Pacific is a vacant waste. There is nothing between the California coast and Hawaii, 2,100 miles distant. Japan's Pacific is like an inland sea, dotted with islands. This Equatorial Japan is too vast to be imagined—it must be sailed. We took passage from Kusaie to Tinian and Saipan, thence to Yokohama. Since leaving Yokohama we had sailed 8,200 nautical miles—7,300 of it within Japanese waters, and the rest in an area under marked Japanese influence. To make this circuit through Japan's island world had meant that of our total of four months, thirty-eight days were spent on board ship. The voyage from England to Singapore takes less time.

The territory is not only vast but valuable. Any coral lagoon is a landing place for a flying boat. Cooperation between airplanes and a battle fleet protected by the harbors and hills of 2,550 islands and islets would give pause to the world's two strongest fleets combined. Japan could give a good account of herself. While in 1930 about 27 per cent of the national budget went to the army and navy, the proportion in the 1935-36 budget was 46.6 per cent. Military costs have grown 130 per cent since the Manchurian Incident

in 1931. Nearly half of the nation's money is being spent on defense to guard Japan's past and future program in Asia. What a program it must be to require such sacrifice!

The islands are economically valuable. Their trade in a single year amounts to more than Germany paid to Spain for all Micronesia. During the early years of Japanese control large subsidies of as much as seven million yen annually were made by Japan to put the mandate on its feet. These were gradually decreased and in 1932 were discontinued. Since that time the mandate has begun to pay back. Exports reached seven and a half million yen in the "boom year," 1929. Then, instead of declining, they climbed steadily upward through what the world understood to be "depression years" to more than sixteen million yen. But that is only a beginning. Officialdom bristles with "Plans." There is the "Twelve-Year-Plan" of aviation, the "Five-Year-Plan" of immigration and, most important, a "Ten-Year-Plan" for spending thirty million dollars on the industrial development of the islands. All three of these projects are launched in 1936. The probability is that the next ten years will see the islands become overwhelmingly Japanese, will eliminate the last chance in the South Seas to study untouched native life, and will mark a greater economic advance than the four centuries between the first visit of Magellan and the arrival of the Japanese navy in 1914.

But that is not all. These islands are stepping stones . . . and stepping stones are not an end in themselves. They lead somewhere.

Japan's pavement carries her feet straight to some of the richest lands of the globe—the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, British Borneo, New Guinea, and Australia.

Australia may seem remote from Japan. The truth is that Japan and Australia are as close as the two halves of an apple. They meet at the equator. Along that line the Japanese mandate adjoins the Australian mandate comprising the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago. A few days farther south are the great open spaces of Australia itself, a continent seventeen times the size of Japan and with one-twelfth the population. The Japanese are intensely interested in the theory of the redistribution of territory, suggested by Colonel House and endorsed in principle by Sir Samuel Hoare. If the nations that have are to share their open spaces with the nations that have not, the Japanese can think of no better place to begin than in Australia.

Only second to Australia are the great wealthy islands of New Guinea, Borneo and the Philippines, all of them containing territory that has not as yet even been explored and wild tribes not subdued. Hardly a month goes by that there is not word of negotiation with one or another of the Western absentee landlords of these rich estates to allow Japanese to come in and assist in economic development. Late in 1935 the South Seas Development Company succeeded in leasing 147,000 acres on the northern coast of Dutch New Guinea for the purpose of raising "Sea Island Cotton"; and development of other uncivilized parts of New Guinea will come as fast as the Dutch authorities will permit.

I asked a Hollander about it. "Why don't you Dutch develop those sections yourselves?"

"What!" he said, "that hell? Not while there's beer on ice in Batavia!"

It seems only fair that what the Dutch are not willing to do themselves they should let others do.

So the dynamic energy of a pent-up race flows south. Between Hawaii with its 150,000 Japanese and the Philippines with its 25,000, and as far south as Yampi Sound, Western Australia, where the Japan Mining Company aspires to develop 22,000,000 tons of iron, there is not an island of value in the western Pacific that has not been touched by the influence of the Island Empire.

The mandate is as indispensable in this approach to the southern islands as it is in the shielding of Japan's march of influence southward from Manchukuo into China. "These islands are made to order for Japan," says Admiral Suetsugu. "In fact, the Pacific equilibrium can be maintained only when Japan holds them."

The unkind critic might visualize this "equilibrium" as one in which Japan stands erect in a reeling Asia. But the Japanese are evidently sincere in their belief that they are the stabilizing power, and the only stabilizing power in the Orient. They have amply proved their ability to get and keep order—in Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, the South Seas, as well as in the Japanese homeland. They are Asia's most efficient folk. And they are obviously quite correct in their contention that China needs to be stabilized and that the southern island treasure-house needs to be opened for the benefit of underprivileged millions. Will Western powers be content to see these things come at the cost of their own exclusion?

Britain says "No," and strengthens Singapore. The only reason for this naval base, as Lord Grey once said before the House of Peers, is the ultimate possibility of war with Japan. America is doubtful but is inclined to say "Yes," giving up the Philippines. Russia says "Yes" for the present,

and parts with the Chinese Eastern; but reserves the right to vote "No" later when her Far Eastern war machine is completed. The Dutch decline to say "Yes" or "No." They have already announced their neutrality in the next struggle. But, aware that Japan cannot make war without Borneo oil, they are prepared to destroy at a moment's notice their own oil plants at Tarakan and Balikpapan.

Every Western interest in the Orient talks of "crisis." Each means something different by it. But they all look toward Japan when they use the word. In the meantime, Japan, impelled by the surge of her population and the life-and-death necessity of export markets, talks too of "crisis" and looks southward.

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